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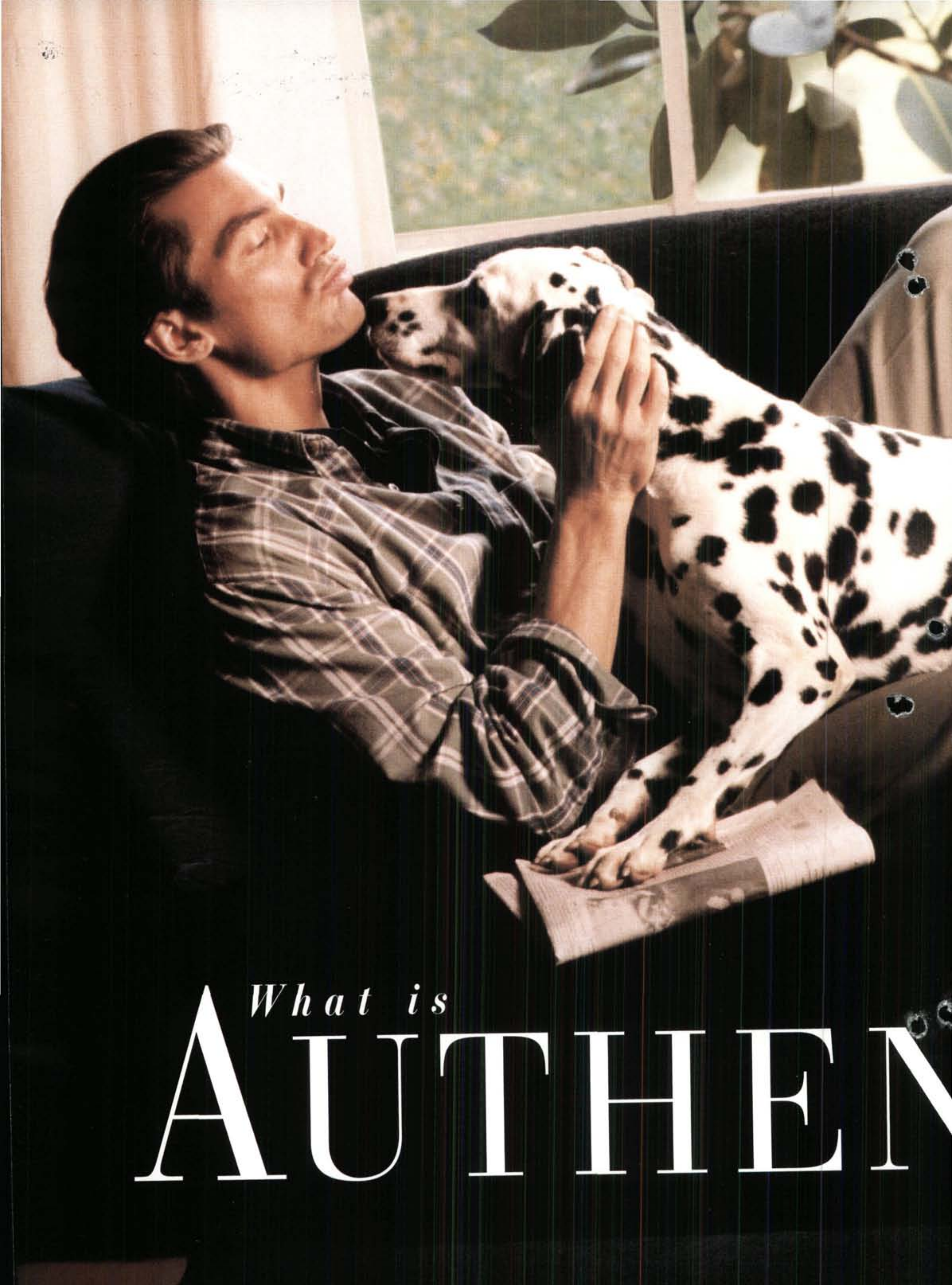
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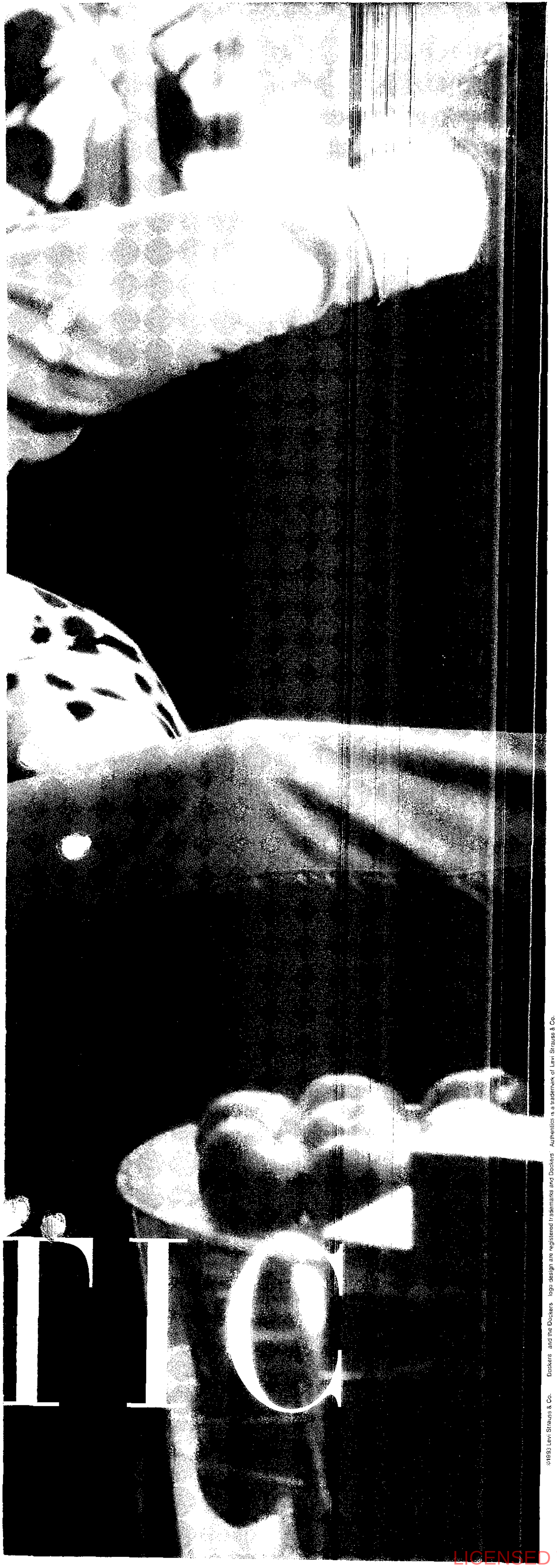

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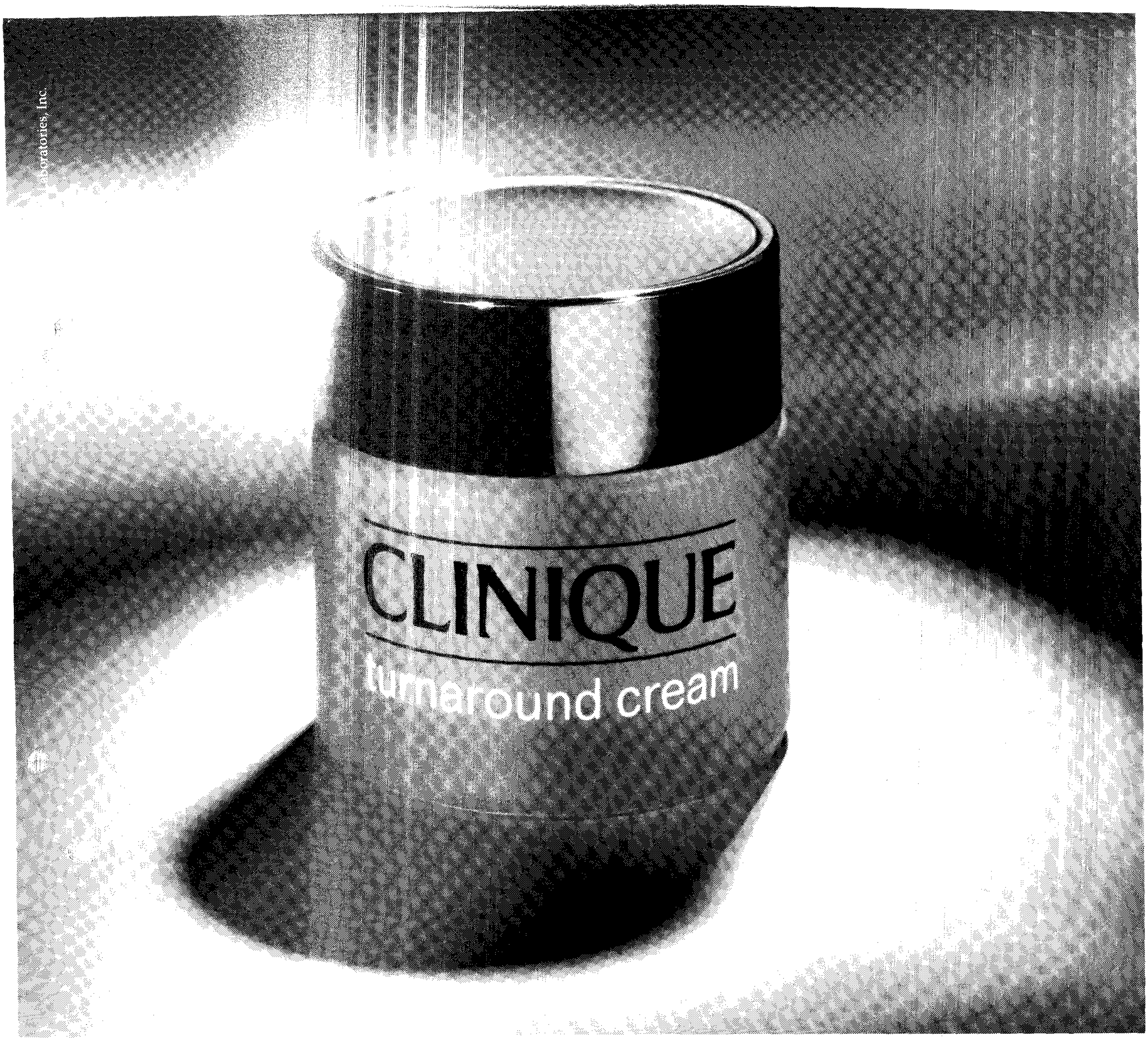

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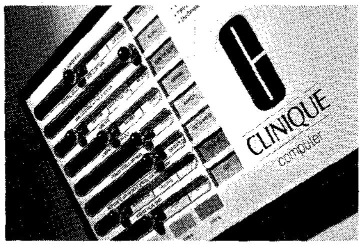

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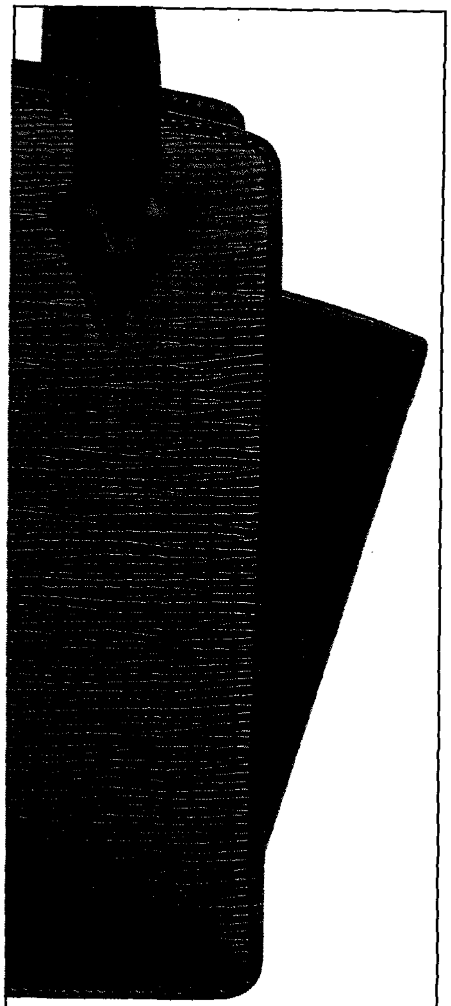

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NAFTA GOTCHA

LIKE two ancient armies sending out champions to resolve by single combat a quarrel between city-states, the supporters and the opponents of NAFTA, the North American Free Trade Agreement, last week deputized, respectively, Al Gore and Ross Perot to conduct a national debate by proxy on "Larry King Live." The result was the sort of gladiatorial contest in which one contestant uses a broadsword and the other a net and trident. Mr. Perot, armed with a beady eye, a sneer, and a quiverful of distortions, squared off against Mr. Gore, and Mr. Gore surprised him with genteelly savage attacks, a fine, amused condescension, and an ample supply of relatively (given the company) factual facts. The fight was fair, and it was one-sided. By every measure, in every way, the billionaire-bore was beaten. The Vice-President's best of many good moments was when, with elaborately deadpan earnestness, he presented Mr. Perot with a framed black-and-white photograph of Senator Smoot and Representative Hawley, whose disastrous tariff, imposed in 1930, helped congeal the panic of 1929 into the Great Depression, and who looked in the photo like Mr. Perot's bachelor uncles. (Mr. Perot petulantly plumped the photo face down, providing a cartoonish visual punch line for Mr. Gore's sly setup.)

The Vice-President performed a great national service in cutting Mr. Perot down to size, and, if there were no other reason the House of Representatives ought to vote this Wednesday to approve NAFTA, keeping him down to size would do splendidly. But there are other reasons, many of them; and that, in the end, is why Mr. Gore so easily prevailed on CNN. What is far from certain is that NAFTA will prevail in the House. In fact, before Mr. Gore's gamble its defeat was a foregone conclusion.

The appeals of NAFTA's most outspoken opponents—an odd collection of eccentric would-be Presidents, including Patrick Buchanan, Jesse Jackson, Jerry Brown, Ralph Nader, and, of course, Mr. Perot—have struck sparks because of the well-founded but misdirected anxieties of workers whose living standards have been, at best, stagnating for nearly a generation. Unions, which today represent only twelve per cent of the nation's

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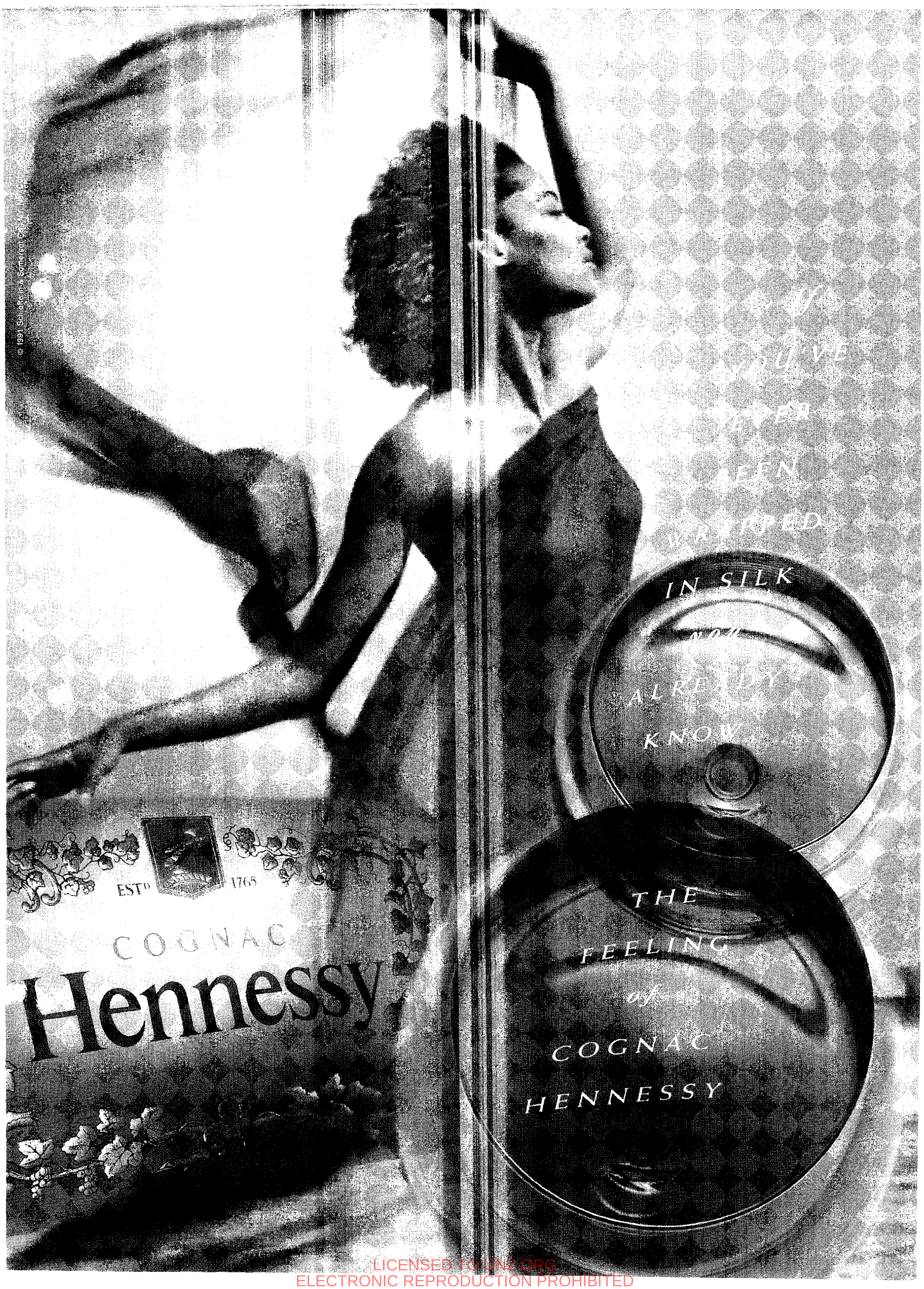
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private-sector employees, have focussed on the issue of NAFTA as on no other in recent memory. Everyone agrees that labor's threat to punish Democratic representatives who vote for NAFTA is the chief obstacle to its passage, just as everyone agrees that if the House vote were taken by secret ballot NAFTA would pass easily. On no other issue does labor impose a similarly draconian litmus test—not on striker replacement, not on labor-law reform, not on civil rights, not on universal health care. Yet now, when a Democratic President sympathetic to labor's broad aims at last resides in the White House, labor has turned harshly punitive. The A.F.L.-C.I.O. appears eager to mimic the British Labour Party's futile and politically self-destructive resistance to Britain's entrance into the Common Market.

Poignantly, unions that potentially stand to gain from NAFTA are among its most adamant opponents. The United Auto Workers is a case in point. The Office of the United States Trade Representative estimates that fifteen thousand new American jobs in the auto industry and its supplier industries will be created during NAFTA's first year. Chrysler alone projects four thousand new American jobs by 1995 and thirteen thousand by 2000. One respected independent group, the Institute for International Economics, has stated that "U.S.-Mexico two-way trade in automotive goods could easily double or triple under NAFTA auspices, growing from $8.3 billion in 1990 to between $20 billion and $25 billion by 1995." The U.A.W., though it maintains a large research department, says that it has no figures on the effect of NAFTA on the auto industry. Its public-affairs department refers callers to an oft-cited, and oft-discredited, figure of a half-million jobs lost nationwide.

Behind most of the opposition to NAFTA is the premise that the world economy is a zero-sum game—that a fixed number of jobs exists to be apportioned, and one country's gain is necessarily another's loss. A good many corollaries flow from this primitive axiom: that the fall of living standards in America is the direct result of gains elsewhere; that the United States, if it chooses, can restore the preëminence it enjoyed after the Second World War by becoming an economic Fortress America; that any effort to organize global trade is somehow an assault on American sovereignty; and that global trade is a shadowy network set up by élites—an establishment conspiracy aimed at impoverishing working people and destroying unions. This is the folklore of populism.

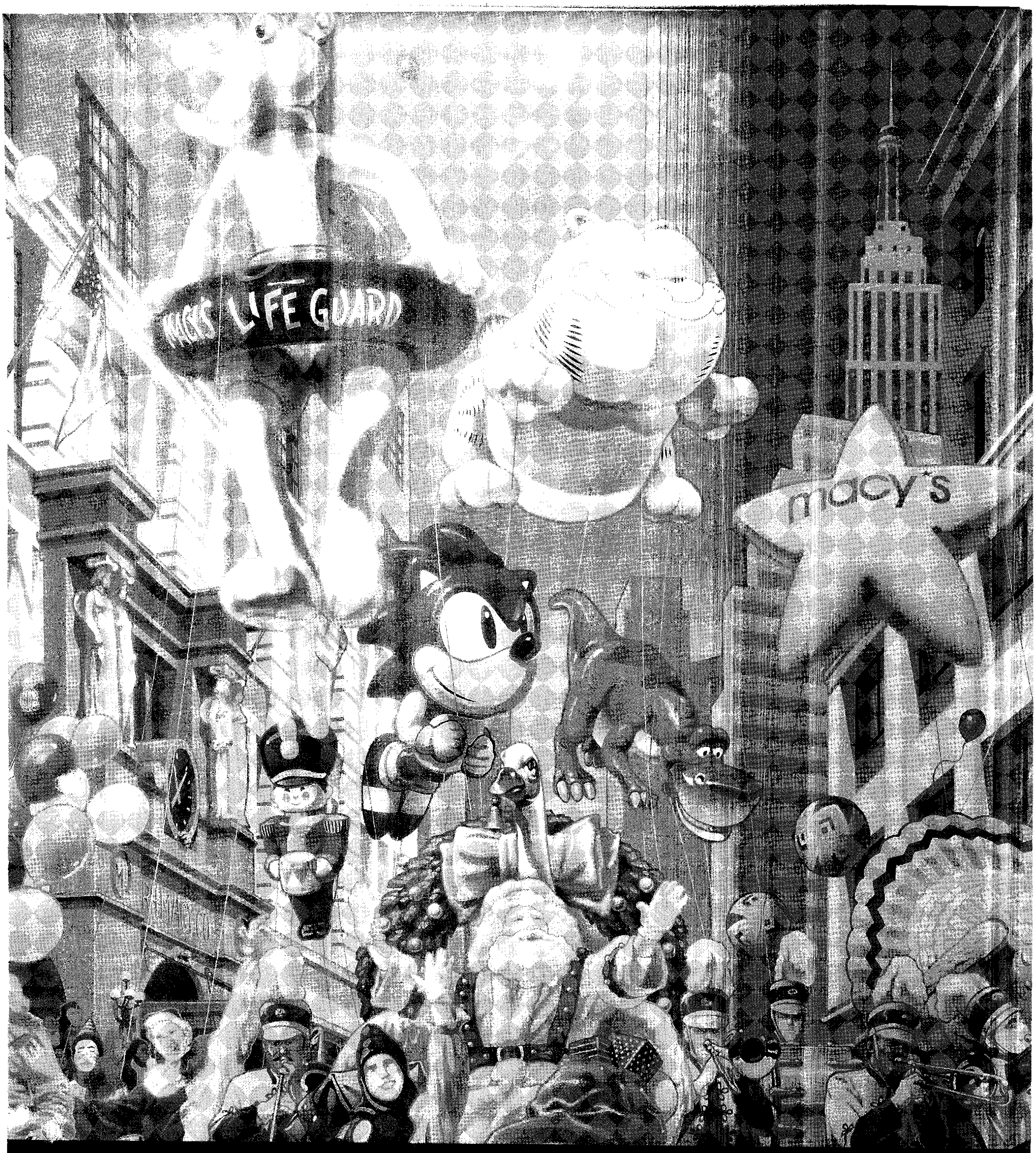
Splendid isolation, however, is not really possible, and the zero-sum notion has no basis in fact. American prosperity is fundamentally linked to world trade. According to a Commerce Department study, a quarter of the growth in U.S. private-industry jobs, including almost all recent gains in manufacturing jobs, has been due to exports. And wages in export-related jobs are seventeen per cent higher than the average—perhaps a function of the fact that, as it happens, workers in the industries that export the most to Mexico are about twice as likely as other workers to be union members. The Institute for International Economics calculates that three hundred and sixteen thousand new jobs in the United States will be created by NAFTA, and will be offset by a loss of a hundred and forty-five thousand jobs—a net gain, though both figures are tiny in a hundred-and-thirty-million-job economy.

"What could I do? It jumped off the newsstand."

This debate over a trade treaty has become a foreign-policy debate as well. It is ironic, and reprehensible, that NAFTA is opposed by so many liberals—liberals who have long argued that the American approach to Latin America should stress economic help rather than military force. NAFTA is crucial to the effort of the Mexican President, Carlos Salinas de Gortari, to open Mexico's economy to the outside world, and, increasingly, its political system to democracy. The Mexicans would see NAFTA's rejection as a contemptuous dismissal of their willingness to move away from autarky; anti-Americanism would be much strengthened, and any future leader of Mexico who attempted reform much undermined.

NAFTA, even with the side agreements negotiated by the Clinton Administration to vastly improve environmental standards and moderately improve labor ones, remains an imperfect blending of many conflicting interests. It is a trade agreement, not a panacea. And no trade agreement has been rejected by Congress for nearly half a century. Such a level of fear and xenophobia simply lies outside recent American experience—until, perhaps, now.

In some ways, the political consequences of a rejection of NAFTA would be even more severe than the economic ones. Democratic House members who are still undecided—or who came out against NAFTA long ago as a reflexive bow to labor—ought to spare a thought for the wisdom of dealing a devastating blow to President Clinton on the eve of the struggle over universal health insurance. As for the Republicans, who would have the most to fear from a Ross Perot Presidential candidacy three years hence, they might consider whether they really want to undo the great boon that Al Gore has conferred upon them. ♦



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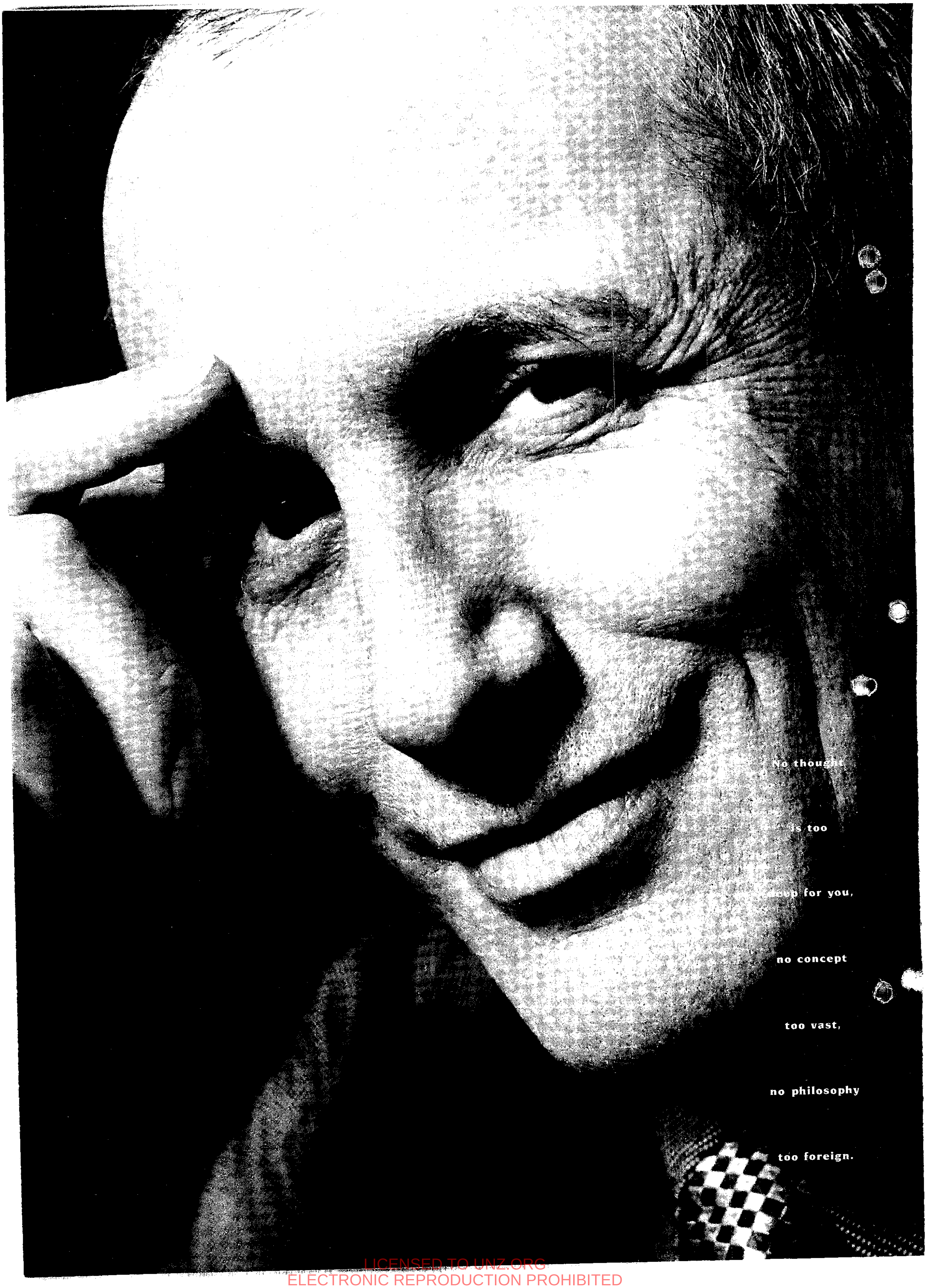
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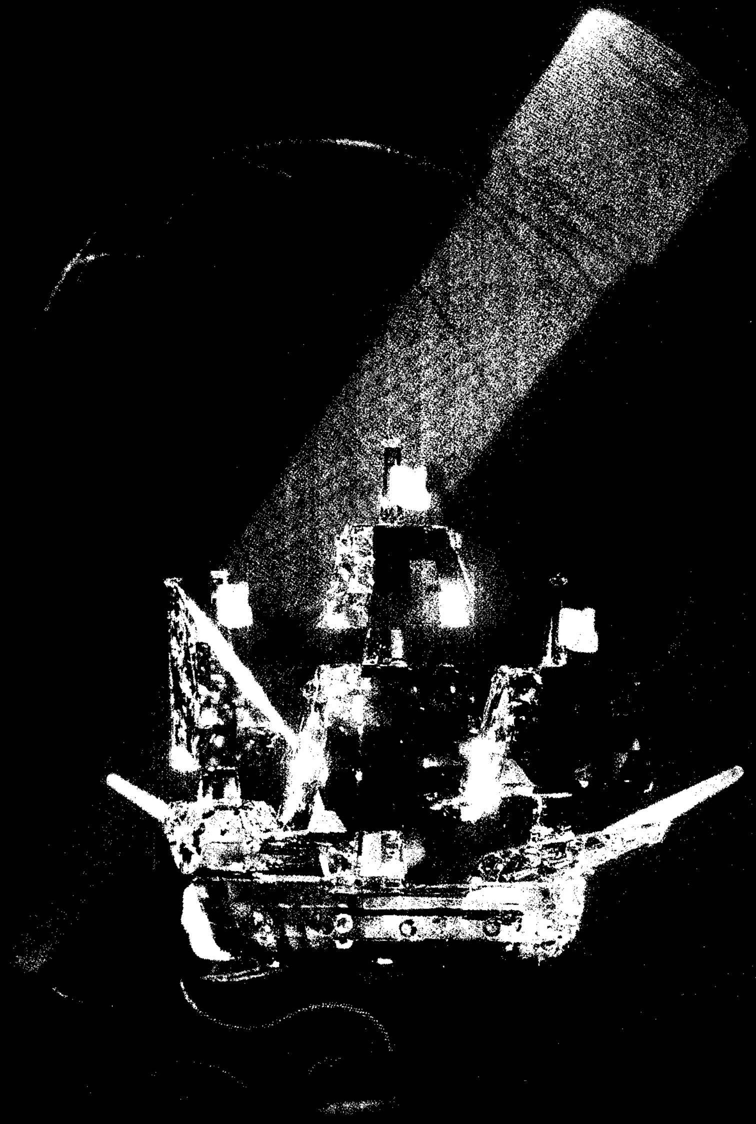

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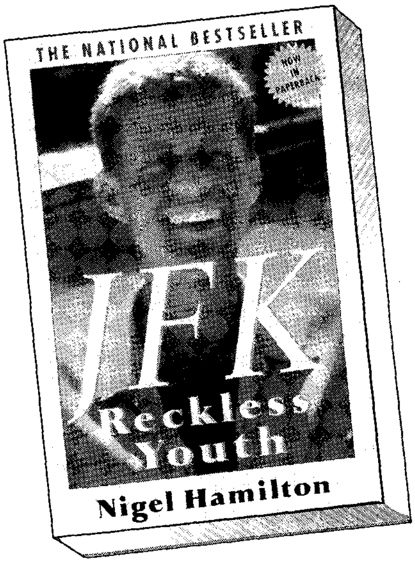

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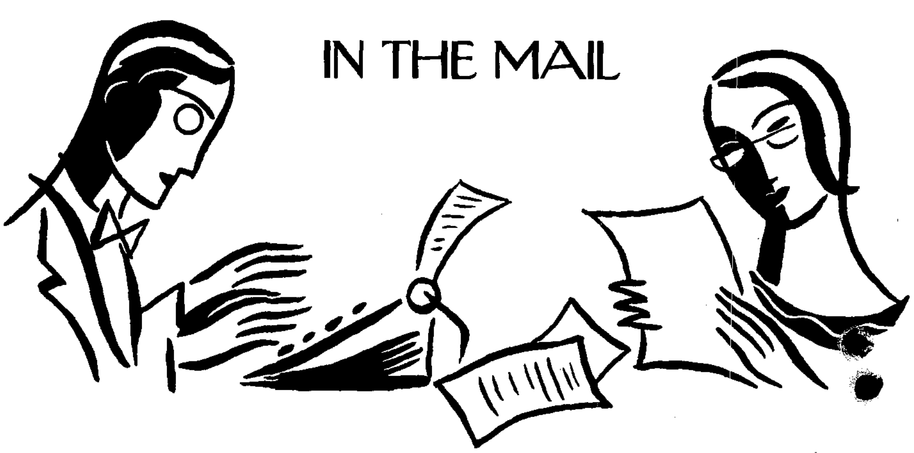


CONSCIOUSNESS RAISING

I knew we were in for an "apologia" for Woody Allen when Adam Gopnik, in "The Outsider" (October 25th), alluded to Mia Farrow as Allen's "mistress." In this context, the word is inaccurately used and carries derogatory connotations. According to Webster's New World Dictionary, a mistress is "a woman who has sexual intercourse with and, often, is supported by a man for a period of time without being married to him." Mia Farrow seems to be an independent, well-to-do woman who has had a long acting career and can better be considered Woody Allen's equal.

This article illustrates again that many men who are otherwise witty and erudite just don't get it when it comes to the changing feminine consciousness of the nineties. After all, says Mr. Gopnik, "Molière took up with and later married the nineteen-year-old sister of *his* discarded mistress. Louis XIV didn't mind." Men are supposed to be the more logical gender—is this logical? Because an absolute monarch who lived more than three hundred years ago didn't disapprove of something, the American public shouldn't, either? Please.

TERRY PARMELEE
Washington, D.C.

REWORKING UPDIKE

Having spent the late forties and early fifties researching Edith Wharton for my doctoral dissertation, I cannot agree with John Updike ("Reworking Wharton," October 4th) that "if there is a more highly regarded female American author of the twentieth century, her name doesn't come readily to mind." I selected Wharton from a group of women writers that included Sarah Orne Jewett, Willa Cather, and Ellen Glasgow, and I had no reason then and have none now to regard her writings as superior to theirs.

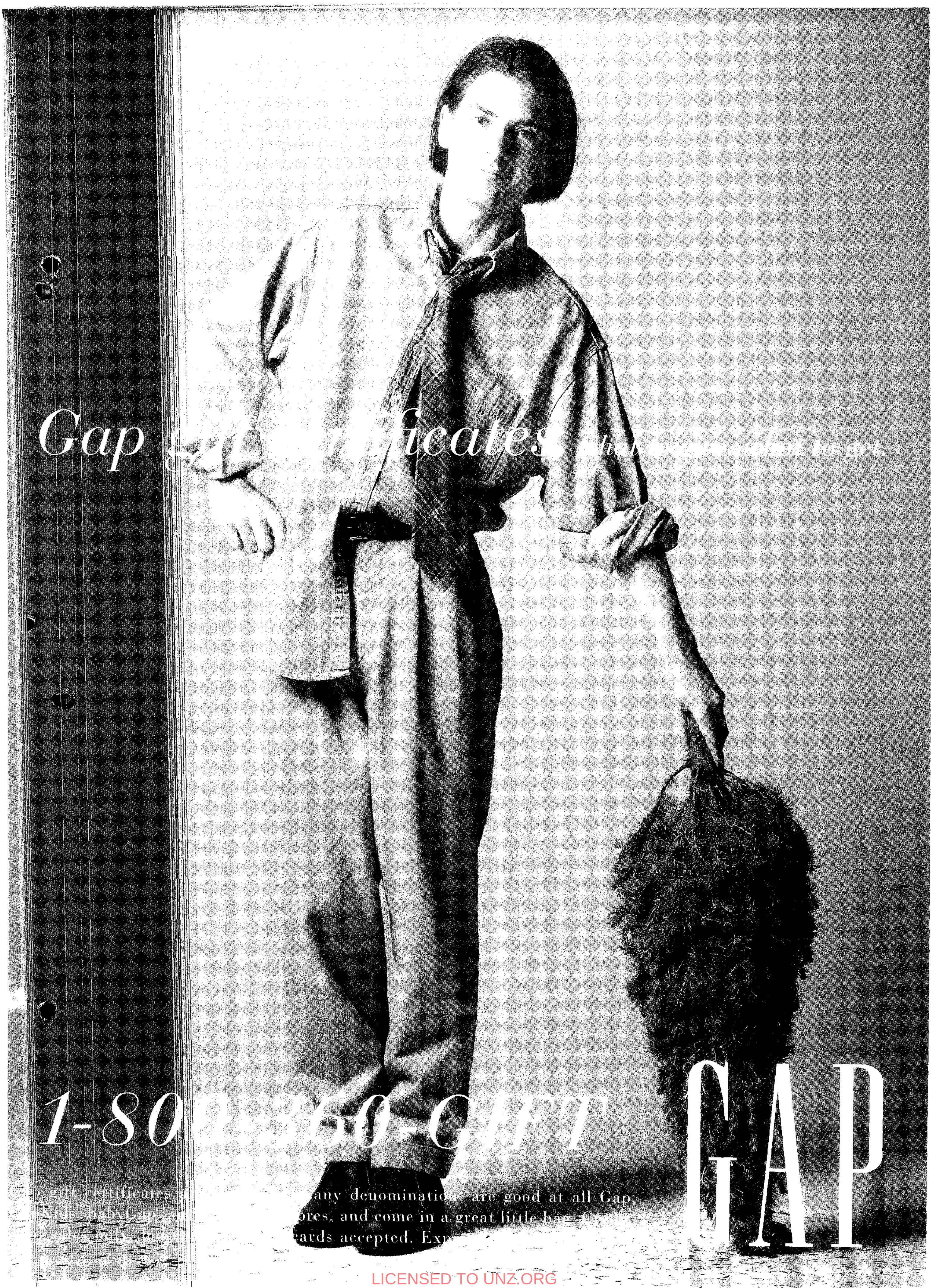
I must also disagree with Mr. Updike when he speculates that Martin Scorsese could have turned Newland Archer into a "red-blooded widower." For me, the impressiveness of Scorsese's film was his magnificent portrayal of a "conventional male" of old New York, as much victimized by his society's conventions as was his wife-to-be. What exactly were Newland's talents? To a red-blooded woman, he seemed mediocre in every sense.

NANCY R. SWEETEN
S[illegible]p, Pa.

BERBEROVA REMEMBERED

Richard Avedon's remarkable photograph of Nina Berberova (October 25th), taken when she was ninety-one, brings vividly to mind the woman I met through mutual friends and came to know in the last half-dozen years of her life. Joan Juliet Buck quotes a remark Berberova made to Hubert Nyssen, her French publisher: "I do not like, and do not traffic in, emotion." Those words are Nina to the core, but they are also deceptive, for they suggest that she was cold, when in fact she was f[illegible] of good humor, generous, and deeply affectionate.

In her last few years, I joined Nina for lunch each Christmas Eve. We always went to the same restaurant, near her apartment, and sat at the same table. Two years ago, without informing her, I brought along my nephew Nicholas, twelve at the time. After warm greetings, we sat in her living room for a few min-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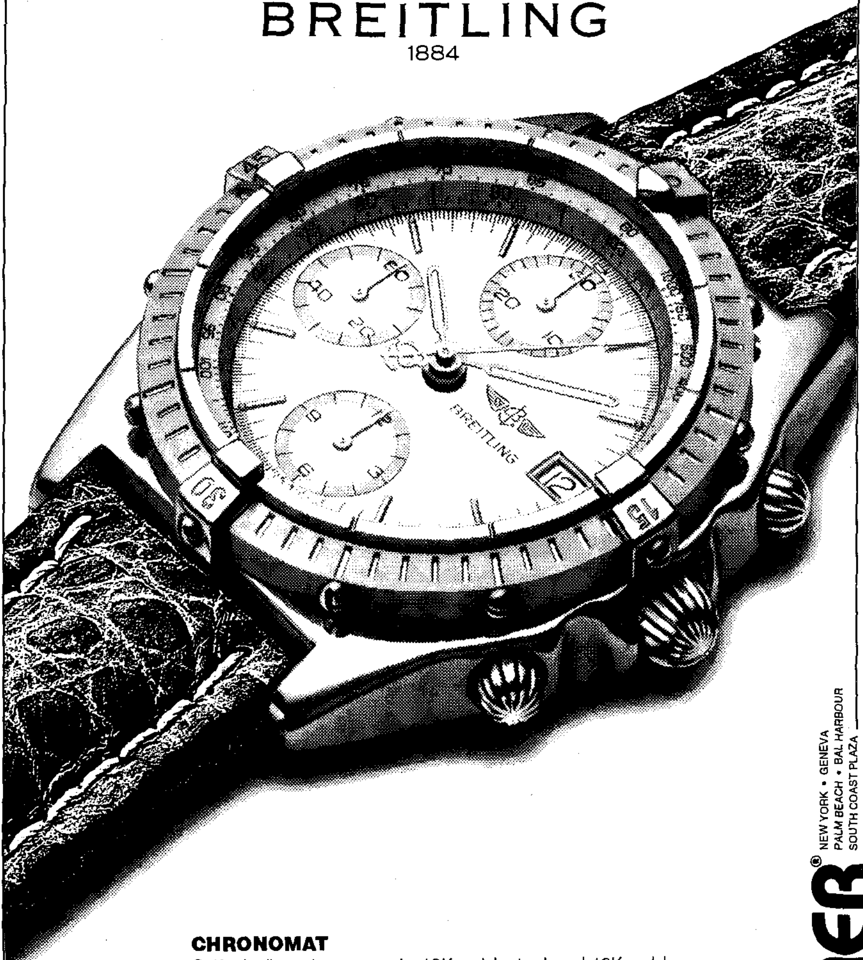

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utes and talked about Nicholas's studies. He was shy in the presence of such a forceful personality, but she slowly coaxed some remarkably detailed information from him. I left the room for a moment, and when I returned I was astonished to discover the two of them laughing and speaking French. A few days later, I spoke with her on the telephone. She said, "The boy is charming. But do not bring him again. I am too old for boys."

Robert L. Pounder
Assistant to the President and Professor of Classics
Vassar College
Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

CUT YOUR HAIR

What is it with Anthony Lane and hair?

In his review of "The Fugitive" he devotes much of his opening paragraph to what he apparently considers the burning issue in Harrison Ford films—i.e., "What will he do with his hair?"—and seems to think that the ultimate crime of leading men is to "wear their hair over their ears, like mid-career Beatles." Reading this review, I kept wondering when Mr. Lane was going to start talking about the movie and Harrison Ford's performance instead of his hair style. Likewise, in Mr. Lane's review of Michelle Pfeiffer's performance in "The Age of Innocence" he states that "her real problems start from the neck up." His major criticism of her character seems to hinge on the fact that her hairdo reminds him of Lucille Ball: "Newland Archer loves Lucy!" And then, in his review of "Malice," he does it again. Of Nicole Kidman's performance he writes, "The only charged-up thing about her is her hair, which, as usual, appears to have been styled during an electrical storm."

Is Mr. Lane an ex-hair stylist or is he only a wanna-be hair stylist? Perhaps he can get a job doing something with Meg Ryan's "sensible plaited hair style," which he was so critical of in his review of "Sleepless in Seattle."

J. D. Reilly
San Francisco

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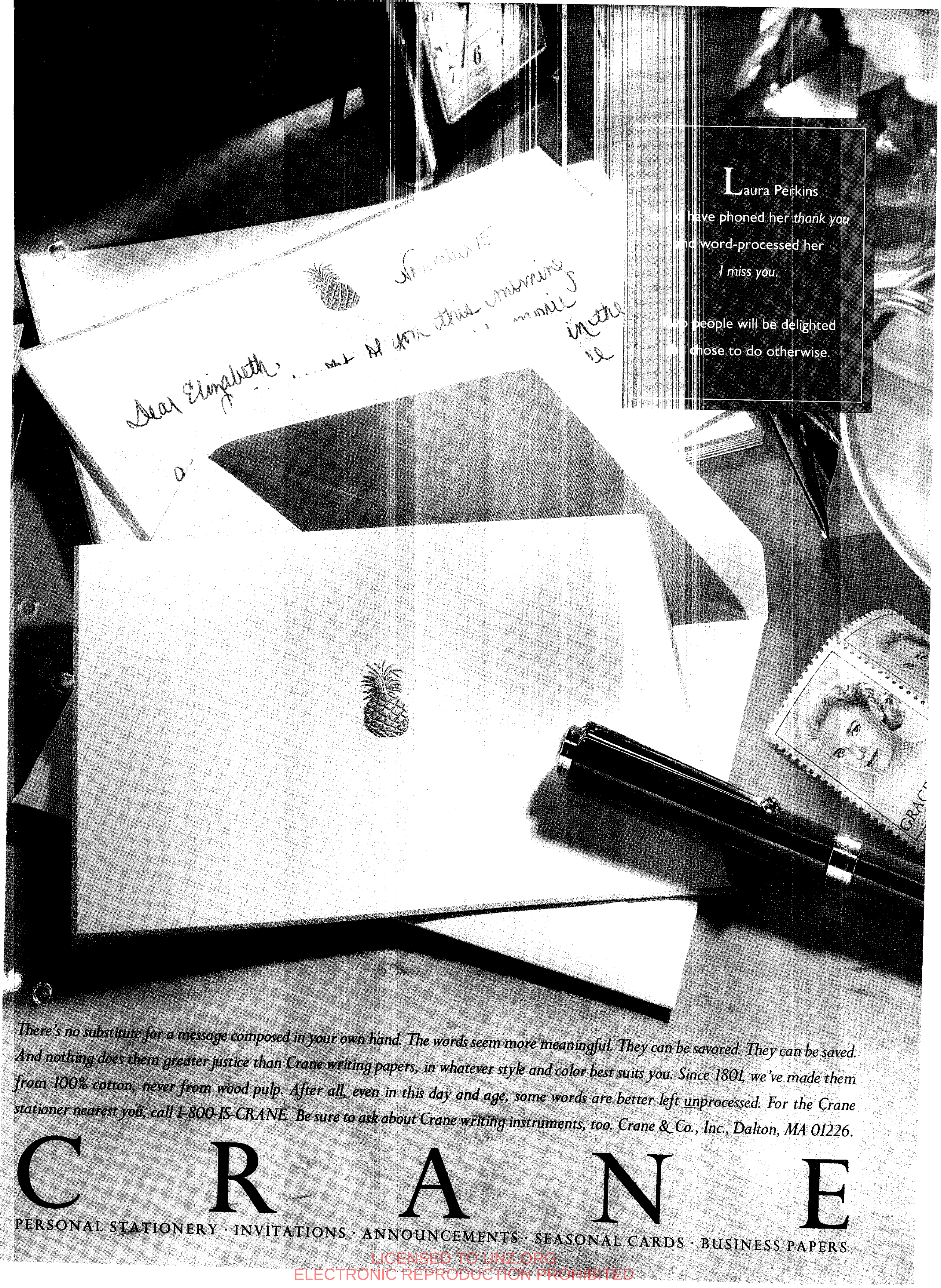
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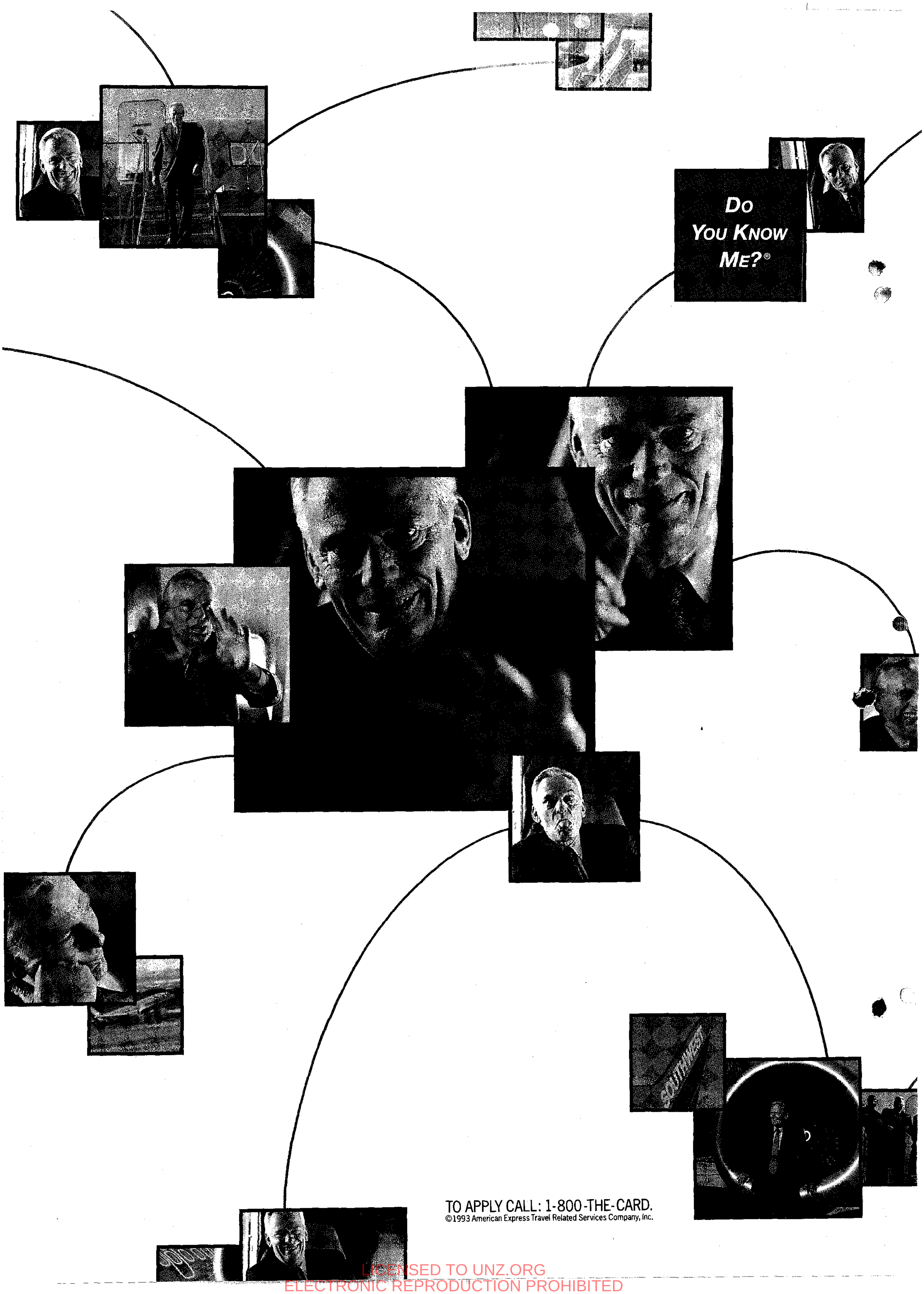
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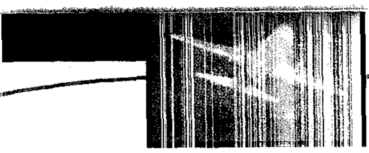

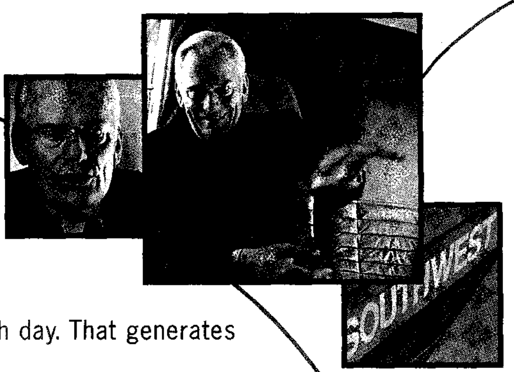

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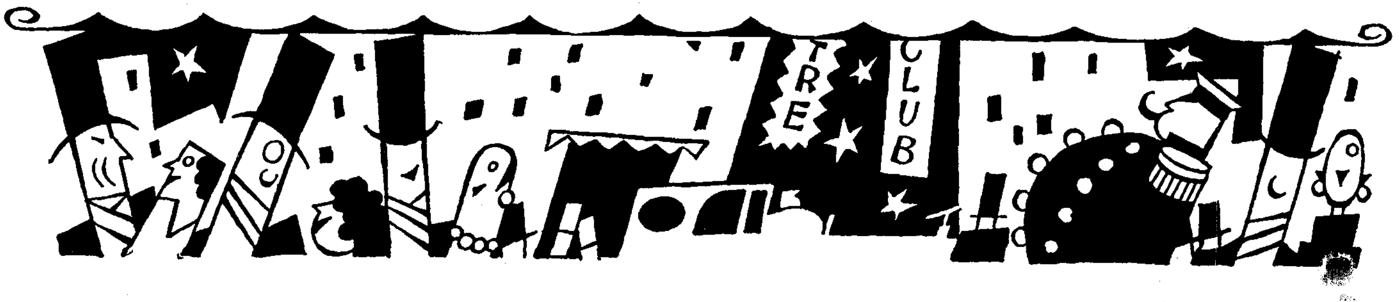
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



THE THEATRE

Moor du Jour

While "Timon of Athens" continues its run at the Lyceum, and the Hamlet Festival nightly offers an almost perversely varied program at Nada Inc., the most ingenious Shakespearean action in town these days has been revolving around another play altogether: "Othello." Though there is no full-scale production of it currently on the boards (a version starring Denzel Washington is being discussed for next season), it keeps cropping up, in places both unexpected and obvious. For instance, during Act II of Martin Crimp's "The Treatment," which just expired at the Public, the final scene between Bianca and the Moor loomed before us, in huge rear-wall silhouettes. The backdrop served both to comment on the abysmal state of relations between Crimp's all too modern men and women and to set up an in-jokey remark about why one of the characters hates alfresco Shakespeare.

At Circle Rep's production of Paula Vogel's "Desdemona," the "Othello" connection is straightforward, even if the approach to the original text is not. Vogel's approach solves none of the play's classic problems (Iago's motivation, etc.), but it does provide portraits of three women—Desdemona, *Bianca, and Emilia*—who are anything but gentle bystanders to the usual male-dominated action.

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.)

Abe Lincoln in Illinois—Sam Waterston has the title role in a production of Robert E. Sherwood's 1938 play. In previews. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

Angels in America: Perestroika—The sequel to Tony Kushner's "Millennium Approaches" opens Nov. 23 at 6. The two plays run in repertory. (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

Cyrano: The Musical—The Dutch actor Bill van Dijk has the title role in this new musical version of Edmond Rostand's play. Previews through Nov. 20. Opens Nov. 21 at 6:30. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 307-4100.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			17	18	19	20
21	22	23				

A Grand Night for Singing!—An expanded version of the Rodgers and Hammerstein revue that played at Rainbow & Stars last spring. Opens Nov. 17 at 7. (Roundabout, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400.)

Gray's Anatomy—Monologuist Spalding Gray is back, this time to talk about his eye troubles, among other matters. Sundays and Mondays only. In previews. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

An Imaginary Life—A play by Peter Parnell. In previews. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

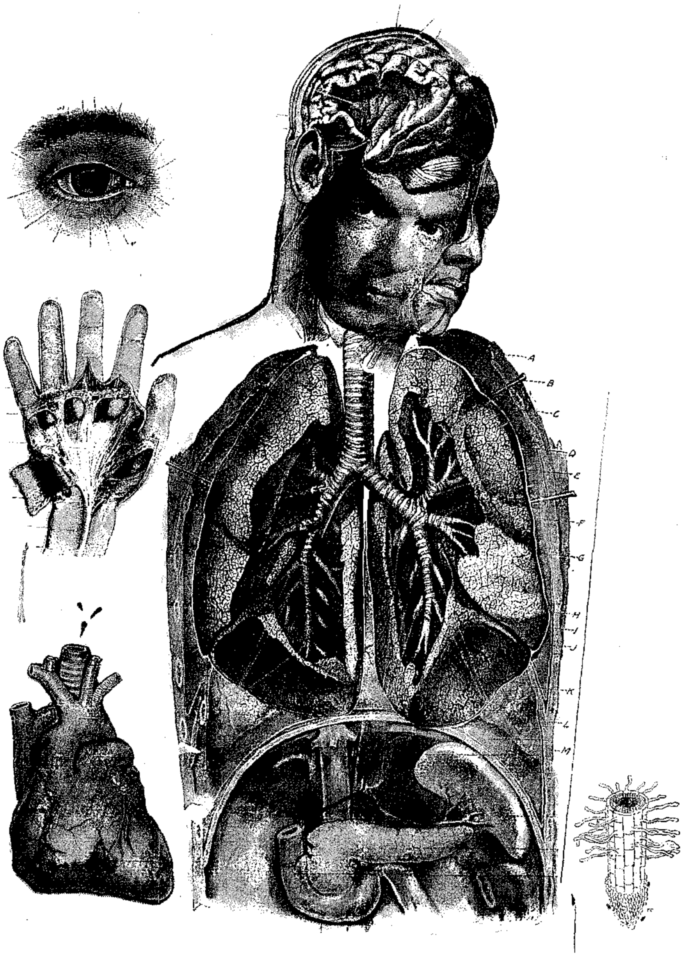
Laughter on the 23rd Floor—Neil Simon's latest comedy takes place during the early days of live TV. Starring Nathan Lane, Randy Graff, and Mark Linn-Baker. Previews through Nov. 21. Opens Nov. 22 at 6:30. (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 307-4100.)

Life Sentences—A new play by Richard Nelson, with Edward Herrmann and Michelle Joyner. In previews. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 239-6200.)

The Loman Family Picnic—A play by Donald Margulies about a Jewish family in Brooklyn during the sixties. Preview on Nov. 17. Opens Nov. 18 at 8. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

Negro Ensemble Company—Presenting "Olivia's Opus," a one-woman show by Nora Cole. Previews through Nov. 20. Opens Nov. 21 at 3. (Tribeca Performing Arts Center, 199 Chambers St. 346-8510.)

The Red Shoes—A new musical, based on the 1948 movie, with a score by Jule Styne, a book by Marsha Norman, and lyrics by Ms. Norman and Paul Stryker. In previews. (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 307-4100.)



Spalding Gray's "Gray's Anatomy."

GARY POWELL

OPENED RECENTLY

Angels in America: Millennium Approaches—The first half [illegible] Tony Kushner's epic work is set in 1985, at the height of the Reagan counter-revolution. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/31/93.) (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

Annie Warbucks—Kathryn Zaremba, an infant phenomenon if ever there was one, has the title role in this beguiling sequel to "Annie." After sixteen years, the old team—Thomas Meehan (book) and Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin (music and lyrics)—is still in top form. (8/23 & 30/93) (Variety Arts, Third Ave. at 14th St. 239-6200.)

Any Given Day—A new play by Frank D. Gilroy, which stars Sada Thompson and Andrea Marcovicci. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

Blood Brothers—Willy Russell's musical, imported from Britain, about twin boys who are separated at birth. The boys later become friends, love the same girl, a[illegible] die violent deaths. The cast includes Shaun and David Cassidy and Petula Clark. (5/10/93) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Come Down Burning—A play by Kia Corthron, with Kim Yancey, Myra Lucretia Taylor, and Shona Tucker. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 840-3074. Closes Nov. 21.)

Desdemona: A Play About a Handkerchief—Paula Vogel's play is a sort of backstairs view of the doings at Othello's house. The only characters are Desdemona, a selfish, silly creature; her maid, Emilia, who is practical but a bit of a

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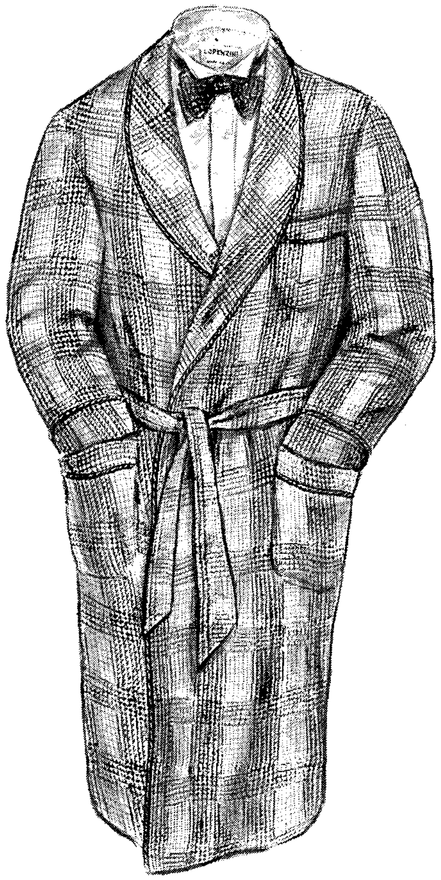

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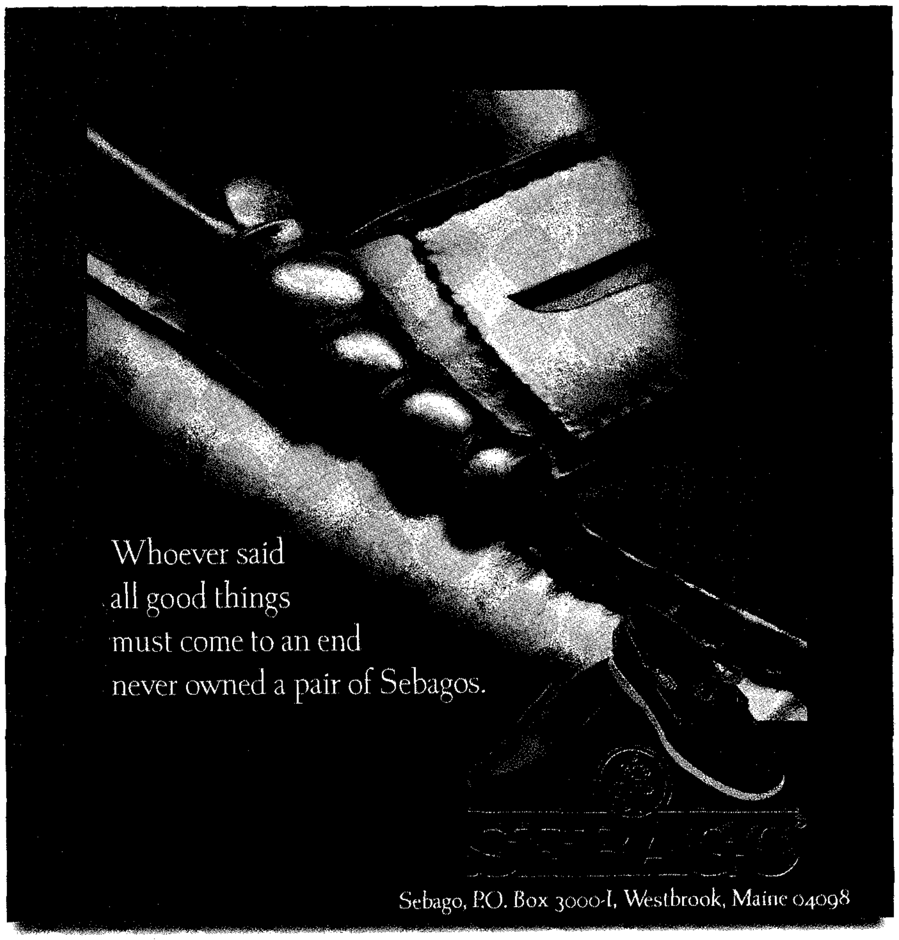
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prude; and the town prostitute, Bianca, who is charming but violent. Bits of Shakespeare's plot filter through some very funny gossip and carping among the women. By the end, it's clear that none of these women is quite who she seemed to be, and that Ms. Vogel has written an ancillary drama worthy of its source. J. Smith-Cameron, Fran Brill, and Cherry Jones make up the admirable cast; they were directed by Gloria Muzio. (Circle Repertory Company, 99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100.)

Eating Chicken Feet—Betty is in a coma. Nonetheless, she gets up and tells us about her problems, notably that her parents are separated and she wants them to get back together. Despite a tendency to veer toward the didactic and the platitudinous, much of this play is quite funny, especially its skewering of Asian-American stereotypes and its reënactment of a sixties-style Japanese horror movie. Liana Pai, as Betty, is particularly good. Presented by Pan Asian Repertory Theatre and the Women's Project. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 245-2660. Closes Nov. 20.)

Family Secrets—Sherry Glaser is the sole, physically adept, very funny performer in this comedy about a Jewish family, which she wrote with Greg Howells. (Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.)

The Fiery Furnace—Julie Harris, marvellous as ever, portrays the mother of two grown daughters in rural Wisconsin during the years 1950 to 1963. She and the elder daughter are married to tyrannical men, and the play deals with their efforts to break free. Timothy Mason was the dramatist. Also with Susan Batten, William Fichtner, Ashley Gardner, and Zach Grenier. (10/18/93) (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 239-6200. Closes Nov. 28.)

Forbidden Broadway 1994—A new edition of Gerard Alessandrini's parodies, including spoofs of "Angels in America," "Annie Warbucks," and "The Who's Tommy." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.)

Four Dogs and a Bone—A new play written and directed by John Patrick Shanley. (11/15/93) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

The Game of Love and Chance—An eighteenth-century comedy by Pierre Marivaux. (Pearl, 125 W. 22nd St. 645-7708.)

The Hamlet Festival—Presenting a traditional version of the play, a rap version, and a reënactment of the "Hamlet" episode of "Gilligan's Island," among other works. (Nada Inc., 167 Ludlow St. 420-1466.)

Howard Crabtree's Whoop-Dee-Doo!—A witty and topical musical revue. (Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. For information about tickets, call 777-7474.)

How to Write a Play—Charles Ludlam's play, adapted and directed by and starring Everett Quinton, presents one day in the life of Everett Quinton, who is trying to write a play but is besieged by (among others) a twenty-six-year-old Shirley Temple look-alike, a gorilla, a South American general on the lam, and a macrobiotic chef cum C.I.A. agent. Wild farce ensues, in the best tradition of the Ridiculous Theatrical Company; the evening is a triumph for all concerned. (Charles Ludlam Theatre, One Sheridan Sq. 691-2271.)

Jeffrey—A comedy, by Paul Rudnick, about love in the age of AIDS. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane. 420-8000.)

Jimmy Tingle's Uncommon Sense—If Rush Limbaugh had an ultra-liberal alter ego, it would be Jimmy Tingle. Speaking from a leftist blue-collar worker's perspective in his politically charged one-man show, Tingle raises impertinent questions and slings progressive opinions. Though his emphasis on the Reagan-Bush era sometimes makes the show seem dated, Tingle effectively mocks everything from censorship and gender roles to bigotry and beer. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 840-3074.)

Johnny Pye and the Foolkiller—Johnny Pye is the only person who can see the Foolkiller, an agent of Death, in a new musical by Mark St. Germain and Randy Courts, based on a short story by Stephen Vincent Benét. This isn't the most obvious subject for a musical, but the show has a charmingly peculiar mixture of sweetness and philosophizing. Spiro Malas, as the Foolkiller, conveys an appropriate mixture of stolidity and regret, and Heather Lee Soroka and Kaitlin Hopkins, as the younger and older versions of Johnny's love, are both radiant. Daniel Jenkins is Johnny. (Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)

JOSEPH AND THE AMAZING TECHNICOLOR DREAMCOAT—A new production of the musical by Tim Rice and Andrew Lloyd Webber, with Michael Damian. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 307-4100.)

THE KENTUCKY CYCLE—Robert Schenkkan's six-hour, two-part play, which won the Pulitzer Prize in 1992, has arrived on Broadway. Stacy Keach heads the cast. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

KISS OF THE SPIDER WOMAN—A musical, based on the novel by Manuel Puig, with a distinguished book by Terrence McNally and a star performance by the redoubtable Chita Rivera in the title role. Harold Prince was the director. The songs are by John Kander and Fred Ebb. (5/24/93) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

LATER LIFE—The reunion, after thirty years, of a middle-aged man and woman who were once in love is at the heart of this play by A. R. Gurney. Mr. Gurney has written with his customary wit and perception, and the actors do him proud. (6/14/93) (Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.)

THE LIGHTS—The first offering in Lincoln Center Theatre's Festival of New American Plays is Howard Korder's nihilistic, unremittingly bleak portrait of life in a nameless city during "the modern era." (It's a lot like New York during the Depression.) The stock characters—a shopgirl, her boyfriend, a mobster, and a corrupt city official, among others—slowly rip each other to shreds, psychologically and, in some cases, physically, during a chain of events precipitated by the stealing of a watch. The impressive set is by Marina Draghici. With Kristen Johnston, Kathleen Dennehy, and Dan Futterman. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

MIXED EMOTIONS—Harold Gould and Katherine Helmond confer more grace on this comedy than it deserves. It's a story about a widow and a widower, both of them in their sixties, whose courtship is constantly interrupted by a pair of moving men dismantling the widow's apartment. Richard Baer's play doesn't amount to much, but the performance, under the direction of Tony Giordano, is highly satisfactory. (11/1/93) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

PTERODACTYLS—Nicky Silver's absurdist comedy about an AIDS-related homecoming is intermittently amusing until its final scene, in which heavy-handed pathos almost sinks the proceedings. That the production generally succeeds is owing in large measure to the performances of Kelly Bishop as a Main Line matron and T. Scott Cunningham as her son. (Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. 353-3874. Closes Nov. 28.)

A QUARREL OF SPARROWS—An agreeable enough comedy by James Duff. The setting is Sag Harbor, and the cast includes Henderson Forsythe, Polly Holliday, Jan Hooks, and Mitchell Lichtenstein. The play may be best enjoyed by those who consider Forsythe and Holliday bigger names than Hooks and Lichtenstein. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

SHAKESPEARE FOR MY FATHER—A marvellous one-woman show, in which Lynn Redgrave reviews her own life in a search for her unloving father, Michael Redgrave. She combines anecdotes, brilliant thumbnail impersonations of British actors, and wry reminiscence with passages from Shakespeare. (5/10/93) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450.)

SHE LOVES ME—The Roundabout's production of the 1963 Bock-Harnick-Masteroff musical. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 307-4100.)

SIGNATURE THEATRE COMPANY—Presenting Edward Albee's one-act plays "Counting the Ways" and "Listening." (Kampo Cultural Center, 31 Bond St. 279-4200. Closes Dec. 5.)

THE SWAN—A play by Elizabeth Egloff. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

TIMON OF ATHENS—The National Actors Theatre launches its season with a rarely performed Shakespearean play. (11/15/93) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6280. Closes Dec. 5.)

VILLAGE LIGHT OPERA GROUP—Presenting Gilbert and Sullivan's "Princess Ida." (Haft Auditorium, Fashion Institute of Technology, 227 W. 27th St. 279-4200. Closes Nov. 21.)

THE WHO'S TOMMY—Pete Townshend's music—however muted for Broadway—has an indubitable thrill. This adaptation was directed by Des McAnuff. (5/3/93) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

WHO WILL CARRY THE WORD?—During the Second World War, Charlotte Delbo, the author of this play, was a member of the French Resistance who was captured and sent to Auschwitz. Much of the play, based on her two years there and at Ravensbruck, is taken up with fierce debate over whether or not one should try to survive, and what it might mean to live and tell the story. In general, the acting does justice to the harrowing subject; Maria Radman and Fiona Davis stand out among the cast of twenty-one. Presented by the Willow Cabin Theatre Company, under Edward Berkeley's fine direction. (Judith Anderson, 422 W. 42nd St. 886-1889. Closes Nov. 28.)

WORKING OUT WITH LEONA—A musical comedy about a volatile health-club proprietress, presented by the HIV Ensemble. With a score by Michael Capece and Paul Radalat, lyrics by Nelson Jewell, and a book by Mary Lee Miller and Mr. Jewell. (Jewel Box, 323 W. 44th St. 279-4200.)

LONG RUNS

BEAU JEST: Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. . . . **BLUE MAN GROUP/TUBES:** Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. . . . **CATS:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. . . . **CRAZY FOR YOU:** Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. . . . **FOREVER PLAID:** Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. . . . **GUYS AND DOLLS:** Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **MISS SAIGON:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. . . . **NUNSENSE:** Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. . . . **OLEANNA:** Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 307-4100. . . . **PERFECT CRIME:** 47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 695-3401. . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE SISTERS ROSENSWEIG:** Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. . . . **TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING:** St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St. 279-4200.

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BIG APPLE CIRCUS—The little big top has returned to Lincoln Center. (Damrosch Park. Through Jan. 9. For information about show times and tickets, call 268-0055.)

DANCE

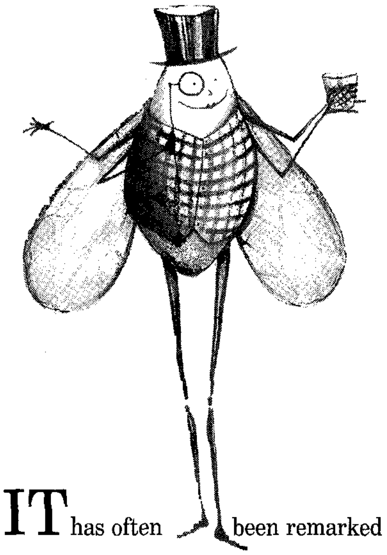
NEW YORK CITY BALLET—The season opens on Nov. 23 at 7:30 with a benefit performance: "Who Cares?," "Zenobia Pas de Deux," "Not My Girl," and "I'm Old Fashioned." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Feb. 27.)

GARTH FAGAN DANCE—Nov. 17 and Nov. 20 at 8, and Nov. 21 at 2: Excerpts from "Griot New York," "Draft of Shadows," and "Postscript Posthumous: Ellington.". . . ¶ Nov. 18-19 at 8: "Prelude," "Easter Freeway Processional," "Draft of Shadows," and "Moth Dreams.". . . ¶ Nov. 21 at 7:30 and Nov. 23 at 8: "Time After Before Place," "Landscape for 10," and excerpts from "Griot New York." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Through Nov. 28.)

HAMISH

NOT

SQUEAMISH



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NIGHT LIFE

Horseplay

GIVEN the warmly accessible melodies and Celtic folk-rock textures on "Joyland," the début album by the British band Liberty Horses, who will appear at Café Sin-é on November 18, it shouldn't be surprising that singer-songwriters Neill and Calum MacColl were to the manner born. The MacColl brothers—who formed Horses with bassist Leroy Lendor and drummer Robert Bon[illegible]—are the sons of folk luminaries Ewan MacColl and Peggy Seeger (sister of Pete and Mike Seeger); their sister is pop singer Kirsty MacColl. However genetically fated these fellows may have been to their careers, Neill insists that he and Calum were never pushed. "Our father wanted us to be marine biologists, that kind of thing," the singer recalls. "He certainly didn't want us to play *electric* instruments, anyway. He was mellowing out before he died, but the noise he made when we first plugged in was, I should think, similar to the noise people made when Bob Dylan picked up an electric guitar at the Newport Folk Festival."

Dad would no doubt approve of the fact that the songs on "Joyland" are in the same well-crafted, acoustic-guitar-filled pop tradition as those on the Beatles' "Rubber Soul"—one of the first albums Neill remembers hearing at home as a child. "It's just one of those records that transcend age and class and culture," the singer says. "It's a true folk record, really." Despite the strength of the band's material, Neill insists that he and Calum are just getting serious as songwriters. "You have to sit down in the morning and say, 'I'm going to write a song today.' And that can be good. It's not all about staring out the window at midnight, waiting for a shooting star to go across the sky."

CONCERTS

CARNEGIE HALL JAZZ BAND—What makes the C.H.J.B. more than a great alliance of tradition-minded players is their ability to come on like a swaggering big band, all loud, proud, and swinging. Their latest program, "The Classic Song: A Tribute to Jazz and the American Song," sounds a tad conventional, but judicious soloists and the band's exacting thunder should make it a pleasure. Frank Foster, Clark Terry, Phil Woods, Cassandra Wilson, Ryan Kisor, and twelve-year-old-pianist Sergio Salvatore will be featured. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Nov. 18 at 8.)

HEART—Before Seattle became synonymous with angst-ridden young musicians in flannel shirts and torn jeans, it was home to Heart, the flamboyant rock band whose Led Zeppelin-meets-Cher œuvre attracted millions of devotees in the late seventies, and had them coming back for more in the mid-eighties. Heart has just released its latest studio album, "Desire Walks On," and siren-voiced singer Ann Wilson is bound to give both old and new songs the full hard-rock diva treatment in concert. She and her guitarist sister Nancy may even do their famous cover of Led Zep's "Rock and Roll." All this and more hair mousse than you'd see in a carful of Bon Jovi fans. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Nov. 20 at 8.)

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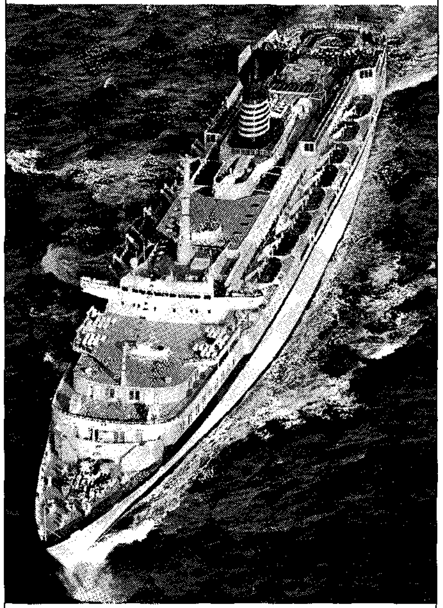

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NIGHT LIFE–Cont'd

Neil Diamond—You're fiddling with the radio dial, something familiar comes on, and before you know it you're humming along to "Cracklin' Rosie," or one of a dozen other Neil Diamond songs, and you know *all* the words. Neil owns these songs, but his latest album, "Up on the Roof: Songs from the Brill Building," is another story. Neil Diamond the cover artist is a song-killer, and the fact that his new record retreads sixteen songs—everything from "Don't Be Cruel" and "I (Who Have Nothing)" to "Spanish Harlem" and "A Groovy Kind of Love"—makes him a serial song-killer. But he's also a crowd pleaser, and these new additions to his cover repertoire, familiar and safe as "Sweet Caroline," will make the fans happy (and the rest of us can listen to the originals). (Nassau Coliseum. 1-516 794-9300. Nov. 23-24 at 8.)

Billy Taylor Trio and Jane Ira Bloom—This meeting of the earthbound and the ethereal has an opposites-attract energy that just might work. Billy Taylor's piano playing mirrors his public persona—sturdy, erudite, resolutely mainstream—whereas the accomplished soprano saxophonist Jane Ira Bloom often has her head in the clouds. Taylor's no-nonsense approach may encourage Bloom to dig in and transform stardust into granite. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Nov. 18 at 7.)

Fourplay—Bob James, Lee Ritenour, Harvey Mason, and Nathan East. With Toots Thielemans & His Brasil Project. (Beacon Theatre Nov. 18 at 8.)

Bulgarian Women's Choir—Manhattan Center, 311 W. 34th St. 279-7740. Nov. 18 at 8.

Festival Mexicano—Gloria Trevi, Mijares, La Mafia, and Los Yonics. (Paramount, Madison Square Garden. 465-6000. Nov. 19 at 8.)

Townes Van Zandt—Prospect Park Picnic House, Park Dr. at 5th St., Brooklyn. Nov. 21 at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.

Heavenly Jazz—The series that nearly faded away has been revived and will present the Howard Alden–Dan Barrett quintet. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Nov. 21 at 5. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Loren Schoenberg Octet—St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Nov. 21 at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.

JAZZ AND BLUES

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Jazz, mirrors, and a gift shop. **LARRY CARLTON** appears through Nov. 21. Beginning Nov. 23: **HERBIE HANCOCK**. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—On any given night, and well into the morning, one or another of New York's many formidable pianists can be found here. Through Nov. 20: the **STEPHEN SCOTT** trio. Scott's 1992 album, "Ahmina's Dream," was one of the year's great jazz records, and on a good night, when this young pianist is combining harmonic sophistication and rhythmic sass, he sounds like the most gifted newcomer around. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—The **MOSE ALLISON** trio performs through Nov. 21. Allison, like so many genuine American eccentrics, has made an art out of a mass of unruly contradictions. A white bluesman with a penchant for lean jazz piano, and a straight-talking moralist couched inside a

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RECORD STORE ARRIVALS

A highly selective list of new releases we're curious to hear.

A TRIBE CALLED QUEST, "Midnight Marauders" (RCA).

HEART, "Desire Walks On" (Capitol).

BLUR, "Modern Life Is Rubbish" (SBK).

COCTEAU TWINS, "Four-Calendar Café" (Capitol).

"STONE FREE: A TRIBUTE TO JIMI HENDRIX" (Reprise).

THE PUBLIC ENEMY
JAMES CAGNEY
JEAN HARLOW EDWARD WOODS
JOAN BLONDELL
WILLIAM A. WELLMAN
A WARNER BROS.
VITAPHONE

Hollywood Posters

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CHRISTIE'S
EAST

cynic, Allison isn't always able to process all this information to his best advantage onstage. Still, inspired readings of enduring originals like "Everybody's Crying Mercy" and "Your Mind Is on Vacation," reveal a perennial national treasure. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL** leads a trio. Dining.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Pianist **ROLAND HANNA** and bassist **PAUL WEST** appear through Nov. 20. **STEVE KUHN** and **DAVID FINCK** will start a run on Nov. 23.

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—This modest space provides a forum for freethinking musicians. Original rapper **GIL SCOTT-HERON** will be in on Nov. 20.

L[illegible]ave on First, 1125 First Ave., at 62nd St. (759-4011)—Though situated in the basement of an Upper East Side Mexican restaurant (Pancho Villa), this is an establishment worth checking out. The entertainment varies, from tap dancing one night to gospel the next. **JIMMY SCOTT** will be in on Nov. 21 for a night.

Red Blazer Too, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—Mondays belong to the Smith Street Society jazz band; Tuesdays to Jim Lawyer and his Bluebird orchestra; Thursdays to Stan Rubin's big band; Fridays to Lew Anderson's big band and Sam Ulano and his Bourbon Street Swingers; and Saturdays to Bob Cantwell and his Stompers. The **GEORGE GEE** orchestra appears on Nov. 17.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—All this week, except for Nov. 22: the **TOMMY FLANAGAN** trio, with **LEWIS NASH** and **PETER WASHINGTON.** The magnitude of Flanagan's piano playing doesn't announce itself. Instead, his refined, lyrical genius sneaks up on you. His repertoire is offbeat and ingenious, and his conception of the piano trio is orchestral (though he can swing harder than anyone). Drummer Nash and bassist Washington are both superb accompanists. An electrified big band belonging to trumpeter **MILES EVANS** is in action on Mondays. Dining.

Tavern on the Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200)—With the opening of the Chestnut Room, this legendary tourist haven is making a bid to attract serious jazz fans. **JACKIE CAIN** and **ROY KRAL** team up through Nov. 21. Starting Nov. 23: the noted jazz drummer **LOUIE BELLSON,** with a quartet. Dining.

Vill[illegible] Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the airy space known as the Terrace Bar, **JOHNNY ELLIS** appears with a quintet, through Nov. 21.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The world's most famous jazz club is also the last place in town that still looks, feels, and smells like a classic jazz club—subterranean, smoky, and thick with the spirits of past masters. The **DANILO PEREZ** quintet is here through Nov. 21. The **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA** holds sway on Mondays.

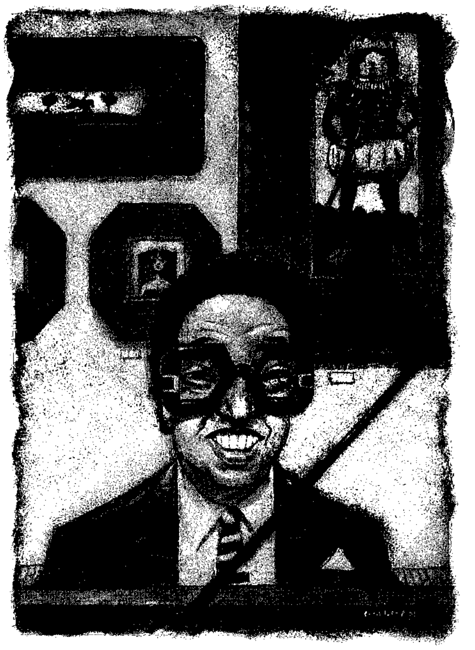
Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—The food is Italian, the atmosphere is pastels and soft lights, and the musicians, who set up in a room between the bar and the dining room, are first-rate. Through Nov. 20: **SONNY FORTUNE.** This quadruple-threat musician has mastered tenor, alto, and soprano saxophone and flute. He'll be accompanied by pianist George Cables and bassist Buster Williams—empathy incarnate.

STANDARDS AND CABARET

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**WESLIA [illegible]ITFIELD** is currently at work in the Oak Room. She is probably the most assured and affecting jazz-cabaret voice to arrive in New York in years. With Mike Greensill on piano. Dining.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—On Nov. 19-20 and Nov. 23: cabaret diva **MEG FLATHER.** In her new theatrical presentation, "Portraits," the always elegant Flather covers songs by such diverse tunesmiths as Jacques Brel, Hoagy Carmichael, Joni Mitchell, and Mary-Chapin Carpenter. For the late show, **YVONNE CONSTANT** sings Yves Montand on Nov. 19-20.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle, a snug, windowless enclave in the doorman district, features discreet waiters, pastel murals, and, all this week, the singer and pianist **BOBBY SHORT.** . . . ¶ Across the hall, in Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** presides at the piano.



Billy Taylor at the Metropolitan Museum.

BART GOLDMAN

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A midtown restaurant and jazz lair for the tasselled-loafers set. "Eddie, Bix, and Bing," a tribute to the music of Eddie Lang, Bix Beiderbecke, and Bing Crosby, is the current attraction, with guitarist **FRANK VIGNOLA,** cornettist **PETER ECKLUND,** and singer **ERNIE BYRD.** Mondays, Woody Allen continues his night job as clarinet player in the **NEW ORLEANS FUNERAL AND RAGTIME ORCHESTRA.**

Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—Not to be confused with its richer cousin, the Rainbow Room, which is just down the hall. Singer and actress **LESLIE UGGAMS** continues through Nov. 20. Starting Nov. 23: a tribute to Leonard Bernstein, commemorating what would have been his seventy-fifth birthday. The program will feature songs from "West Side Story," "Candide," "Wonderful Town," and "On the Town." Closed Mondays.

Russian Tea Room, 150 W. 57th St. (265-0947)—Upstairs, there's a small red, gold, and green cabaret. **JULIE WILSON** appears Nov. 18-20, with **MARK HUMMEL.** On Nov. 21: Singers (and sisters) **ANN HAMPTON CALLAWAY** and **LIZ CALLAWAY** will perform "Together at Last." Dining.

ROCK AND FOLK

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—**DANNY GATTON** and **THE HELLECASTERS** share a bill on Nov. 18. The evening will be a Fender Telecaster orgy for electric-guitar fanatics. Gatton is a fine, often brilliant player who can spin heads with his instrumental versions of Brian Wilson's "In My Room," "Harlem Nocturne," and a long string of rockabilly tunes. The Hellecasters feature not one but three scorching lead guitarists, and judging from their first album, "The Return of the Hellecasters," they've figured out how to sound great while maintaining a healthy sense of humor about the no-vocals twang-virtuoso thing. **CHRISTINE LAVIN** appears on Nov. 19-20, with Tom Prasada Rau. She sings funny songs, throwing in a few poignant politically correct numbers, all in a lovely soprano. Look for **DOC WATSON** on Nov. 21. Deep Gap, North Carolina's gift to the flat-pick country-guitar sound is a bluegrass icon and a living master of old-time music. He's played alongside everyone from the Carter Family and Bill Monroe to Flatt & Scruggs and the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band, and he swings like a dream.

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Café Sin-é, 122 St. Marks Pl. (982-0370)—A bohemian Irish café where some pretty fine musicians have turned up and tuned up. LIBERTY HORSES appears on Nov. 18.

Cornelia Street Café, 29 Cornelia St. (989-9319)—The ANDY BISKIN quartet will be in on Nov. 18. Biskin plays a melodious clarinet and writes many of the group's numbers. On Nov. 23, SEOSAIMHÍN NÍ BHEAGLAOICH will sing Irish songs from the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

Grand, 76 E. 13th St. (777-0600)—A cross between an old-fashioned split-level night club and a parking garage decorated for a senior prom. KANSAS will be here on Nov. 17. TRIBE plays on Nov. 19.

Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (777-6800)—LOS LOBOS arrive on Nov. 18. This great East L.A. band had its biggest hit in 1987, with a remake of Richie Valens' "La Bamba," but that highly digestible single offers only a taste of the glorious blend of rock, blues, R. & B., and Mexican folk music that Los Lobos have been serving up for the past ten years. The group's new box set, "Just Another Band from East L.A.," demonstrates just how deep and wide their roots go. On Nov. 20: the BODEANS, with SHERYL CROW. Unlike the Replacements, that quintessential great Midwestern rock band, the Wisconsin-based BoDeans sound as if they'd spent as much time listening to the Beatles as the Stones. "Go Slow Down" is the BoDeans' fifth album of wistful but muscular guitar pop, and as always, singer-guitarists Kurt Neumann and Sam Llanas offer some sumptuous harmonies. Opening for them is singer-songwriter Sheryl Crow, whose compellingly underproduced début album, "Tuesday Night Music Club," has been reaping accolades for its lyrical candor and immediacy.

Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200)—The vast floor here can accommodate ballroom dancing, and does so on Thursdays and Sundays. On other nights, Roseland becomes another dark, sweaty rock club, with flannel-clad stage divers holding forth. On Nov. 23-24: two current darlings of the college-rock circuit, SMASHING PUMPKINS and SWERVEDRIVER.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great grass hut with a fruit-and-bamboo motif. On Nov. 17: DON CHERRY, with LOVE AND LIFE and DJ CHEB I SABBAH. Cherry, better known in some circles as Neneh's stepfather, has lent his piercing trumpet tone—as well as the sound of the pocket trumpet, one of several exotic instruments also in his arsenal—to work by jazz colleagues Albert Ayler and Archie Sheep, countless folk- and ethnic-music ensembles, punk bands, and even Lou Reed. This time out, he's sharing a bill with an outfit called Love and Life, whose ranks include the trumpeter's son, Eagle Eye Cherry. Also appearing will be DJ Cheb I Sabbah, who creates "trance music" based on various indigenous musical sources. Closed Sundays. Dining.

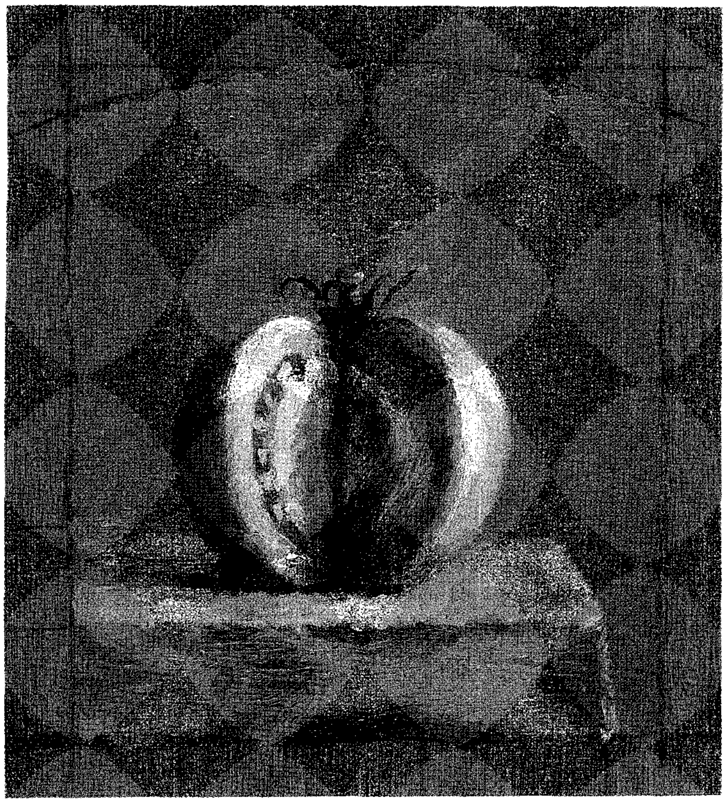
Tramps, 51 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—A broad, spacious, and agreeable club. MARK CHESNUTT and KELLY WILLIS perform on Nov. 18. Both Chesnutt and Willis have a reared-on-rock sophistication that has meshed well with traditional country-music taste. Willis's new album, in particular, is a gem whose torchy qualities should intensify the buzz surrounding this appearance.

Wetlands, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—A cavernous, psychedelic, thoroughly green dive. On Nov. 20: the jam-happy outfit COL. BRUCE HAMPTON & THE AQUARIUM RESCUE UNIT, with singer-songwriter MICHELLE MALONE.

ART

The East Rises

Asian art, which has been relegated to the margins for most of this century and often dismissed as the province of eccentrics and anthropologists, is suddenly everywhere. For instance, at the movies: "Farewell My Concubine" and "M. Butterfly" offer Peking opera, complete with costumes and face paint, and many glimpses of other Chinese arts and crafts. One scene in "The Wedding Banquet" shows two of the Chinese protagonists appreciating contemporary calligraphy, "Once Upon a Time in China (Part 2)" makes loopy use of Taoist artifacts, and "Sex and Zen" devotes a lot of footage to recreations of Yuan-dynasty erotica. (There's also a Seijun Suzuki festival this week at the Walter Reade.)



Self-portrait by Robert Kulicke (Davis & Langdale).

It's a great moment for Asian art in the museums, too. At the opening of the lovely, lively show of Qing-dynasty porcelains at the China Institute, lovers of Far Eastern art turned out in full force, all talking about how they've never had it so good. The usual venues are offering unusual shows: the Korean blockbuster at the Asia Society, Japanese treatments of Chinese themes in a major exhibit at the Met (and, in adjacent galleries, the not-to-be-missed samples from a decade of collecting by Friends of Asian Art and rarefied Chinese paintings, gifts of the Tang family). The contemporary is well represented, too: Japanese ceramics (1935-1990) at the Japan Society, recent Korean and Korean-American work (much of it film and video) at the Queens Museum, and, at the Museum of the City of New York, examples of work by Japanese artists living here. With so many opportunities all over town, one can hardly fail to see how much of what looks modern first came out of the East.

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The museum's new Nineteenth-Century European Painting and Sculpture galleries are now open, featuring, among other works, van Gogh's "Wheat Field with Cypresses" (1889). . . . ¶ "Elephant: The Animal and Its Ivory in African Art" includes seventy objects, from elephant masks to intricately carved tusks, representing more than twenty different indigenous cultures. . . . ¶ "Versailles 1973: American Fashion on the World Stage." Through Nov. 28. . . . ¶ "Immortals and Sages: Fusuma Paintings from Ryoan-ji and the Lore of China in Japanese Art.". . . ¶ Twenty years of Hudson River School works on paper. Through Dec. 26. . . . ¶ "Nineteenth-Century Portraits, Landscapes, and Nudes." (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 9.)

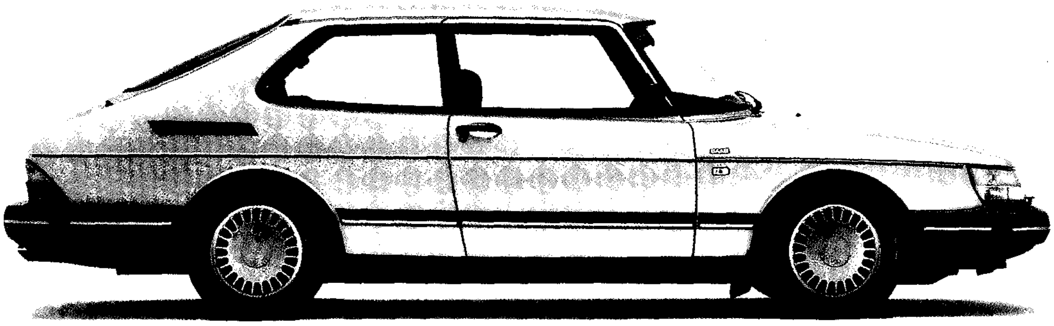
Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The current Miró retrospective celebrates the centennial of the Catalan master with some four hundred paintings, drawings, prints, sculptures, and ceramics. Perhaps the most powerful interlude in the show is the series of twenty-three paintings known as "The Constellations" (1940-41). Works of dazzling complexity and innovation, they were begun in the seeming tranquillity of Miró's adopted home in Varengeville, France, and completed in Palma de Mallorca only after the artist and his family had made a harrowing retreat from the Nazis. . . . ¶ Paintings by Robert Ryman, who for the past thirty years has specialized in white-on-white canvases. . . . ¶ "Designed for Speed: Three Automobiles by Ferrari." MOMA's first automobile exhibition in more than fifteen years. . . . ¶ "New Photography Nine" showcases four contemporary photographers whose work ranges from portraits of children in Knoxville, Tennessee, to images of squalor in Ukraine. (Open Saturdays through Tuesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursdays and Fridays, noon to 8:30.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—More than a hundred paintings by Pop master Roy Lichtenstein. . . . ¶ Self-portraits by photographer Robert Mapplethorpe (1946-1989). (Open daily, except Thursdays, 10 to 8.)

Guggenheim Museum SoHo, 575 Broadway—"Singular Dimensions in Painting," an exhibit of minimalist work, primarily from the fifties and sixties. Through Nov. 29. . . . ¶ Eighty watercolors, made between 1911 and 1941, by Vasily Kandinsky (1866-1944). . . . ¶ "Industrial Elegance," a lobby exhibition, salutes design excellence in everyday objects, from ice-cube makers to Frisbees. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday through Saturday evenings until 8.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—More than a hundred and sixty paintings, sculptures, drawings, and site-specific installations by Mike Kelley, a Los Angeles-based conceptual artist whose diverse influences range from Joseph Beuys to Iggy Pop. . . . ¶ "Betrothals," three important late canvases and related studies by Arshile Gorky (1904-48). . . . ¶ Paintings by

FIRST THERE
WERE THE STARES.



THEN THE ARTICLES.

THEN THE WAITING LISTS.

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WHICH FEW CARS HAVE
EVER KNOWN.

AND NOW, IT STAR

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But then gas prices soared, safety became fashionable and, one by one, the 900's idiosyncrasies became industry standards.

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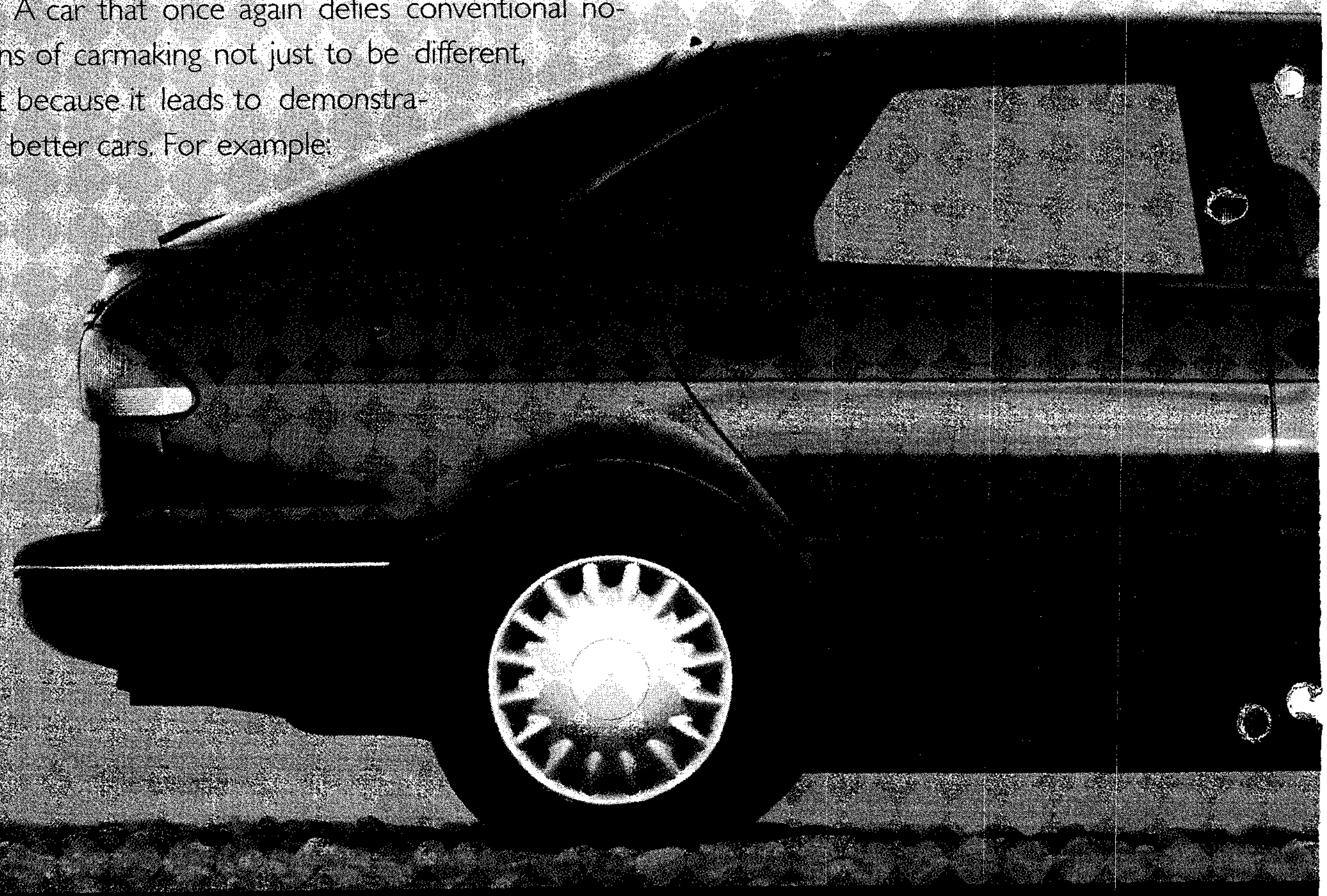

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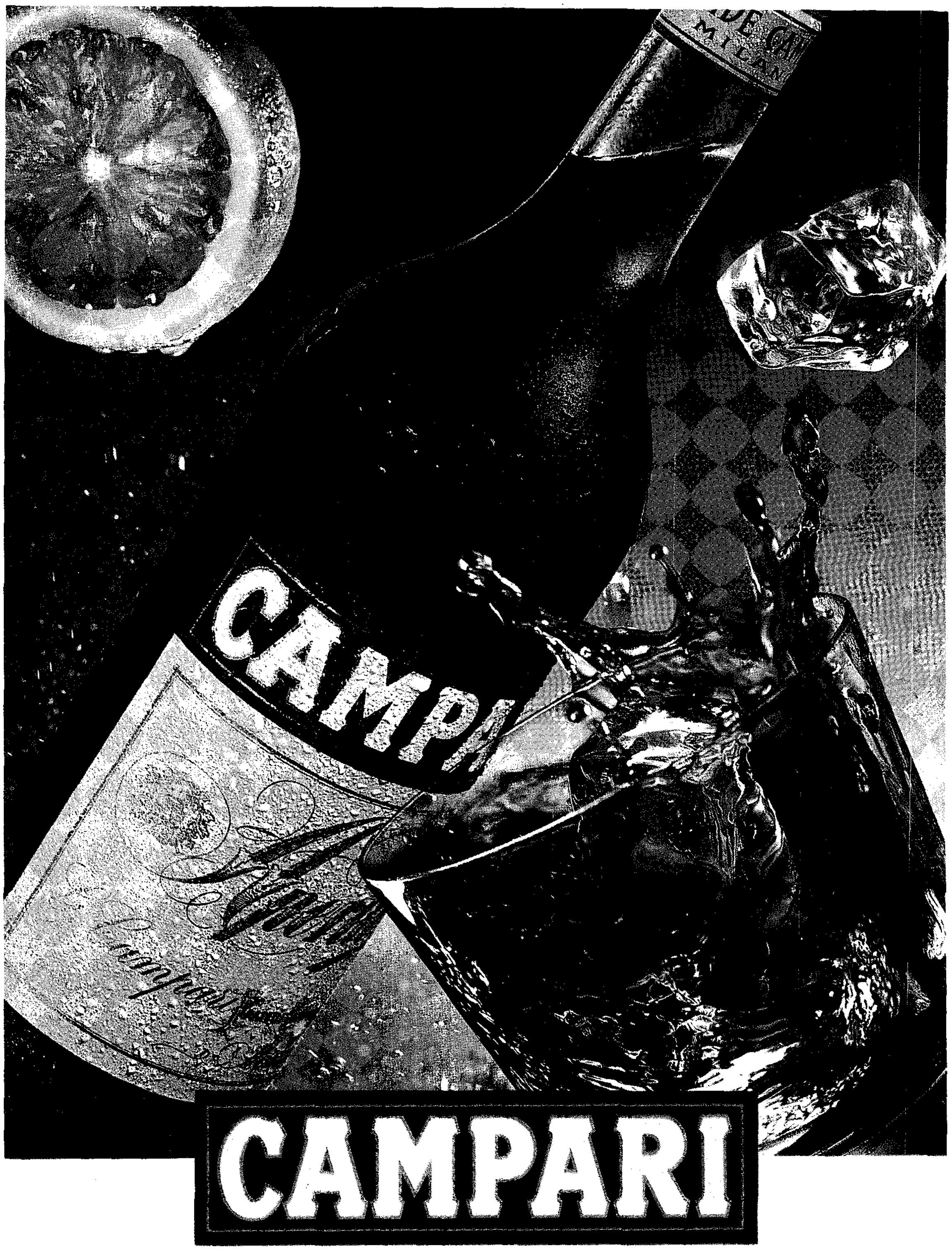

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Enjoy Campari with a splash of soda, with orange juice or on the rocks.

Vija Celmins. Through Nov. 28. . . . ¶ "The Cave," a video installation by Beryl Korot, with music by Steve Reich. Through Nov. 28. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Two exhibitions that focus on lesser-known locales and conditions in Cuba and Antarctica via photographs, drawings, biological specimens, and dioramas. (Open daily, 10 to 5:45, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St.—"Korean Arts of the Eighteenth Century: Splendor and Simplicity." (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

China Institute, 125 E. 65th St.—"As You Wish: Symbol and Meaning on Chinese Porcelains from the Taft Museum." (Open Mondays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 7.)

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St.—"Modern Japanese Ceramics." (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"French Master Drawings" assembles a hundred and twenty-five works from the fourteenth century through the nineteenth. . . . ¶ The library celebrates the birthdays of three classics—Antoine de Saint-Exupéry's "The Little Prince" (1943), Beatrix Potter's "Peter Rabbit" (1893), and Charles Dickens' "A Christmas Carol" (1843)—with early manuscripts, photographs, illustrations, and other memorabilia. (Note: The Dickens exhibit opens Nov. 23.) (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, Columbus Ave. at 65th St.—"Thorton Dial: Image of the Tiger." A joint exhibition with the New Museum (see below), devoted to the work of this self-taught painter and sculptor. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11:30 to 7:30.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"Building Bridges: Japanese Artists in New York.". . . ¶ "Broadway! One Hundred and Twenty-five Years of Musical Theatre." (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"American Dimensions" features thirty-six nineteenth-century sculptural works in plaster, marble, and bronze. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5; Friday evenings until 8, with no admission charge after 5.)

New Museum, 583 Broadway—"Thorton Dial: Image of the Tiger." (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Saturdays, noon to 8.)

P.S. 1, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City—"Stalin's Choice: Soviet Socialist Realism 1932-56" includes more than a hundred Soviet paintings on loan from the Central Lenin Museum and the State Tretiakov Gallery, among other venues, as well as an installation of porcelain and china, and work by the contemporary Russian artists Komar and Melamid. Opens Nov. 21. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Queens Museum of Art, Flushing Meadow Park—"Across the Pacific: Contemporary Korean and Korean-American Art." (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. The following listings lead off with shows opening this week.)

Carol Anthony—Small-scale interiors reflecting the atmosphere of Santa Fe, where the artist has been living for the past two years. Opens Nov. 23. Through Dec. 23. (Davidson, 41 E. 57th St.)

Jacob Lawrence—Lawrence's first New York show in many years includes four new works, three of them based on images of manual labor. Opens Nov. 17. Through Jan. 15. (Midtown Payson, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

"African-American Art: Twentieth-Century Masterworks"—Paintings and sculptures from 1910 to 1965, ranging in style from realism to abstraction. Among the artists are Benny Andrews, Elizabeth Catlett, and Norman Lewis. Opens Nov. 18. Through Feb. 12. (Rosenfeld, 50 W. 57th St.)

•

R. Crumb / H. R. Giger—The Crumb retrospective is a mostly fun trip down the dazed and confused memory lane of sixties and seventies counterculture surrealism. The back room, preposterously designated "Adults Only," contains some of the lunatic genius's most scabrous, filthiest drawings. / The Giger show also features a no-kiddies-allowed secret chamber, but the real shocker is the twenty-five-dollar admission fee, which includes a catalogue, whether you want one or not. (Apparently, Giger's cult following has created some problems for the gallery, and the ludicrous admission fee is their idea of crowd control.) Giger is best known for his design work on the film "Alien." The sculpture and furniture shown here are pure kitsch, but Giger's biomechanical paintings, strongly influenced by Félicien Rops and Hans Bellmer, are weird and compelling. Through Dec. 23. (Alexander, 980 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

James Lee Byars—An excellent show of sculptures and works on paper from the early sixties, made while the artist was living in Japan. Byars, an enigmatic and underappreciated artist, has gained a reputation as either a mystic or a charlatan—in certain quarters, these words are synonymous—and he enjoys far greater esteem abroad than in his native America, the would-be paradise of pragmatism. Some of the works assembled here are performable, such as "The Mile Long Paper Walk," a stack of hinged and folded Japanese flax paper, which was performed—that is, unfolded—by dancer and choreographer Lucinda Childs, in 1965. Byars' early works sustain nuances of evanescence, fragility, and tact. Through Nov. 27. (Werner, 21 E. 67th St.)

Max Beckmann (1884-1950) / **Steve Currie**—Two oils ("Still-Life with Pears" and "Autumn Flowers") and a watercolor ("Sleeping Nude"), plus drawings and graphics. / Quirky hybrid sculptures that suggest objects in transition. Through Nov. 20. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Stanley Boxer—Abstract paintings that incorporate gravel and wood chips. Through Dec. 11. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Fritz Bultman (1919-85)—Abstract Expressionist drawings from the years 1958 to 1961 by one of the Irascibles, a group that included Pollock, Kline, and Motherwell. Through Nov. 23. (Schlesinger, 24 E. 73rd St.)

Francesco Clemente—Large panel paintings with dark, mysterious imagery. Through Jan. 8. (Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Willem de Kooning—Drawings from throughout the artist's career. Through Dec. 31. (Mathes, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Jim Dine—"Ape & Cat," a group of new bronze-and-wood sculptures, is accompanied by several drawings on plywood, in charcoal, pastel, enamel, and shellac. Through Nov. 27. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Friedel Dzubas—Fifteen paintings from the late fifties and early sixties. Through Dec. 3. (Elkon, 18 E. 81st St.)

Lawrence Gipe—Paintings based on Robert Moses projects in New York. Through Nov. 27. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Tobi Kahn—Abstract paintings derived from geological or biological forms. Through Nov. 27. (Ryan, 24 W. 57th St.)

Alex Katz—Maine landscapes, a monumental beach scene, and a series of seven paintings of a woman modelling wedding gowns. Through Dec. 4. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Herbert Katzman—Expressionistic chalk portraits and self-portraits, plus a view of the city from the artist's studio on the Lower West Side. Through Dec. 4. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Robert Kulicke—Paintings of pears, white roses, tomatoes, and wildflowers, set in frames designed and made by the artist. Through Dec. 21. (Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St.)

Darragh Park—Paintings of landscapes, city-

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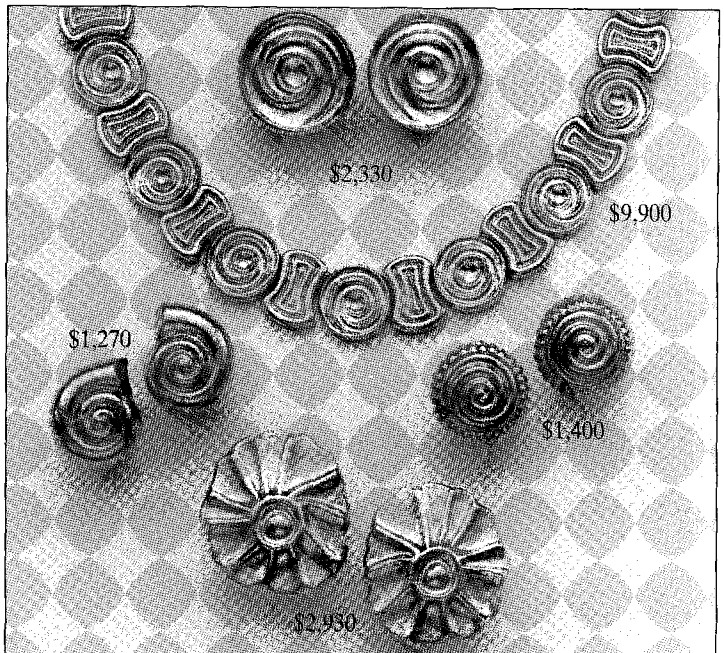

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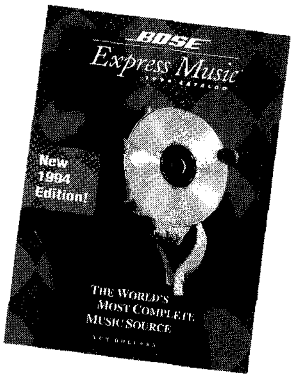

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scapes, and baseball stadiums. Through Nov. 30. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

PHILIP SMITH—Paintings with skeins of narrative imagery. Through Dec. 11. (McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

JOHN STORRS (1885-1956)—More than sixty works by a Chicagoan whose art incorporated Purist and Cubist influences. Through Jan. 8. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

RUFINO TAMAYO (1899-1991)—Works from the thirties through the eighties by this renowned Mexican artist. Through Dec. 18. (Martin, 23 E. 73rd St.)

WAYNE THIEBAUD—A retrospective of watercolors, drawings, and prints from 1964 to the present, including some preparatory studies from the artist's own collection. Through Nov. 27. (Associated American Artists, 20 W. 57th St.)

JAMES TURRELL—Works on paper and documentation related to the artist's long-term project to reshape a crater in the Painted Desert. Through Dec. 2. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

BENAR VENET—Sculptures that resemble giant bent springs laid sideways. Through Dec. 4. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

"AMERICAN PAINTERS IN GIVERNY, 1885-1920"—George Biddle, Mary Hubbard Foote, and Frederick MacMonnies are among the featured artists, who worked in this picturesque village associated with Monet. Through Dec. 15. (Spanierman, 50 E. 78th St.)

"MIRÓ AND NEW YORK"—A show of paintings, sculptures, and works on paper by artists who were influenced by Miró's New York exhibitions in the thirties and forties, among them Ilya Bolotowsky, Arshile Gorky, and David Hare. Through Nov. 27. (Washburn, 20 W. 57th St.)

DOWNTOWN

MASSAIMO ANTONACI—A show of three-dimensional objects with a spiritual theme. Opens Nov. 20. Through Dec. 23. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

JEAN-MICHEL BASQUIAT (1960-88)—Paintings from the mid-eighties. Opens Nov. 20. Through Jan. 8. (Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St.)

ROBERT LONGO—A series of twenty abstract collaged works. Opens Nov. 23. Through Dec. 18. (Prats, 568 Broadway.)

SAM MESSER—Paintings devoted to John Series, the artist's friend, who died last year. Opens Nov. 18. Through Dec. 23. (Beitzel, 102 Prince St.)

KIKI SMITH—Six new sculptures, each with a religious and/or feminist theme. The centerpiece, "Virgin Mary," portrays a woman with her muscles exposed. Opens Nov. 20. Through Dec. 23. (Fawbush, 76 Grand St.)

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MARK TANSEY—Tansey exploits nuts-and-bolts mechanical reproduction and painstaking traditional draftsmanship in four series of drawings—"Wheels," "Frameworks," "Nocturnes," and "Veils." Collages made from his own work and various found sources are photocopied and become the "originals," of which Tansey then executes drawings in graphite and/or toner (that's right—photocopy ink). His precise, dry technique is the perfect vehicle for his cynical wit. As usual, the bee in his bonnet is academic culture; he at once thrills to and mocks the Ivory Tower, transforming the bloodless revolutions of obscure academic quarterlies into Indiana Jones-style cliffhangers. Tansey's arch titles are the key to his jokes. For example, "Victorious Ahistorians Celebrating the End of History" (1992). Through Dec. 4. (Marcus, 578 Broadway.)

DONALD BAECHLER—Seven new paintings—a thumb, a hand, and five flowers—on distressed tarps, as well as an engaging totem sculpture and a suite of fourteen large floral drawings on paper. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene Street; through Dec. 23.) . . . ¶ Additional works on paper. Through Dec. 4. (Kasmin, 74 Grand St.)

TED BYFIELD AND LINCOLN TOBIER—"Cop Sculpture," two installations that incorporate newspaper photographs of contraband seized by law-enforcement agencies. Through Dec. 31.

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(Hearn, 39 Wooster St., and American Fine Arts, 22 Wooster St.)

Edmund and Lewis Chamberlain—Two young representational painters. Through Dec. 18. (Gallozzi, 203 W. Houston St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Chuck Close—A new group of his trademark portraits of contemporary artists. Through Nov. 27. (Pace, 142 Greene St.)

Jeffrey Dennis—Paintings the artist calls "bubblescapes," in which objects observed in his everyday London life are embedded. Through Nov. 27. (Ala, 560 Broadway.)

Ann Hamilton—A site-specific installation involving horsehair, scorched paper, and a tape-recorded voice. (Dia Center for the Arts, 548 W. 22nd St. Open Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Bill Jensen—Abstract paintings with dense arrangements of interacting shapes suggestive of landscapes or still-lifes. Through Dec. 23. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Claire Khalil—Watercolors and oils, from 1977 to the present. Through Dec. 1. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Konrad Klapheck—Paintings and drawings, dating from 1978 to the present. Through Dec. 22. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

Sean Landers—In his latest installation, Landers deploys the writings and videos that have become his stock-in-trade, but he seems most interested in sculpture, having fashioned a handsome group of green-glazed terra-cotta leprechauns. Through Nov. 27. (Rosen, 130 Prince St.)

Norman Lewis (1909-79)—Thirty abstract works on paper from the forties, fifties, and sixties. Through Jan. 15. (Berman-Daferner, 568 Broadway.)

Ellen Phelan—If you think paintings of dolls sound sugary, think again. Phelan's dolls are unsentimental and enigmatic, having to do with, as she has said, "emotional relationships between men and women, mothers and daughters, gender definition and how it comes about, and the female sense of self." This is seen here most dramatically in "The Protecting Mother: Esmeralda," with its blood-red wash. Through Nov. 27. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Norman Toynton—Abstract oils on pegboard, in a triptych form. Through Dec. 30. (Stux, 163 Mercer St.)

Oleg Vassiliev—Russian landscapes. Through Nov. 30. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Willie Young—Finely detailed drawings of abstract root forms. Through Dec. 4. (Ricco/Maresca, 152 Wooster St.)

"Inside/Outside"—A show of work by three untrained artists: Mr. Imagination, a Chicago sculptor of totems, icons, and figures; Todd McKie, a Boston primitive painter; and John Martini, a Key West sculptor of cut-steel silhouettes. Through Dec. 4. (Helander, 594 Broadway.)

"Poverty Pop"—Artists who, out of economic necessity, work with found materials, in a sort of urban folklorism. Through Jan. 8. (Exit Art, 548 Broadway.)

"Putt-Modernism"—An entertaining and provocative eighteen-hole miniature-golf course, in which each hole was designed by a different artist. You can rent a putter for five bucks, or just look for free. Through Feb. 27. (Fulton Market Building, South Street Seaport, Pier 16, East River at Fulton St. The course is open Thursdays through Saturdays, from noon to midnight, and Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Sundays, from noon to 10.)

"The Return of the Cadavre Exquis"—Exquisite Corpse, the quintessential Surrealist pastime, was born in late 1925, during the boom years of Surrealism. One player draws a head on a piece of paper, folds it over, and passes it to the next, who adds a torso, and so on. The Drawing Center's splendid show includes archival works and contributions from over seven hundred contemporary artists, who have created some four hundred new exquisite corpses. Through Dec. 18. (The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St.)

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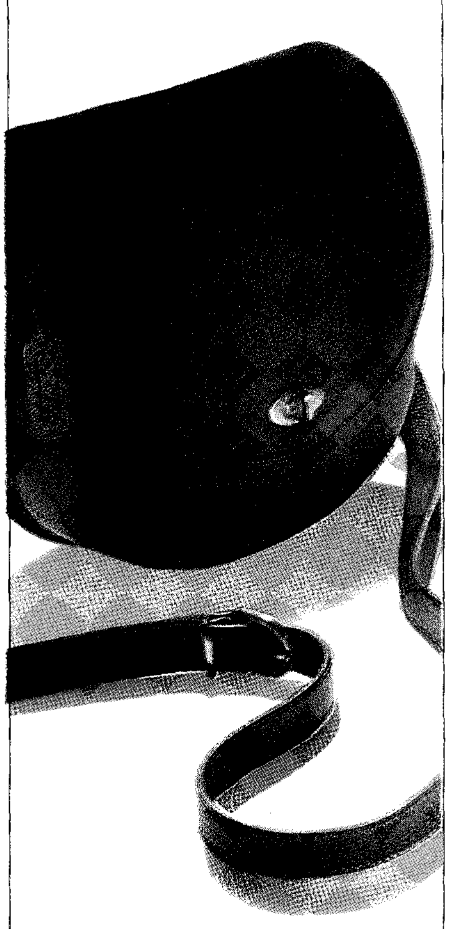

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ANTIQUES AND AUCTIONS

"Modernism: A Century of Style & Design"—For the eighth annual show, art and antiques will transform the Park Avenue Armory into the period rooms of a museum. The styles represented have become a collector's litany: W.P.A., Bauhaus, Egyptian revival, Prairie School, etc. Prices range from $350 for a cast-iron penny bank modelled on the Flatiron Building (1920) to $35,000 for a segment of a Longchamps mural by Winold Reiss, depicting a futuristic city. (Park Ave. at 67th St. Nov. 18-19, from 11 to 9; Nov. 20, from 11 to 8; and Nov. 21, from 11 to 6. Tickets at the door on the day of the show.)

Not Just Toys—Think Christmas, but think toys for adults. Drawn from the collection of Lawrence Scripps Wilkinson, who founded the Detroit Antique Toy Museum in 1972, these items include the first Fisher-Price pull toy to be offered at auction: a lithographed paper-on-wood Mickey Mouse and Pluto band, circa 1935, with Mickey on drums and Pluto on cymbals (estimate: $400-$600). (Christie's, Park Ave. at 59th St. 546-1119. Nov. 20 at 11.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Harry Callahan—Photographs of the artist's family taken in the thirties and forties. Through Nov. 22. (Gallery 292, 120 Wooster St.)

William Eggleston—Recent work. Through Nov. 20. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Graciela Iturbide—Seventy photographs of life in rural Mexico. Through Dec. 4. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway.)

Roxanne Lowit—"Moments," a series of black-and-white photographs that capture the late seventies and early eighties in all their glory, from rich and glamorous types dancing at Studio 54 and Area to portraits of celebrities forever associated with the period, like Andy Warhol and Divine. Through Nov. 27. (Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway.)

Sylvia Plachy—Recent photographs of New York street life. (Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris, 120 Park Ave., at 42nd St.)

George Segal—A series of twenty-five black-and-white photographs of New York and New Jersey by the well-known sculptor. Through Nov. 27. (Greenberg, 120 Wooster St.)

Cy Twombly—Twombly's photographic début features subject matter that includes tulips, trees, and Roman antiquities. Through Dec. 4. (Marks, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

William Wegman—Selections from the artist's new book, "Little Red Riding Hood," which features Wegman's famous Weimaraners dressed up in the fairy-tale roles. Through Nov. 27. (Pace-MacGill, 32 E. 57th St.)

"Short Stories: Celebrating Twenty Years of 'Vogue' Fashion by Grace Coddington"—More than four hundred photographs from the pages of *Vogue*, featuring work by Beaton, Penn, Newton, and Weber, among others. Through Nov. 24. (Danziger, 130 Prince St.)

International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.—"Mexico Through Foreign Eyes" features more than two hundred photographs by Henri Cartier-Bresson, Paul Strand, and others. Through Dec. 12. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

(See the museum listings for photography exhibitions at the Museum of Modern Art, the Guggenheim Museum, and the American Museum of Natural History.)

CLASSICAL MUSIC

Tale of Two Operas

When Weber's "Der Freischütz" was unveiled in 1821, it synchronized perfectly with prevailing tastes. Its ultra-Romantic plot—huntsman Caspar acquires bewitched bullets to fix a shooting match and, by extension, a matrimonial arrangement—proved irresistible to imitators, who wasted no time in dishing up adaptations. Some of these were respectful, like Washington Irving's "The Wild Huntsman"; others parodied the opera's spooky excesses. This week, the Brooklyn Academy of Music imports the most recent entry into the "Freischütz" genealogy: "The Black Rider," a tantalizing collaboration between the hallucinatory writer William S. Burroughs, the rock composer Tom Waits, and the visionary director Robert Wilson, which was loudly applauded when it was premièred three years ago by Hamburg's Thalia Theatre.

One of England's early "Freischütz" adaptations served as the début vehicle for an aspiring Irish baritone named Michael William Balfe, who appeared as Caspar. The singer's career advanced quickly (helped by Rossini's endorsement), and he started writing successful operas of his own. "The Bohemian Girl," which opened a hundred and fifty years ago this month, staked a claim in posterity for Balfe by becoming the only British opera of its century to achieve international currency. Even after the sun set on the reign of Victorian aesthetics, the opera's blockbuster aria, "I Dreamt that I Dwelt in Marble Halls," lingered in sopranos' encore portfolios. The opera itself has receded completely from its former acclaim, not helped much in this town by the three-week run of a 1934 Broadway version called "Gypsy Blonde," which bore little more resemblance to Balfe's original than "The Black Rider" may to "Der Freischütz." But "The Bohemian Girl" will return for one evening's glory, on November 19 at Hunter College's newly restored Kaye Playhouse.

the Black Rider

"The Black Rider," at the Brooklyn Academy of Music.

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(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Avery Fisher Hall, 875-5030; for Alice Tully Hall, 875-5050; for Carnegie Hall and Weill Recital Hall, 247-7800; and for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—**la bohème,** with Hei-Kyung Hong, Carol Neblett, Vincenzo La Scola, and Christopher Robertson; conducted by Carlo Rizzi. (Nov. 17, Nov. 20, and Nov. 23, all at 8.) . . . **rusalka,** by Dvořák, with Gabriela Beňačková, Janis Martin, Dolora Zajick, Neil Rosenshein, and Sergei Koptchak; John Fiore. (Nov. 18 at 8.) . . . With Gabriela Beňačková, Janis Martin, Stefania Toczyska, Neil Rosenshein, and Paul Plishka; John Fiore. (Nov. 22 at 8.) . . . **madama butterfly,** with Maria Spacagna, Yun Deng, Franco Farina, and Thomas Allen; Thomas Fulton. (Nov. 19 at 8.) . . . **die zauberflöte,** with Sylvia McNair, Ruth Welting, Frank Lopardo, Manfred Hemm, and Eric Halfvarson; James Levine. (Nov. 20 at 1:30.) (Metropolitan Opera House.)

New York City Opera—In the final performances of its season, the company presents "Cinderella," a stage adaptation of the 1957 television musical by Rodgers and Hammerstein. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Nov. 17-19 at 8; Nov. 20 at 1:30 and 8; and Nov. 21 at 1:30.)

"The Bohemian Girl"—Balfe's opera, dreams of marble halls and all; fully staged, with soprano Lauren Flanigan in the title role, and with Cal Stewart Kellogg conducting. (Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, Hunter College, Park Ave. at 68th St. 772-4448. Nov. 19 at 8.)

Amato Opera Company—Final performances of "Aida." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Nov. 20 at 7:30 and Nov. 21 at 2:30.)

"The Black Rider"—The United States première of a "Freischütz"-derived work, staged by Robert Wilson; with music by Tom Waits and a text by William S. Burroughs. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Nov. 20 at 7; Nov. 21 at 3; and Nov. 22-23 at 8. Through Dec. 1.)

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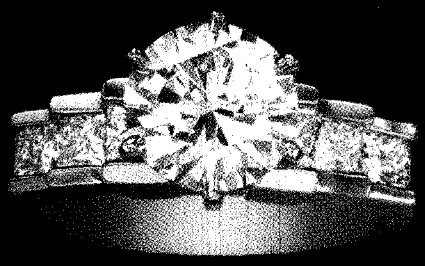

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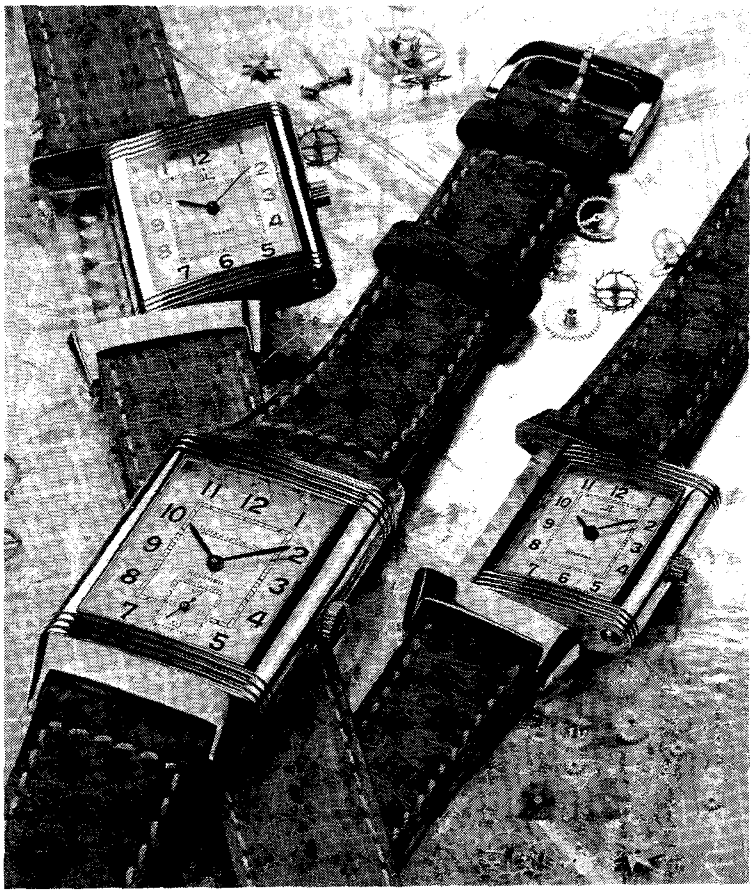

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ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Charles Dutoit conducts *Strauss's Suite from* "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," Martinů's Symphony No. 6, and Ravel's "La Valse." (Avery Fisher Hall. Nov. 18–20 at 8 and Nov. 23 at 7:30.)

BOLSHOI SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Alexander Lazarev conducts Tchaikovsky's "Capriccio Italien" and the letter scene from "Eugene Onegin" (with soprano Maria Gavrilova), as well as Shostakovich's Symphony No. 8. (Carnegie Hall. Nov. 17 at 8.)

MUSICAL LUNCH BREAKS—Noon concerts at St. Paul's Chapel. Nov. 18: Puccini's "Tosca," much abridged. . . . ¶ Nov. 22: Owen Burdick directs the Choir of Trinity Church in John Tavener's "Funeral Ikos," Pärt's "Summa," and Herbert Howells' "Take Him Earth for Cherishing." (Broadway at Fulton St. Admission by contribution.)

NEW YORK CHORAL SOCIETY AND QUEENS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—John Daly Goodwin directs Copland's "Fanfare for the Common Man" and Bernstein's "Chichester Psalms"; Arthur Fagan directs Bloch's "Sacred Service." (Central Synagogue, Lexington Ave. at 55th St. Nov. 18 at 8. For information about tickets, call 247-3878. . . . ¶ Colden Center, Queens College, Flushing. 1-718 786-8880. Nov. 20 at 8.)

WARSAW PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA—Kazimierz Kord conducts Andrzej Panufnik's Symphony No. 10, Rachmaninoff's Piano Concerto No. 1 (with Ruth Laredo), and selections from Prokofiev's "Romeo and Juliet." (Carnegie Hall. Nov. 19 at 8.)

PHILHARMONIA VIRTUOSI—Pianist Alexander Paley performs piano concertos by Mozart (in B-Flat, K. 450) and Shostakovich (his First, with trumpeter Richard Kelley also featured prominently), with Richard Kapp conducting. Honegger's Symphony No. 2 completes the program. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Nov. 20 at 7.)

ORPHEUS—The conductorless chamber ensemble plays a concerto grosso by Handel, Mozart's A-Major Piano Concerto (K. 488, with Alicia de Larrocha), the New York première of Ellen Taaffe Zwilich's Horn Concerto (with David Jolley), and Ravel's "Le Tombeau de Couperin." (Carnegie Hall. Nov. 20 at 8.)

NEW YORK VIRTUOSI CHAMBER SYMPHONY—Unbeknownst to viewers out there in TV Land, the genial "20/20" co-host Hugh Downs has been cultivating a musical talent all these years. Kenneth Klein will conduct the première of Downs' "An Elegiac Prelude," in a program that also includes Poulenc's Concerto for Two Pianos (with Elaine Comparone and Charles Wadsworth), Silvestre Revueltas's "Homage to Federico García Lorca" (in its New York première), and Mendelssohn's Symphony No. 4. (Miller Theatre. Nov. 21 at 3.)

PHILHARMONIA BAROQUE—*Nicholas McGegan con*ducts the period-instrument group in works by Vivaldi, Telemann, and Bach. (Avery Fisher Hall. Nov. 21 at 3.)

FLORILEGIUM CHAMBER CHOIR—JoAnn Rice directs the first Christmas concert of the season, which will include Hugo Distler's "Weinachts-

LISTENING BOOTH

SAMUEL BARBER: THE COMPLETE MUSIC FOR SOLO PIANO, Jeffrey Jacob (Centaur); **COMPLETE WORKS FOR SOLO PIANO,** Eric Parkin (Chandos). Though everyone agrees that Samuel Barber was a traditionalist in a modern world, two recent recordings of his "complete" piano works show how strikingly his scores refract differing points of view. Jacob finds a machine-age modernist who responds to hard-edged articulation and (in the Sonata's jaw-dropping fugue) a lightning-fast tempo, while Parkin prefers to caress the music with an urbane, Gallic suavity (especially pleasing in the genteel "Souvenirs"). Both collections are convincing, but neither, it turns out, is really complete: to hear an unrecorded Barber piano piece, listeners will want to check out John Browning's recital on November 17, at Alice Tully Hall.

geschichte" and motets by Bach, Buxtehude, Mendelssohn, and Brahms. (German Church, 315 W. 22nd St. Nov. 21 at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Operatic Grab Bag—Robert Bass directs the Collegiate Chorale, the Orchestra of St. Luke's, and soloists in opera excerpts (including an extended bit of "Turandot") and American classics; soloists include sopranos Grace Bumbry, Kallen Esperian, and Leona Mitchell; tenors Ben Heppner and Vincenzo La Scola; and bass Paul Plishka. A benefit concert. (Avery Fisher Hall. Nov. 21 at 7:30.)

Vivaldi Orchestra of Moscow—Twenty distaff string players from Russia, performing Bach's Third "Brandenburg" Concerto and Tchaikovsky's Serenade for Strings, among other works. (Alice Tully Hall. Nov. 22 at 8.)

Galatea Ensemble—A conductorless chamber orchestra, performing Bach's First Orchestral Suite, Wagner's "Siegfried Idyll," Edward Miller's Serenade, and Mozart's Symphony No. 39. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Nov. 22 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

RECITALS

John Browning—In the second concert of a retrospective series, the pianist performs sonatas by Mozart (in F Major, K. 533/494) and Chopin (in B-Flat Minor) and a new work by Richard Cumming. He will also play two pieces by Samuel Barber, with whose music he has been closely identified: the Piano Sonata (1949) and "Interlude I," the latter in its first New York performance in fifty years. (Alice Tully Hall. Nov. 17 at 8.)

Bargemusic—Pianist Staffan Scheja performs excerpts from Tchaikovsky's "The Seasons" and collaborates in performances of piano quintets by Arensky and Taneyev. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. Nov. 18 at 6:30 and Nov. 21 at 4; the Thursday event is a candlelit dinner-concert.)

Tokyo String Quartet—Performing Beethoven's Quartets in A Major (Op. 18, No. 5) and in B-Flat Major (Op. 130, plus the "Grosse Fuge"), as well as Janáček's Quartet No. 1. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Nov. 19 at 8.)

Cynthia Raim and the Ridge Ensemble—The pianist assists the string trio in Dóhnanyi's Serenade (Op. 10) and piano quartets by Beethoven (in E-Flat Major, Op. 16) and Brahms (in G Minor). (Weill Recital Hall. Nov. 19 at 8.)

Sonic Boom Festival—In the final concert of this year's festival, Continuum offers premières of works by Armenian, Azerbaijani, and Georgian composers. (Alice Tully Hall. Nov. 20 at 7.)

Chamber Pot Pourri—Violinist Pamela Frank, violist Paul Neubauer, cellist Carter Brey, and pianist Christopher O'Riley perform piano quartets by Mozart (in E-Flat Major), Fauré (in G Minor), and Aaron Jay Kernis (the première of his "Slow Movement with Hymn"). (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100. Nov. 20 at 8.)

Guitar Day at the Met—The Metropolitan Museum's musical-instruments department has put together a day of lectures on Andrés Segovia and the guitar, in recognition of the centennial of the legendary guitarist's birth. Beginning at 7, Manuel Barrueco will perform works by Weiss, Turina, and others. (Uris Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. and 81st St. Nov. 21, beginning at 9:45 A.M. For schedule and ticket information, call 570-3919.)

Handel in the Morning—Violinist Eric Grossman and harpsichordist Ilan Rechtman play the first three of Handel's six violin sonatas. (Le Refuge Inn, 620 City Island Ave., City Island, the Bronx. Nov. 21 at 11:30 A.M. Admission is free, but call 1-718 885-2478 to reserve a seat.)

Spuyten Duyvil—An early-music ensemble, performing music composed by, or in tribute to, Henry Purcell. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Nov. 21 at 2:30. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Marie-Madeleine Duruflé—Organist, performing works by Bach, Franck, Liszt, Vierne, and Maurice Duruflé. (Church of the Ascension, Fifth Ave. at 10th St. 254-8553. Nov. 21 at 3.)

Scott Dunn—In his New York début recital, the pianist performs sonatas by Beethoven (in D Major, Op. 28) and Carter, among other works. (Merkin Concert Hall. Nov. 21 at 3.)

Artis Quartet Vienna—Performing string quartets by Mendelssohn (in F Minor, Op. 80), Webern (his "Five Movements," Op. 5), and Beethoven (in B-Flat Major, Op. 130). (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. 288-0700. Nov. 21 at 5.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Presenting vocal chamber music by Schumann and Brahms, plus Rachmaninoff's Suite for Two Pianos; with soprano Benita Valente, mezzo-soprano Theodora Hanslowe, tenor John Aler, baritone William Sharp, and pianist André-Michel Schub, among others. (Alice Tully Hall. Nov. 21 at 5 and Nov. 23 at 7:30.)

Robert Stallman and David Buechner—The flutist and the pianist perform Stallman's arrangements of sonatas by Mendelssohn and Fauré, as well as works by Piston, Franz Doppler, and Stephen Dodgson. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Nov. 21 at 5:30. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Rothko Piano Trio—Performing Tchaikovsky's Trio in A Minor. (Hotel Wales, Madison Ave. at 92nd St. Nov. 21 at 6 and 8. Admission is free, but call 876-6000 to reserve a seat.)

Speculum Musicae—The modern-music group performs premières of works by Babbitt (his "Around the Horn"), James Primosch, and Walter Winslow, as well as New York premières of pieces by Rand Steiger, David Lang, and Kaija Saariaho. (Merkin Concert Hall. Nov. 22 at 8.)

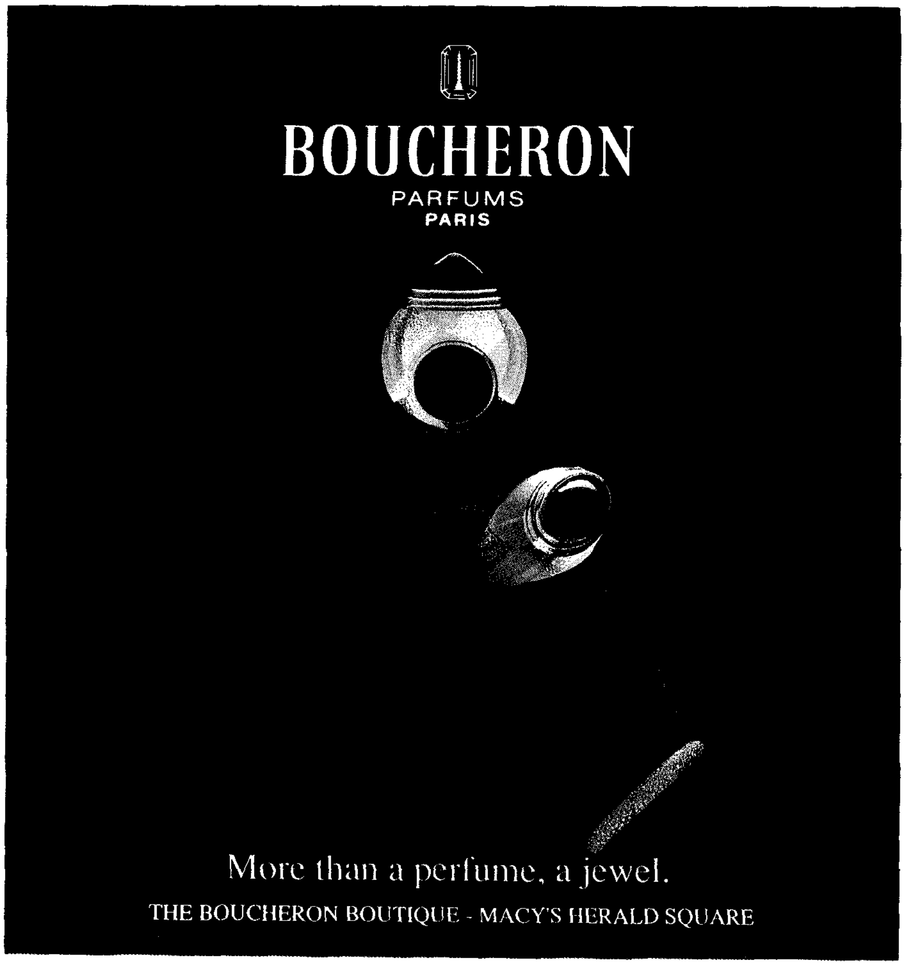
St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—Chamber works by Hindemith, Bartók (his "Contrasts"), Poulenc, and Anne LeBaron (a New York première); featuring pianist Stephanie Brown. (Merkin Concert Hall. Nov. 23 at 8.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Native Thanks—The Cathedral of St. John the Divine presents an alternative Thanksgiving, with emphasis on Native American traditions. Nov. 20 at 2: "Tales of the Peace Tree," a children's program featuring storytelling, singing, dancing, and drumming. . . . At 6:30: "With One Heart," the sixth annual "A Giving of Thanks to the First Peoples," will include a musical collaboration of Franc Menusan, R. Carlos Nakai, Paul Winter, and Nana Vasconcelos and talks by Native Americans representing the North, South, East, and West. (Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133.) . . . ¶ Nov. 23, from 6 to midnight: Four Hopi elders will present, in Hopi and in English, the Hopi Prophecies, a series of stories in the oral tradition, which have largely to do with the natural world. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. No tickets necessary.)

Banville's Ghosts—Irish novelist John Banville, who wrote "The Book of Evidence," will read from his most recent novel, "Ghosts," about shipwrecked day-liner passengers. With poet Derek Mahon. (Glucksman Ireland House, New York University, 1 Washington Mews. Nov. 19 at 5. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ With novelist Jeffrey Eugenides. (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. Nov. 23 at 8.)

Three Lives—Sallie Bingham, editor of *The American Voice* and author of "Passion and Prejudice," a memoir about the Louisville newspaper, the *Courier-Journal*, that her family used to own; Charlayne Hunter-Gault, a national correspondent for the "MacNeil/Lehrer Newshour" and author of "In My Place," about growing up in the South; and Gloria Steinem, co-founder of *Ms.*, will read from their own work, in a benefit evening. (Universalist Church, 160 Central Park W., at 76th St. Nov. 19 at 8. For tickets, call 875-4124.)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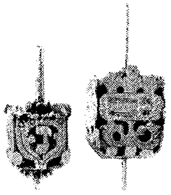
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Shake, Shake, Shake—Shake your booty for a good cause. It's the annual AIDS Dance-A-Thon at that ultimate glass-house disco the Javits Center. (Eleventh Ave. between 34th and 39th Sts. Nov. 20, from 7 to 12. To register, call 807-9255.)

Stuffing—Getting ready for turkey, sausage stuffing, sweet potatoes with marshmallows, gravy, baby onions and peas, Brussells sprouts with butter, cranberry sauce, and pumpkin pie with whipped cream? You'd *better* run in the five-mile Turkey Classic. Participants will leave from Fifth Ave. at 90th St., on Nov. 21 at 10, and run the loop around Central Park. For more information, call 860-4455.

Playful—For the next four weeks, works from "Best American Short Plays 1992-93" will be given staged readings by actors on Mondays, beginning Nov. 22 at 8. The first evening includes "Pitching to the Star," by Donald Margulies. (Westbeth Theatre, 151 Bank St. 741-0391.)

Good and Good for You—Looking for presents for bookish relatives? Behind in your best-seller reading? The New York Book Fair to Help the Homeless will offer new books at a hefty discount. (Goddard Riverside Community Center, Columbus Ave. at 88th St. Nov. 20-21, from 10 to 6. Tickets at the door on the days of the fair.)

Turf and Tunes—The plants and music of Puerto Rico at the Brooklyn Botanic Garden, on Nov. 21, with a tour at 1, and a concert at 2:30. (1000 Washington Ave., near Grand Army Plaza. No tickets necessary.)

Readings—Nov. 17 at 8: April Bernard, Mary Stewart Hammond, Philip Levine, and Thomas Lux will read from their own poetry in an evening titled "Yes! Yes! and No! No!: Poets in the Spirit of May '68." (Brecht Forum, 79 Leonard St. 941-0322.) . . . ¶ Nov. 19 at 7: Philip Levine and C. K. Williams will read from their own poetry. (New York University, Main Building, 100 Washington Sq. E., at Waverly Pl. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Nov. 22 at 8: Stanislaw Baranczak, Charles Simic, and Susan Sontag, among others, will read from the poetry of Zbigniew Herbert, in an evening's tribute. In both Polish and English. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100.) . . . ¶ Nov. 23 at 7: Sandra Scofield will read from her most recent novel, "More than Allies." (Limbo, 47 Avenue A, at 4th St. No tickets necessary.)

Talks—Nov. 18 at 7: Nathaniel Mackey will talk with Kamau Brathwaite, about Brathwaite's influence on the younger generation of poets. (Poets House, 72 Spring St. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Nov. 20 at 2: Dore Ashton will moderate a panel discussion about the relationship between the government and artists, focussing on the W.P.A. (Bronx Museum of the Arts, 1040 Grand Concourse. Tickets at the door on the day of the discussion.) . . . ¶ Nov. 23 at 8: Vocalist Jimmy Scott will talk about his career and influences. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 229-5690.)

Walks & Tours—Nov. 20 at 11:30: The Guggenheim Museum will sponsor a tour of SoHo, revealing how the neighborhood became a center of contemporary art. For more information, call 423-3664. . . . ¶ Nov. 20 at 1: Radical Walking Tours scours the East Village for signs of dissent. For more information, call 1-718 492-0069. . . . ¶ Nov. 20 at 2: Greg Wyatt, sculptor-in-residence at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, will lead a tour of Central Park's sculptures. For more information, call 369-4880.

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

Jets—Vs. the Cincinnati Bengals, Nov. 21 at 1.

Giants—Away until Nov. 28, when they'll face the Phoenix Cardinals.

Knicks—Vs. the Utah Jazz, Nov. 20 at 8:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Miami Heat, Nov 22 at 7:30.

Nets—Vs. the Orlando Magic, Nov. 20 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Los Angeles Lakers, Nov. 21 at 7[illegible]

Rangers—Vs. the Montreal Canadiens, Nov. 23 at 7:30.

Devils—Vs. the Buffalo Sabres, Nov. 17 at 7:35. . . . ¶ Vs. the Detroit Red Wings, Nov. 20 at 1:35.

(The Jets and the Giants play at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, 1-201 935-8111; the Knicks and the Rangers at Madison Square Garden, 465-6000; and the Nets and the Devils at the Meadowlands Arena, 1-201 935-3900.)

FOR KIDS

(A list of activities for children and their parents or other adults.)

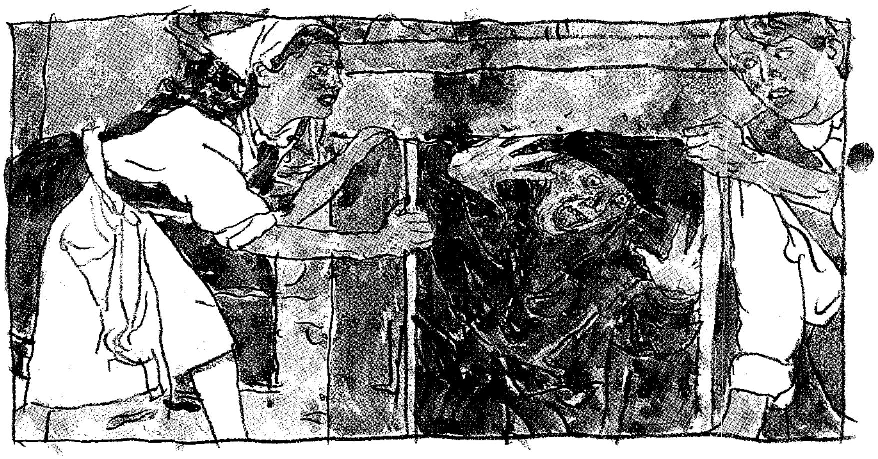
Ice Genie—Walt Disney's World on Ice presents an all-skating version of "Aladdin." (Nassau Coliseum. 1-516 794-9300. Nov. 17-18 at 10:30 and 7:30; Nov. 19 at 7:30; and Nov. 20-21 at 11, 3, and 7:30. . . . ¶ Meadowlands Arena. 1-201 935-3900. Nov. 23 at 7:30. Through Nov. 28.)

Wu Chou Puppet Theatre—The New York début of a company from Taiwan, who use hand puppets to enact "The Legend of Shih Yen-wen," a tale adapted from classical Chinese literature. Recommended ages: eight and older. (Taipei Theatre, 1221 Sixth Ave., at 48th St. 373-1850. Nov. 18-19 at 7:30; Nov. 20 at 2 and 7:30; and Nov. 21 at 2.)

Vroom, Vroom—The Museum of Modern Art's family gallery program takes a look [illegible] the exhibit "Designed for Speed: Three Automobiles by Ferrari." No test drives, however. (Edward John Noble Education Center, 18 W. 54th St. 708-9400. Nov. 20, from 10 to 11.)

Young Ears—"Happy Concerts for Young People," the Little Orchestra Society's series for six-to-twelve-year-olds, offers a dinosaur-related program, with music from "Jurassic Park," as well as pieces by Saint-Saëns, Stravinsky, and Schickele, and a première by Morton Gould. Dino Anagnost conducts. (Avery Fisher Hall. 875-5030. Nov. 20 at 11 and 1.)

"Hansel and Gretel"—A musical version of the Grimm tale, presented by Theatreworks/USA. With Kate Jetmore, Julian Rebolledo, and Andrew C. Pudvah. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 677-5959. Nov. 21 at 12:30.)



Theatreworks/USA presents "Hansel and Gretel."

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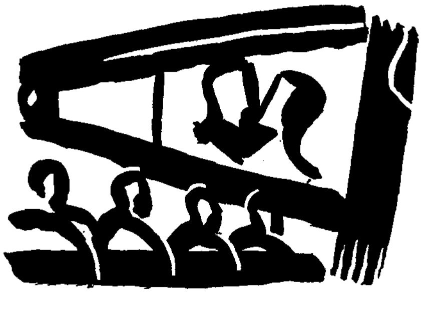
EAST SIDE

ANGELIKA FILM CENTER, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: "Household Saints" (directed by Nancy Savoca).
Theatre 2: "Ruby in Paradise" (Victor Nuñez).
Theatre 3: "Farewell My Concubine" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Piano" (Jane Campion).
Theatre 5: "Into the West" (Mike Newell).
Theatre 6: "The Wedding Banquet" (Ang Lee).
LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
Through Nov. 18: "Radio Stories" (1955, José Luis Sáenz de Heredia; in Spanish); and "A Sign of Light" (1943, Rafael Gil; in Spanish).
Nov. 19-21: "Welcome Mr. Marshall!" (1952, Luis García Berlanga; in Spanish); and "The Tower of the Seven Hunchbacks" (1944, Edgar Neville; in Spanish).
Nov. 22: Theatre closed.
From Nov. 23: "Welcome Mr. Marshall!"; and "Love Crazy" (1948, Juan de Orduña; in Spanish).
MOVIELAND 8TH STREET TRIPLEX, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Ernest Rides Again" (John R. Cherry III), with Jim Varney.
Theatre 2: "Fearless" (†).
Theatre 3: "RoboCop 3" (†).
VILLAGE THEATRE VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th. (982-0400)
Theatre 1: "Demolition Man" (Marco Brambilla).
Theatre 2: "A Bronx Tale" (Robert De Niro).
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 18: "Malice" (†). From Nov. 19: "Addams Family Values" (Barry Sonnenfeld).
Theatre 4: "My Life" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Age of Innocence" (†).
Theatre 6: "Short Cuts" (Robert Altman).
Theatre 7: "Flesh and Bone" (†).
CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Sex & Zen" (Michael Mak; in Cantonese).
VILLAGE EAST CINEMAS, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (529-6799)
Theatre 1: "Tim Burton's The Nightmare Before Christmas" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Joy Luck Club" (Wayne Wang).
Theatre 3: "Gettysburg" (Ronald F. Maxwell).
Theatre 4: "Combination Platter" (†).
Theatre 5: Through Nov. 18: "Tim Burton's The Nightmare Before Christmas" (†). From Nov. 19: "Man's Best Friend" (John Lafia).
Theatre 6: "The Three Musketeers" (Stephen Herek).
Theatre 7: "Baraka" (Mark Magidson and Ron Fricke).
19TH STREET EAST 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 18: "RoboCop 3" (†). From Nov. 19: "Addams Family Values" (Barry Sonnenfeld).
Theatre 2: "Flesh and Bone" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Three Musketeers" (Stephen Herek).
Theatre 4: "The Piano" (Jane Campion).
Theatre 5: Through Nov. 18: "The Joy Luck Club" (Wayne Wang). From Nov. 19: "Man's Best Friend" (John Lafia).
Theatre 6: "Tim Burton's The Nightmare Before Christmas" (†).
BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Fatal Instinct" (†).
MURRAY HILL CINEMAS, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)
Theatre 1: "The Three Musketeers" (Stephen Herek).
Theatre 2: "Tim Burton's The Nightmare Before Christmas" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 18: "The Joy Luck Club" (Wayne Wang). From Nov. 19: "Man's Best Friend" (John Lafia).
Theatre 4: "The Age of Innocence" (†).
34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Flesh and Bone" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 18: Theatre closed. From Nov. 19: "Addams Family Values" (Barry Sonnenfeld).
Theatre 3: "RoboCop 3" (†).
34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Carlito's Way" (†).
EASTSIDE PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Farewell My Concubine" (†).
SUTTON 1 AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Theatre 1: "Tim Burton's The Nightmare Before Christmas" (†).
Theatre 2: "Tim Burton's The Nightmare Before Christmas" (†).



THE MOVIES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			17	18	19	20
21	22	23				

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN "MOVIES IN BRIEF," STARTING ON PAGE 40.

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"The Good Son" (Joseph Ruben).
PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Baraka" (Mark Magidson and Ron Fricke).
MANHATTAN TWIN, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 18: "The Philadelphia Experiment 2" (Stephen Cornwell). From Nov. 19: "Man's Best Friend" (John Lafia).
Theatre 2: "The Fugitive" (Andrew Davis).
59TH STREET EAST CINEMA, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"A Home of Our Own" (†).
BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "The Age of Innocence" (†).
Theatre 2: "My Life" (†).
CINEMA I, CINEMA II, AND CINEMA 3RD AVENUE, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: "The Three Musketeers" (Stephen Herek).
Theatre 2: "Short Cuts" (Robert Altman).
Theatre 3: "Short Cuts."
FIRST & 62ND CINEMAS, 400 E. 62nd. (752-4600)
Theatre 1: "Carlito's Way" (†).
Theatre 2: "Carlito's Way" (†).
Theatre 3: "A Bronx Tale" (Robert De Niro).
Theatre 4: "M. Butterfly" (David Cronenberg).
Theatre 5: "Look Who's Talking Now!" (Tom Ropelewski).
Theatre 6: "Fatal Instinct" (†).
GEMINI 1 AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Rudy" (David Anspaugh).
Theatre 2: "RoboCop 3" (†).
BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Piano" (Jane Campion).
NEW YORK TWIN, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 18: "Flesh and Bone" (†). From Nov. 19: "Addams Family Values" (Barry Sonnenfeld).
Theatre 2: "The Saint of Fort Washington" (Tim Hunter), with Danny Glover and Matt Dillon.

Japanese B movies by Seijun Suzuki at the Walter Reade Theatre.

O. KARPINSKY

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Joy Luck Club" (Wayne Wang).
TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Fearless" (†).
EAST 85TH STREET, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Ernest Rides Again" (John R. Cherry III).
PARK & 86TH STREET CINEMAS, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: "Carlito's Way" (†).
Theatre 2: "Malice" (†).
ORPHEUM VII, *3rd Ave. at 86th. (876-2400)*
Theatre 1: "Flesh and Bone" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 18: "Look Who's Talking Now!" (Tom Ropelewski). From Nov. 19: "Addams Family Values" (Barry Sonnenfeld).
Theatre 3: "A Bronx Tale" (Robert De Niro).
Theatre 4: "The Three Musketeers" (Stephen Herek).
Theatre 5: "The Age of Innocence" (†).
Theatre 6: "RoboCop 3" (†).
Theatre 7: Nov. 17: "Rudy" (David Anspaugh); and "Demolition Man" (Marco Brambilla). Nov. 18: Theatre closed. From Nov. 19: "Man's Best Friend" (John Lafia).
86TH STREET EAST TWIN, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "The Joy Luck Club" (Wayne Wang).
Theatre 2: "Tim Burton's The Nightmare Before Christmas" (†).

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Theatre 1: "Highway Patrolman" (directed by Alec Cox).
Theatre 2: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 3: "The War Room" (†).
WAVERLY 1 AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Carlito's Way" (†).
Theatre 2: "Dazed and Confused" (Richard Linklater).
ART GREENWICH TWIN, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "A Home of Our Own" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 18: "Look Who's Talking Now!" (Tom Ropelewski). From Nov. 19: "Dangerous Game" (Abel Ferrara).
QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "La Strada" (1954, Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Anthony Quinn.
Theatre 2: "Jamón Jamón" (Bigas Luna; in Spanish).
Theatre 3: "Like Water for Chocolate" (Alfonso Arau; a Mexican film, in Spanish).
Theatre 4: "The Fugitive" (Andrew Davis).
CHELSEA CINEMAS, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "Carlito's Way" (†).
Theatre 2: "A Bronx Tale" (Robert De Niro).
Theatre 3: "Carlito's Way" (†).
Theatre 4: "My Life" (†).
Theatre 5: "Malice" (†).
Theatre 6: "Dazed and Confused" (Richard Linklater).
Theatre 7: "Fatal Instinct" (†).
Theatre 8: "Fearless" (†).
Theatre 9: Through Nov. 18: "Look Who's Talking Now!" (Tom Ropelewski). From Nov. 19: "Addams Family Values" (Barry Sonnenfeld).
23RD ST. WEST TRIPLEX, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "The Fugitive" (Andrew Davis).
Theatre 2: "Judgment Night" (Stephen Hopkins).
Theatre 3: "Demolition Man" (Marco Brambilla).
GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Joy Luck Club" (Wayne Wang).
WORLDWIDE CINEMAS, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "Combination Platter" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Philadelphia Experiment 2" (Stephen Cornwell), with Brad Johnson.
Theatre 3: "Jurassic Park" (Steven Spielberg).
Theatre 4: "Gettysburg" (Ronald F. Maxwell).
Theatre 5: "The Age of Innocence" (†).
Theatre 6: "Dazed and Confused" (Richard Linklater).
ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Carlito's Way" (†).
FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"Malice" (†).
57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Cool Runnings" (Jon Turteltaub).
CARNEGIE HALL CINEMAS, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
Theatre 1: "Like Water for Chocolate" (Alfonso Arau; a Mexican film, in Spanish).
Theatre 2: "Wild West" (David Attwood); and "Much Ado About Nothing" (Kenneth Branagh).

Angelika 57, 225 W. 57th. (586-1900)
The 10th Israel Film Festival.
Paris, 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)
"The Remains of the Day" (†).
Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Wedding Banquet" (Ang Lee).
Columbus Circle, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Fearless" (†).
62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
"A Home of Our Own" (†).
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Farewell My Concubine" (†).
Theatre 2: "Short Cuts" (Robert Altman).
Theatre 3: "The Wedding Banquet" (Ang Lee).
Theatre 4: "The Piano" (Jane Campion).
Theatre 5: "Into the West" (Mike Newell).
Theatre 6: "The Piano."
Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Carlito's Way" (†).
84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Flesh and Bone" (†).
Theatre 2: "Tim Burton's The Nightmare Before Christmas" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 18: "A Bronx Tale" (Robert De Niro). From Nov. 19: "Addams Family Values" (Barry Sonnenfeld).
Theatre 4: "The Joy Luck Club" (Wayne Wang).
Theatre 5: "The Three Musketeers" (Stephen Herek).
Theatre 6: "My Life" (†).
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (316-4962)
"Household Saints" (Nancy Savoca).
Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Fatal Instinct" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Age of Innocence" (†).
Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Cool Runnings" (Jon Turteltaub).
Theatre 2: "RoboCop 3" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Demolition Man" (directed by Marco Brambilla).
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 18: "The Good Son" (Joseph Ruben). From Nov. 19: "Man's Best Friend" (John Lafia).
Theatre 3: "Look Who's Talking Now!" (Tom Ropelewski).
Theatre 4: "Ernest Rides Again" (John R. Cherry III), with Jim Varney.
Theatre 5: "The Fugitive" (Andrew Davis).
Theatre 6: "Fatal Instinct" (†).
Theatre 7: "A Bronx Tale" (Robert De Niro).
Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
"Tim Burton's The Nightmare Before Christmas" (†).
Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 1: "The Three Musketeers" (Stephen Herek).
Theatre 2: "RoboCop 3" (†).
Theatre 3: "Cool Runnings" (Jon Turteltaub).
Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
Through Nov. 18: Theatre closed.
From Nov. 19: "Addams Family Values" (Barry Sonnenfeld).
National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Malice" (†).
Theatre 2: "Judgment Night" (Stephen Hopkins).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Film Forum 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Nov. 17: "The Miracle" (1948, directed by Roberto Rossellini; in Italian) and "Francesco Giullare di Dio" (1950, Rossellini; in Italian).
Nov. 18-20: "La Dolce Vita" (†).
Nov. 21-23: "8 1/2" (1963, Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni.
Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Nov. 18: "Marathon Man" (1976, John Schlesinger) and "Dead Again" (1991, Kenneth Branagh).
Nov. 19-20: "Ship of Fools" (†) and "The Beggar's Opera" (†).
From Nov. 21: "Howards End" (James Ivory) and "A Month in the Country" (1988, Pat O'Connor).
Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Nov. 17: "Bonnie and Clyde" (1967, Arthur Penn) and "Badlands" (1973, Terrence Malick).
Nov. 18: "Ride the High Country" (1962, Sam Peckinpah) and "Junior Bonner" (†).
Nov. 19-20: "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" (1966, Mike Nichols), with Elizabeth Taylor; and "The Mirror Crack'd" (†).
Nov. 21: "Les Enfants Terribles" (1949, Jean-Pierre Melville; in French) and "The Eternal Return" (1943, Jean Delannoy; in French).
Nov. 22: "Stray Dog" (†) and "Ikiru" (1952, Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese).
Nov. 23: "The Blue Dahlia" (1946, George Marshall) and "The Great Gatsby" (1949, Elliott Nugent).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—Nov. 18 at 2:30: "Naples Kiss of Fire" (1937, directed by Augusto Genina; in French and Italian). . . . ¶ Nov. 18 at 3 and 6: "Margaret Sanger" (1992, Terese Svoboda and Steve Bull). . . . ¶ Nov. 18 at 6: "The Miracle" (1920, Mario Caserini; an Italian silent film). . . . ¶ Nov. 19 at 2:30: "I'm Starting from Three" (1981, Massimo Troisi; in Italian). . . . ¶ Nov. 19 at 3: "The Gauntlet" (1977, Clint Eastwood). . . . ¶ Nov. 19 at 6 and Nov. 23 at 2:30: "The Little Girl's Wrong" (1921, Elvira Notari; an Italian silent film). . . . ¶ Nov. 19 at 6: "Escape from Alcatraz" (1979, Don Siegel). . . . ¶ Nov. 20 at 2: "Chains" (1950, Raffaello Matarazzo; in Italian). . . . ¶ Nov. 20 at 2:30: "The Outlaw Josey Wales" (1976, Eastwood). . . . ¶ Nov. 20 at 5: "Naples . . . And Nothing More" (1928, Eugenio Perego; an Italian silent film). . . . ¶ Nov. 20 at 5: "Sudden Impact" (1983, Eastwood). . . . ¶ Nov. 21 at 2: "Neapolitan Tears" (1984, Ciro Ippolito; in Italian). . . . ¶ Nov. 21 at 2:30 and 5 and Nov. 22 at 3: Three documentaries about John F. Kennedy, all by Robert Drew. . . . ¶ Nov. 21 at 5: "Desecration" (1924, Perego; an Italian silent film). . . . ¶ Nov. 22 at 2:30: "The Opportunities of Rosa" (1981, Salvatore Piscicelli; in Italian). . . . ¶ Nov. 22 at 6: "Baby Gang" (1992, Piscicelli; in Italian). . . . ¶ Nov. 22 at 6:30: "North of Evers" (1991, James Benning). . . . ¶ Nov. 23 at 6: "The Holy Night" (1922, Elvira Notari; an Italian silent film) and "Peppeniello" (1914, Alberto Degli; an Italian silent film).

Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600)—A program of films by the Japanese director Seijun Suzuki. Nov. 17 at 2 and 6: "Gate of Flesh" (1964). . . . Nov. 17 at 4 and 7:45: "The Bastard" (1963). . . . Nov. 18 at 2 and 6 and Nov. 19 at 4 and 7:45: "Story of a Prostitute" (1965). . . . Nov. 18 at 4 and 8 and Nov. 19 at 2, 6, and 9:30: "Branded to Kill" (1967). . . . Nov. 20 at 4 and 8:30 and Nov. 22 at 2 and 6:30: "Zigeunerweisen" (1980). . . . Nov. 20 at 6:45 and Nov. 21 at 6:30: "Carmen from Kawachi" (1967). . . . Nov. 21 at 4 and 8:15 and Nov. 23 at 2: "Kageroza" (1981). . . . Nov. 23 at 4:30: "Kanto Vagabond" (1963). . . . ¶ Nov. 20-21 at 2: "The Crimson Pirate" (1952, Robert Siodmak), with Burt Lancaster.

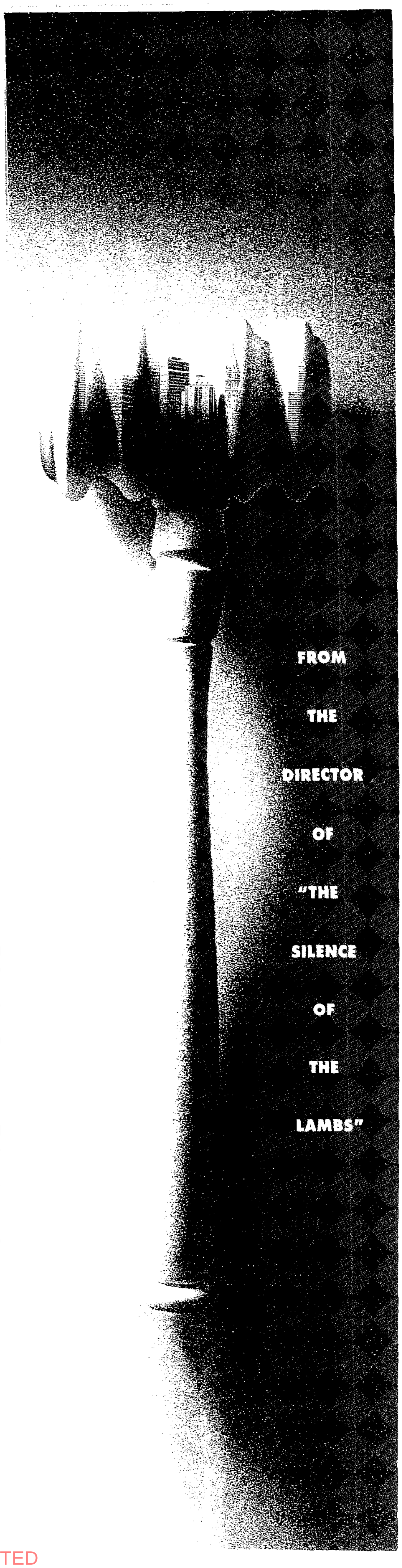
American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—A retrospective program of the museum's first five years. Nov. 21 at 2: "Videodrome" (1983, David Cronenberg). . . . ¶ Nov. 21 at 4:30: "Dead Ringers" (1988, Cronenberg).

Museum of Television and Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800)—The documentary films of Frederick Wiseman. Nov. 18 at 5:30 and Nov. 20 at 2: "Deaf" (1987). . . . ¶ Nov. 19 at 6 and Nov. 21 at 2: "Essene" (1972).

Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—Nov. 17 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Modigliani of Montparnasse" (1957, Jacques Becker; in French), with Gérard Philipe.

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-0824)—Nov. 19 at 6:30: "The Family Secret" (1992, Toshiyuki Mizutani; in Japanese). . . . ¶ Nov. 20 at 1: "Beijing Watermelon" (1989, Nobuhiko Obayashi; in Japanese).

Anthology Film Archives, 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181)—Nov. 17 at 7 and 9: "Anaïs Nin Observed" (1973, Robert Snyder). . . . ¶ Nov. 18 at 6: "What Can I Do?" (1993, Wheeler Winston Dixon). . . . ¶ Nov. 18 and 21 at 8: ". . . Genius on the Wrong Coast" (1993, Lelia Goldoni). . . . ¶ Nov. 19 at 7 and 9 and Nov. 20 at 8 and 10: Four different programs of experimental animated films. . . . ¶ Nov. 23 at 8: "What About Me" (1992, Rachel Amodeo).



MOVIES IN BRIEF

FILMS OPENING THIS WEEK

Addams Family Values—Morticia (Anjelica Huston), Gomez (Raul Julia), Uncle Fester (Christopher Lloyd), Lurch (Carel Struycken), Wednesday (Christina Ricci), Pugsley (Jimmy Workman), and Thing (Christopher Hart) return in this sequel to "The Addams Family" (1991). They are joined by Debbie (Joan Cusack), a serial-killer nanny, and Pubert, the newborn son of Morticia and Gomez. With Carol Kane as Granny Addams. Directed by Barry Sonnenfeld. Opening November 19.

Dangerous Game—Abel Ferrara, who made "Bad Lieutenant" (1992), directed this sexual thriller about a film director (Harvey Keitel) who confuses real life with the movie he is working on. With Madonna and James Russo as Keitel's stars. Opening November 19.

Highway Patrolman—Alec Cox's tale of a rookie Mexican patrolman (Roberto Sosa) assigned to an isolated, dangerous stretch of road. In Spanish. Opening November 17.

Man's Best Friend—A genetically altered guard dog is rescued by a TV journalist (Ally Sheedy) from the laboratory of the scientist (Lance Henriksen) who created him. Directed by John Lafia. Opening November 19.

The Saint of Fort Washington—A Vietnam veteran (Danny Glover) and a schizophrenic (Matt Dillon) meet at a New York City homeless shelter and form a friendship. Directed by Tim Hunter. Opening November 17.

Welcome Mr. Marshall!—Luis García Berlanga's 1952 film about a Castilian village preparing to welcome the American representative of the Marshall Plan. In Spanish. Opening November 19.

CURRENT FILMS

(The following notes are by Anthony Lane, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow. If a movie has been reviewed in The Current Cinema, the date of its review is given.)

The Age of Innocence—Martin Scorsese returns to form with this hectic adaptation of Edith Wharton's novel. Everything looks right, from roast duck to waistcoats, but the movie has no ambitions to be a costume museum; it homes in on the passions that had to be veiled by good manners. As the film begins—a showy, overwhelming scene at the opera—we see Newland Archer (Daniel Day-Lewis) about to announce a perfect match with the young May Welland (Winona Ryder). Such perfection is a prison and the vigorous sadness of Day-Lewis tells the whole story; he will never rebel, but in his eyes you see him wishing he could. Less fruitful is the casting of Michelle Pfeiffer as the mysterious Countess Olenska, with whom Archer falls hopelessly in love.—A.L. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/13/93.) (Village Theatre VII, Murray Hill Cinemas, Baronet, Orpheum VII, Worldwide Cinemas, and Metro Cinema.)

Carlito's Way—With Al Pacino, Sean Penn, and Penelope Ann Miller; directed by Brian De Palma. (Reviewed in this issue.) (34th St. East, First & 62nd Cinemas, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, Ziegfeld, and Regency.)

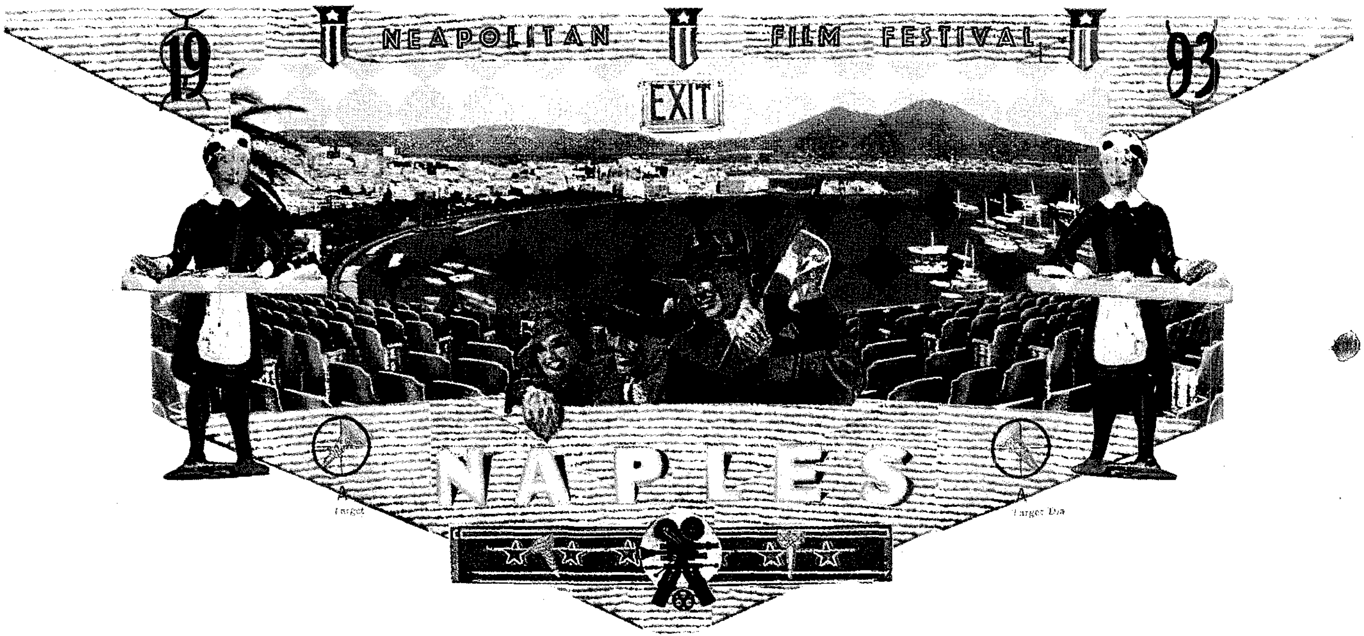
Combination Platter—"Mixed appetizers" is more like it: in lieu of a proper meal, the audience grazes on assorted tidbits of racial and ethnic tension and comedy in a Chinese restaurant in Queens. The central story, about a naïve waiter from Hong Kong (Jeff Lau) who hopes to marry an American to get his green card, has neither punch nor a satisfying punch line. The producer-director-writer, Tony Chan, wants the hero's halting manner to be sympathetic and humorous in a low-key way. But by the time the waiter admits "I go to the movies to sleep," viewers know too well what he means. In English, Mandarin, and Cantonese.—M.S. (Village East Cinemas, and Worldwide Cinemas.)

Farewell My Concubine—Chen Kaige's film is a big, eventful historical soap opera of the "Doctor Zhivago" school—the sort of drama that uses the unsettled emotional lives of a handful of characters to portray the human cost of war and of constant political upheaval. The movie follows a pair of male Beijing Opera performers, Cheng Dieyi (Leslie Cheung) and Duan Xiaolou (Zhang Fengyi), from their school days, in the nineteen-twenties and early thirties, to their farewell performance together, in 1977. Chen keeps the action charging forward breathlessly, for more than two and a half hours, and at a certain point you begin to realize that the obvious theatre-versus-life ironies are only a small part of what the movie is about. The real subject is whether it's possible, in times that demand perpetual revolutions in values, to remain true to anyone or anything: an art, an ideal, a friend, a wife, oneself. In Mandarin.—T.R. (10/11/93) (Angelika Film Center, Eastside Playhouse, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Fatal Instinct—Armand Assante is a cop who's also a lawyer, and Kate Nelligan, Sean Young, and Sherilyn Fenn are the women in his life. All manage to keep a straight face in this scattershot spoof; unfortunately, so do the moviegoers. The director, Carl Reiner, and the writer, David O'Malley, make the error of sending up film noir classics such as "Double Indemnity" along with contemporary erotic shockers like "Basic Instinct" and "Fatal Attraction" and dysfunctional-family suspense films like the Scorsese–De Niro "Cape Fear." The old and new styles of thriller-making don't mesh, even in lampoon form.—M.S. (Bay Cinema, First & 62nd Cinemas, Chelsea Cinemas, Metro Cinema, and Criterion Cent[illegible]

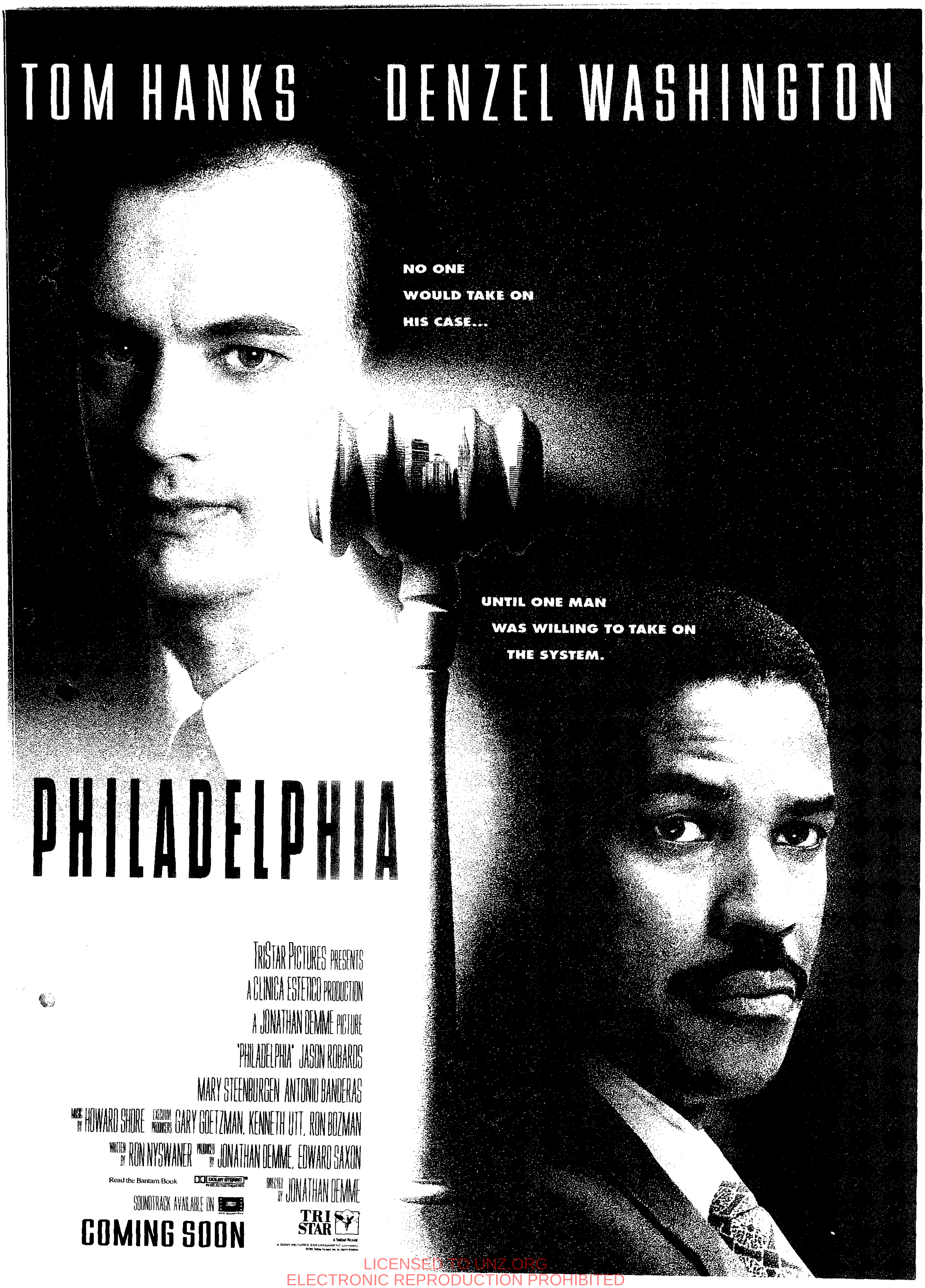
Fearless—The central event in Peter Weir's movie is the crash of a commercial airlin[illegible] Weir knows a metaphor for the fragility of modern man's existence when he sees one, and he seizes on this calamity as if it were something that he had been searching for all his life: an ideal vehicle for the sort of apocalyptic imagery and metaphysical speculation that dominated his early films, like "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1975) and "The Last Wave" (1977). In terms of imagery and rhythm, this is a stunning piece of filmmaking; it's also a shamelessly florid exercise in therapeutic uplift. Essentially, Weir hijacks a fairly straightforward story about a couple of crash survivors (played by Jeff Bridges and Rosie Perez) and takes it to the Twilight Zone.—T.R. (10/25/93) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Tower East, Chelsea Cinemas, and Columbus Circle.)

Flesh and Bone—The first film written and directed by Steve Kloves, "The Fabulous Baker Boys," was the most mature début in years, and a tough act to follow. His second is a dark and desperate piece of work. Dennis Quaid plays Arlis Sweeney, who as a young boy was an unwilling accomplice to the crimes of his father (James Caan). He minds his own business until he falls for Kay (Meg Ryan) and finds himself dragged back to the wickedness of the past. Although the plot comes to rely on a particularly outlandish series of coincidences, it's a credit to Kloves's skill that you can almost put this out of your mind and enjoy his long, suspended scenes, brimming with lust [illegible] the need to lash out. But he is properly an ironist, not a dealer in Hawthorne-like fables, and you miss the moments of levity that lifted the earlier movie, just as you long for Dennis Quaid's face, swollen with distress, to relax into one of his old wide grins. The movie is almost stolen by a gorgeous perfor-



"Napoletana: Images of a City" at MOMA.

JONNY MENDELSSON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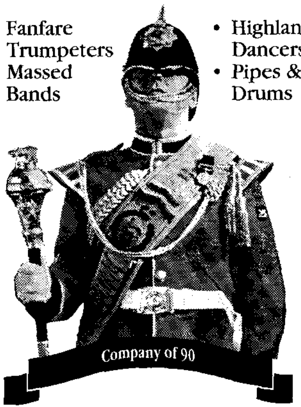

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mance from Gwyneth Paltrow, as a sly young drifter.—A.L. (Village Theatre VII, 19th Street East 6, 34th Street Showplace, Orpheum VII, and 84th Street Sixplex. . . . ¶ New York Twin; through Nov. 18.)

A Home of Our Own—A widow (Kathy Bates) moves her six children from L.A. to Hankston, Idaho, and holds them together by building a house. This based-on-fact movie salutes the real-life spunky woman—one of her sons, Patrick Duncan, is the executive producer and screenwriter. But when she refuses all charity, bullies everyone around her, and ignores her children's individual needs, she comes off as a megalomaniac. Duncan and the director, Tony Bill, acknowledge some of her faults only to celebrate her over-all goodness. The audience, like Bates' kids, must take the mother's heroism on faith. Edward Furlong is tough and affecting as the oldest child and "man of the house."—M.S. (59th Street East Cinema, Art Greenwich Twin, and 62nd & Broadway.)

Malice—Andy Safian (Bill Pullman) married his favorite student, Tracy (Nicole Kidman), and they now live peacefully in a quiet college town—so quiet that you can hear rape and murder just waiting round the corner. Soon Andy becomes a suspect, but, worse than that, he opens his doors to a big bad lodger—Jed Hill (Alec Baldwin), surgeon and stud. The director, Harold Becker, working from a script by Aaron Sorkin and Scott Frank, piles on the twists, and his photographer, Gordon Willis, wraps the action in immaculately tailored shadows, but they can't disguise its essential silliness. Thankfully, Alec Baldwin refuses to give up, and in the second half he grabs the movie and turns it into high hokum.—A.L. (10/18/93) (Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Chelsea Cinemas, Festival, and National Twin. . . . ¶ Village Theatre VII; through Nov. 18.)

My Life—With Michael Keaton and Nicole Kidman, directed by Bruce Joel Rubin. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Village Theatre VII, Coronet, Chelsea Cinemas, and 84th Street Sixplex.)

The Remains of the Day—Anthony Hopkins plays Stevens, a butler who has given long and faithful service at Darlington Hall and maintained his emotional temperature at absolute zero. This has cost him dearly: first, he failed to see that his master (James Fox) was dangerously bent on appeasement with the Germans in the nineteen-thirties; and, second, he refused to accept, or even acknowledge, the love offered to him by the housekeeper (Emma Thompson). Adapted by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala from the novel by Kazuo Ishiguro, this Merchant-Ivory production strains so hard to portray dignified restraint that it almost seizes up with good manners. Some viewers may swoon at the parade of impeccable props, but a fancy look is no substitute for dramatic grip; it merely flatters us with the promise of refinement. This is especially unfair to Thompson, who is forced to smother her naturally high spirits; as for Hopkins, you can't help waiting for a touch of Hannibal Lecter behind the façade. Why serve a bunch of snobs with professional aplomb when you could serve them spit-roasted with watercress?—A.L. (11/15/93) (Paris.)

RoboCop 3—This overgrown action toy could use a good lube job. There's nothing wrong with the premise: a Japanese magnate (Mako) buys Omni Consumer Products and pressures his American underling (Rip Torn) to move the common folk out of a part of "Old Detroit" targeted for redevelopment. Naturally, RoboCop (Robert John Burke, replacing Peter Weller) sides with the downtrodden. But the director, Fred Dekker, who shares script credit with Frank Miller, doesn't develop the gimmicks—he floats them, like a halfhearted politician, then lathers on alternative-family-type bonding featuring an orphaned girl computer wiz (Remy Ryan) and the cyborg's savior, Dr. Lazarus (Jill Hennessy, of TV's "Law & Order"). The action is pitiful. Nancy Allen has nothing to do except get killed; maybe she'll come back

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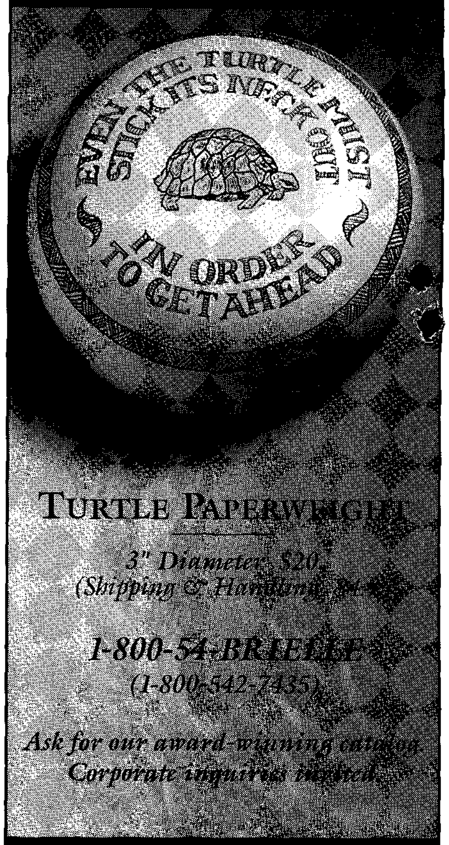
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as RoboBride.—M.S. (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 34th Street Showplace, Gemini, Orpheum VII, Olympia, and Embassy. . . . ¶ 19th Street East 6; through Nov. 18.)

TIM BURTON'S THE NIGHTMARE BEFORE CHRISTMAS—This full-length animated movie was shot in stop motion, with all the febrile, twittery fascination that the medium exerts; it has a magic-toyshop feeling, with unexpected objects stuttering into life. Directed by Henry Selick, it was devised and co-produced by Tim Burton, who leaves a trail of his familiar obsessions: graveyard humor, whirling snow, a velvety darkness. But the atmosphere is too rich for the pallid plot: Jack Skellington, the bony master of ceremonies in Halloweentown, discovers the spirit of Christmas and tries to import it into his ghoulish world. The clash of styles—demonic vs. cute—pays off only toward the end; for all the witty, festering details, the film is strangely static. The score is by Danny Elfman.—A.L. (Village East Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Murray Hill Cinemas, Sutton, 86th Street East Twin, 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy 1.)

THE WAR ROOM—The somewhat deranged charm of James Carville, the chief strategist of Bill Clinton's Presidential campaign, dominates D. A. Pennebaker and Chris Hegedus's exhilarating documentary. Although the film may not supply many new insights into the process of choosing a President, it gives us plenty of fresh data about the nature of political commitment and it does justice, too, to the sheer reckless pleasure of electoral gamesmanship. And Carville is the largest, most resonant character in recent American movies, someone whose work is such a complete expression of his personality that you can't help laughing: the unity of this life and this art seems too good to be true.—T.R. (11/8/93) (Film Forum.)

REVIVALS

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and Michael Sragow.)

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA (1953)—Pure pleasure—the ballad-opera about the highwayman Captain Macheath and his escapes from the law and the ladies, with Laurence Olivier doing his own singing (he has a pleasant light baritone) as the dashing Macheath. To Londoners weary of the bombast of Italian opera, John Gay's corrupt gang of thieves, highwaymen, whores, and informers was the fresh, sweet breath of England. Gay satirized the politics of the day as well as the heroics of Italian opera; many of his targets are now a matter for historians, but the large butt of the joke—the corruption and hypocrisy of mankind—still sits around. And by the time Peter Brook directed this film (his first, and the only comedy he has ever made), a new set of conventions, as tired and inflated as Italian opera, was ready for potshots—the conventions of the movies: the chaste heroines, the intrepid Robin Hood heroes, the phony realism. Dennis Cannan and Christopher Fry adapted the text freely, retaining the mocking, raffish spirit, and Arthur Bliss arranged the score so that we come out humming the pretty airs. The actors are having such a good time playing scoundrels that their zest for villainy is infectiously satiric.—P.K. (Gramercy; Nov. 19-20.)

LA DOLCE VITA (1959)—Federico Fellini shows off his gifts for atmosphere and image making in this moralistic extravaganza about "the sweet life" in Rome. In the course of the nearly three-hour movie, a society journalist named Marcello (Marcello Mastroianni) abandons literary ambition and becomes a publicist. He's not a strong enough antihero to clarify Fellini's most prophetic and compelling theme—the blurring of public and private life. Still, there are some astonishing things here: the statue of Christ being hauled across Rome by a helicopter while bikinied beauties wave to Jesus; bits of a satiric yet dreamy episode involving Anita Ekberg as a Swedish-American sex goddess; and the whole sequence of Marcello taking his father to an archaic night club (apparently, glitz must fade before Fellini can find poetry in it). The enormous cast includes Anouk Aimée, Alain Cuny, and Walter Santesso, whose photographer character, Paparazzo, gave the name to celebrity-chasing photojournalists. In Italian.—M.S. (Film Forum 2; Nov. 18-20.)

JUNIOR BONNER (1972)—Sam Peckinpah guided Steve McQueen to his most subtle and moving performance as a kicked-in-the-ribs rodeo star pushing past his prime, who wants to patch family ties as well as ride bulls, rope calves, and milk wild cows. McQueen acts out faded glory without self-pity or preening; he displays just enough of his character's former vanity and power to make his current pain and failure sting. When he bandages up his midsection, he seems to be struggling physically to repair his pride. He's matched by Robert Preston and Ida Lupino as Junior's estranged parents, and Joe Don Baker as his real-estate-developer brother, brimming with down-home smarm. Lucien Ballard did the unfussy, rapturous cinematography, and Robert Wolfe and Frank Santillo the intuitive, easy-flowing editing. Script by Jeb Rosebrook.—M.S. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 18.)

THE MIRROR CRACK'D (1980)—In this disappointing adaptation of Agatha Christie's 1962 Miss Marple mystery (the movie is set in 1953), a local bore is killed in quiet St. Mary Mead on the estate of a visiting Hollywood star (Elizabeth Taylor) and her director-husband (Rock Hudson). Miss Marple (Angela Lansbury) noses around while Scotland Yard (in the person of Edward Fox) interrogates Taylor's rival and co-star, Kim Novak, and her producer-husband, Tony Curtis. Taylor and Novak manage to give the film the merest vapor of life. Taylor exudes a knowing insouciance, and vulgar lines leap out from Novak's placid, beautiful façade like a streak of rum in a pint of peach ice cream. With Geraldine Chaplin. Guy Hamilton directed the script by Jonathan Hales and Barry Sandler.—M.S. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 19-20.)

SHIP OF FOOLS (1965)—A German ship travelling from Veracruz to Bremerhaven—an ocean-liner "Grand Hotel." Katherine Anne Porter's novel was set in 1931, and though she explained the title as referring to the "simple almost universal image of the ship of this world on its voyage to eternity" (adding, "I am a passenger on that ship"), her vessel was also a microcosm of the pre-Nazi world. The director, Stanley Kramer, and the scenarist, Abby Mann, move the date to 1933 and turn her conception into a pompous cartoon. The fools are those who do not see what is coming, and we're supposed to observe how the passengers' character flaws will lead to the Holocaust; Kramer and Mann give us dinner-party snubs as foreshadowings of the gas chambers. One can enjoy the movie by giggling over its florid swoony trash, such as the relationship of two young lovers (George Segal and Elizabeth Ashley), and the ship's doctor (Oskar Werner) smiling mistily, and compassionately giving injections and adoring love to La Condesa (Simone Signoret), who has met him too late. The international star cast includes Vivien Leigh as an aging divorcée (this may be her most embarrassing screen performance—she's like a jerky Pinocchio), Lee Marvin as a comical baseball player, and José Ferrer as a Jew-baiting German businessman.—P.K. (Gramercy; Nov. 19-20.)

STRAY DOG (1949)—Toshiro Mifune is magnetic as a Tokyo cop obsessed with recovering his gun after it gets picked from his pocket on a crowded bus, but the stars of Akira Kurosawa's amazing crime melodrama are city heat and urban squalor. The movie is an impassioned outcry against social dissolution—Kurosawa sees both Mifune and the thief who goes on a crime spree with the cop's pilfered Colt as products of a brutal postwar environment. (Ko Kimura, as Mifune's nemesis, creates a manic, pathetic character in a matter of minutes.) The movie has never been more timely, bringing home how much damage can be wrought with a single handgun and a handful of bullets. In Japanese.—M.S. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 22.)

PEOPLE SELDOM IMPROVE WHEN THEY HAVE NO OTHER MODEL BUT THEMSELVES TO COPY AFTER.

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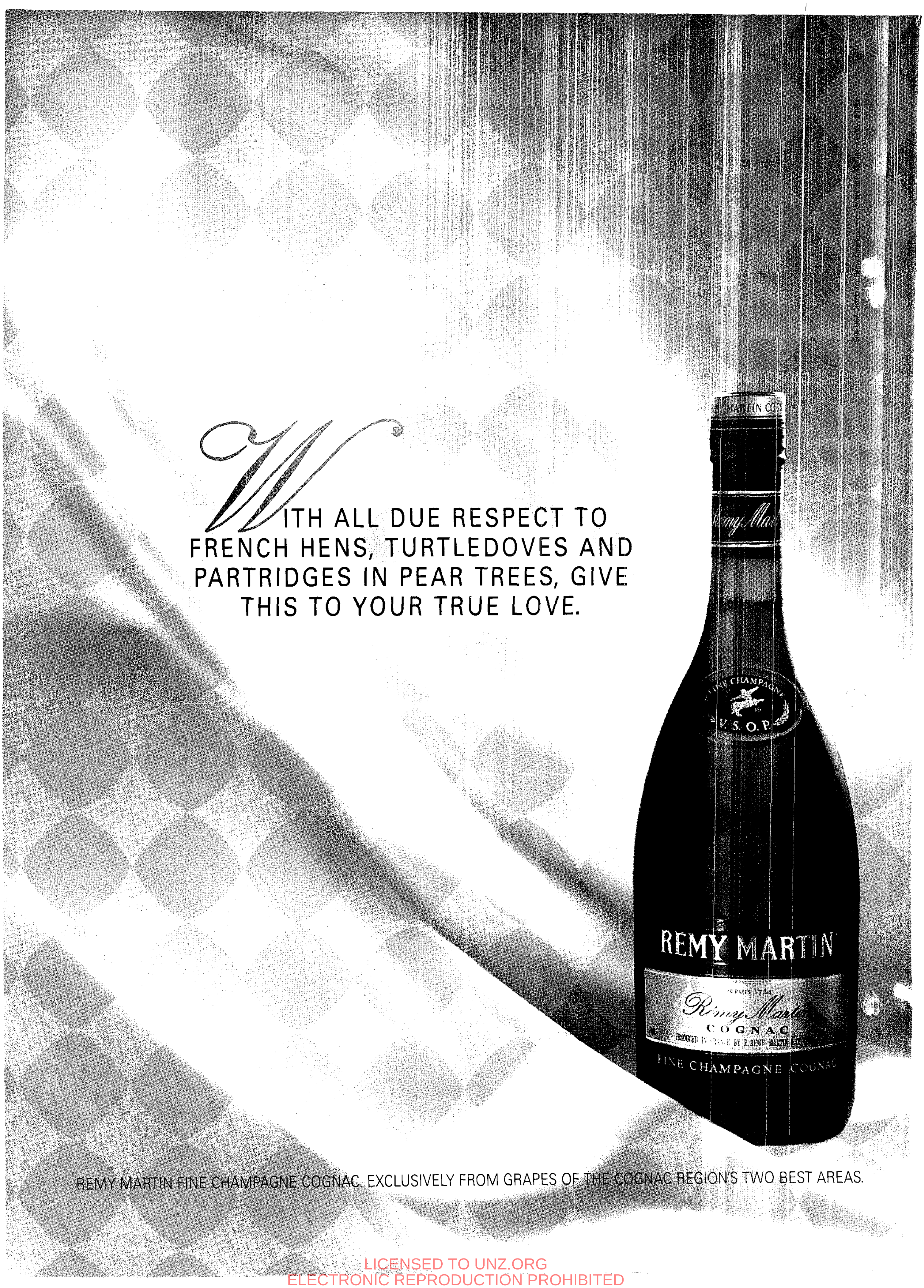
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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

SAVING SARAJEVO, FROM BELOW

SARAJEVO is by no means Fred Cuny's first disaster (that would have been Biafra in 1969), nor is it his most daunting (that dubious honor, he figures, goes to Bangladesh in 1971), or the one in which his presence most quickly changed things (that would probably have been Kurdistan in the spring of 1991). But Sarajevo may be the most affecting of all the disasters Cuny has faced, or so we inferred from the remarkable and, he admitted, unusual degree of passion he brought to the subject when we got a chance to talk to him the other day, during a brief stopover he was making here.

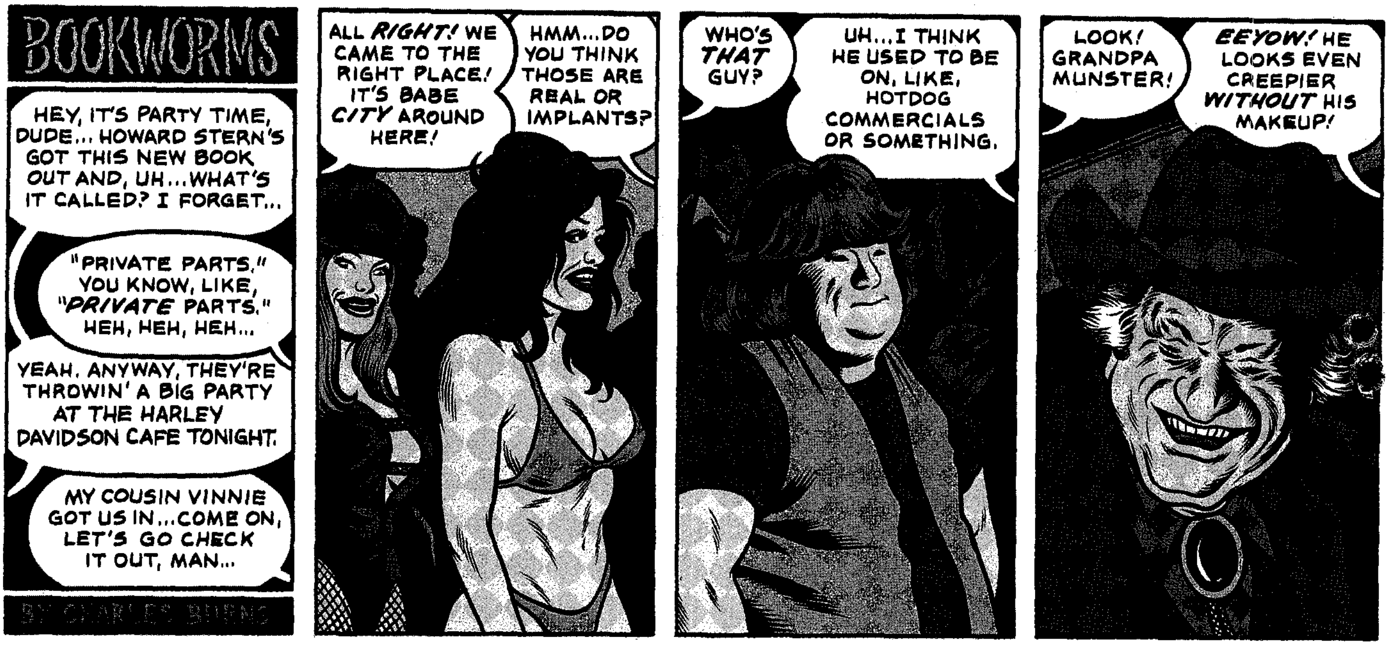
Cuny, who is forty-nine years old, is a big Texan. (At one point, our conversation was interrupted by aides on an emergency mission to gauge his tuxedo dimensions in preparation for a black-tie dinner he'd be attending that evening, an affair benefitting the International Rescue Committee, which has been sponsoring his work in Sarajevo under a special grant from the financier George Soros. For the record, Cuny has a 38 inseam, a 42 waist, and wears size-12 shoes.) While growing up in Dallas, he told us, he often longed to emulate an uncle who had proved instrumental in the Marshall Plan's efforts to rebuild Europe—only, by the time he'd garnered engineering degrees from Texas A. & M. and the University of Houston, in the early sixties, Europe no longer required rebuilding. Instead, after a postgraduate stint collaborating on one of the most awesome feats in recent engineering history—the construction of the Dallas–Fort Worth airport—Cuny turned his attention to a succession of Third World disasters: Biafra, then, among others, Sri Lanka and Lebanon during their civil wars, Guatemala and Armenia after particularly devastating earthquakes, refugee crises in Cambodia and the Sudan, and the famines in Ethiopia and Somalia.

Most of these disasters he has confronted as the head of Intertect Relief & Reconstruction, a Dallas-based corporation that he initially founded on a nonprofit basis but later reorganized as a professional, for-profit enterprise, if for no other reason than that he quickly discerned the inability of the governments, N.G.O.s, and international relief agencies that regularly sought out his company's expertise even to hear, let alone act on, any advice they hadn't paid for. (Not that his company makes much of a profit, or that anybody would choose to enter this line of work for material gain.) Over the years, Cuny and his associates have honed an approach that honors solid technical competence over vaporous good intentions. From his start in relief work, in war-torn, famished Biafra, Cuny explained, he was astounded by a standard response to international disasters which persists to this day: doctors and medicines routinely get flown in, rather than engineers and piping. With each new crisis, Cuny finds himself having to ask, Why don't you officials give first priority to, say, fixing the sewage system, instead of merely stanching the inevitable results of a breakdown in sanitary conditions?

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ANTHONY RUSSO

This resolute bias toward the practical and the immediate may well account for the almost breezy sanity that Cuny seems able to maintain in the face of the horrors he has witnessed. At one point, we asked him how he keeps from getting overwhelmed, and he replied, "In any large-scale disaster, if you can isolate a part that you can understand you will usually end up understanding the whole system." A corollary to that axiom might be that if you can locate just a small part of a place that you can relieve or reconstruct you may eventually succeed in helping to salvage the entire situation.

Such, anyway, seems to have been Cuny's approach to Sarajevo, where he first arrived in January of this year. "The biggest problems there," he recalled, "were water and heat and, to a lesser degree, food, and, specifically, the way people were having to leave the relative security of their homes to forage and line


BOOKWORMS
HEY, IT'S PARTY TIME, DUDE... HOWARD STERN'S GOT THIS NEW BOOK OUT AND, UH...WHAT'S IT CALLED? I FORGET...
"PRIVATE PARTS." YOU KNOW, LIKE, "PRIVATE PARTS." HEH, HEH, HEH...
YEAH. ANYWAY, THEY'RE THROWIN' A BIG PARTY AT THE HARLEY DAVIDSON CAFE TONIGHT.
MY COUSIN VINNIE GOT US IN...COME ON, LET'S GO CHECK IT OUT, MAN...
BY CHARLES BURNS
ALL RIGHT! WE CAME TO THE RIGHT PLACE! IT'S BABE CITY AROUND HERE!
HMM...DO YOU THINK THOSE ARE REAL OR IMPLANTS?
WHO'S THAT GUY?
UH...I THINK HE USED TO BE ON, LIKE, HOTDOG COMMERCIALS OR SOMETHING.
LOOK! GRANDPA MUNSTER!
EEYOW! HE LOOKS EVEN CREEPIER WITHOUT HIS MAKEUP!

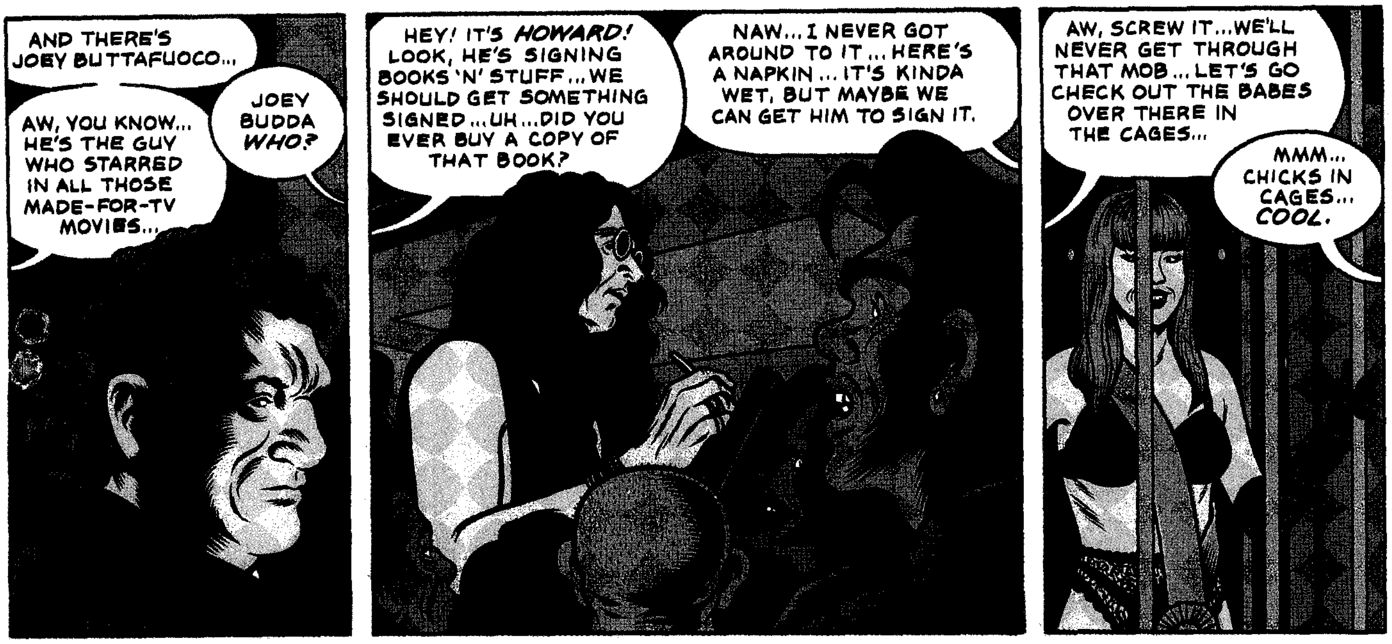
up for such necessities for hours at a time, thereby subjecting themselves to the relentless bombardments and sniper fire. The key, therefore, lay in finding, as quickly and efficiently as possible, some way of getting such things to people in their homes, so that they wouldn't have to always be going out for them."

As far as water was concerned, Cuny and his people noted that the city had, over the years, grown downhill along a river flowing from east to west. The newer, western side of the city is a hundred feet lower than the Old City to the east, and the fact that the town's modern water-retrieval-and-filtration system is situated in the western sector means that four megawatts of currently nonexistent electricity are needed to pump the water back up to the eastern side—and that's the chief reason the system is no longer working. Cuny and his people figured there must have been a prior system for the Old City, and, sure enough, after consulting historians and old civic maps and local engineers, they were able to locate a network of cisterns and channels dating back to the Austro-Hungarian period, most of them still in good working order. The river could be tapped at its higher, eastern end in order to restock that system. But, especially these days, the river is terribly polluted; its water was going to require extensive treatment. So Cuny's people designed a water-filtration plant that could be quickly manufactured abroad and then ferried into the city in pieces—long, thin pieces, that is, capable of fitting snugly within the fuselage of the United Nations' C-130 air transports, and also capable of being unloaded from those transports in the ten minutes maximum that the U.N. allows them to dally on the runway at the heavily besieged Sarajevo airport. The pieces were then conveyed secretly through the city and reassembled at two separate sites: one a single lane of a tunnel running through a mountainside; the other a "tunnel" opened beneath a man-made mountain of junked cars. The entire system, which will be kicking in later this month, will provide a hundred thousand of Sarajevo's three hundred thousand remaining residents with running water for at least part of each day.

As for heating, or the lack of it, Cuny's team found last winter that ten per cent of the Sarajevans were hooked into a natural-gas pipeline that stretches north and east through Serbia and Hungary and then on back to its sources deep inside Russia. A branch of that pipeline happens to supply the Serbian capital, Belgrade, with all its gas, so the besieging Serbs have a powerful incentive not to clamp shut the Sarajevan valve: their own supply might be interrupted as well. Last January, many desperate Sarajevans were already trying to jigger ways to tap into that line—a dangerous practice—but Cuny's people decided that the best thing to do was to encourage such piracy on the safest and grandest scale possible: by instructing people in the fine art of line tapping, and by importing thirty thousand metres of plastic pipe and promising to distribute the precious lifelines to every neighborhood that would dig the metre-deep trenches necessary to accommodate them. A frenzy of trench digging ensued, and now, with winter once again approaching, sixty per cent of the city is patched into the pipeline.

As for food, Cuny says the United Nations has been doing a remarkably good job of keeping Sarajevo supplied with basic foodstuffs. But that supply remains precarious—subject to Serbian strangulation at any moment—and even during the best weeks it lacks variety and fresh components. The contribution of Cuny's operation has been the importation of a thousand tons of basic seeds, which has occasioned a proliferation of coffeepot gardens on balconies—and an ensuing rapture of canning and preserving in anticipation of the harsh winter months.

And yet, for all these successes, Cuny remains deeply concerned over the fate of Sarajevo as the snow and freezing temperatures arrive, and he was heading back in a few days. After all, the city remains under siege, and the world continues to look the other way—or, at any rate, to balk at the prospect of any truly effective response. We asked him where he thought he'd be in a year's time, and he said he both hoped and didn't hope that he'd still be in Sarajevo. After a rather long pause, he said, "More likely, I'll be in South Africa."


AND THERE'S JOEY BUTTAFUOCO...
AW, YOU KNOW... HE'S THE GUY WHO STARRED IN ALL THOSE MADE-FOR-TV MOVIES...
JOEY BUDDA WHO?
HEY! IT'S HOWARD! LOOK, HE'S SIGNING BOOKS 'N' STUFF... WE SHOULD GET SOMETHING SIGNED... UH... DID YOU EVER BUY A COPY OF THAT BOOK?
NAW... I NEVER GOT AROUND TO IT... HERE'S A NAPKIN... IT'S KINDA WET, BUT MAYBE WE CAN GET HIM TO SIGN IT.
AW, SCREW IT... WE'LL NEVER GET THROUGH THAT MOB... LET'S GO CHECK OUT THE BABES OVER THERE IN THE CAGES...
MMM... CHICKS IN CAGES... COOL.

HERE WE ARE NOW, ENTERTAIN US

ALTERNATIVE EVENT: The annual Music Marathon, alternative rock's idea of a convention, put on by CMJ, the new-music tip-sheet publisher. Four days and four longer nights. Six thousand registrants, mostly college-radio programmers and d.j.s, members of obscure rock bands, and record-company comers—all of them exactly twenty-one years old, or trying to be.

NONALTERNATIVE LOCATION: The Waldorf.

ONCE ALTERNATIVE ENSEMBLE STILL IN FASHION: Plaid flannel shirt, baseball cap given the one-eighty, leather.

STILL ALTERNATIVE ENSEMBLE STILL IN FASHION: Nirvana.

OLD ALTERNATIVE MUSIC CAPITAL: Seattle.

NEW ALTERNATIVE CAPITAL (FOR ANOTHER FEW MONTHS): Vancouver.

ALTERNATIVE PANEL DISCUSSIONS: "Beavis and Butt-Head: Profile of a Metal Audience"; "Commercial Cash-In vs. Indie Idealism—The Final Debate."

ALTERNATIVE CONVENTION ITEM: The promo CD.

NOT ALL THAT ALTERNATIVE CONVENTION ITEM: Black lace bra (Victoria's Secret, 34B) left on the floor in hotel hallway.

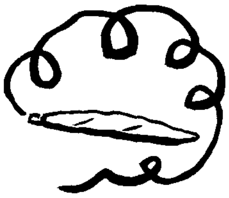
ALTERNATIVE LAMENT: The appearance of Pearl Jam's Eddie Vedder on a recent cover of *Time.*

ALTERNATIVE BATTLE CRY (FROM KEYNOTE SPEAKER JELLO BIAFRA, LATE OF DEAD KENNEDYS): Frank Zappa for Chief Justice!

ALTERNATIVE MANTRA (COURTESY "WAYNE'S WORLD"): We're not worthy.

ALTERNATIVE ALTERNATIVE MANTRA: This really sucks.

THE PROFESSOR SMELLS SMOKE IN HARLEM



ANSLEY HAMID, a gray-haired, forty-nine-year-old professor of anthropology at John Jay College of Criminal Justice, is something of a celebrity in Harlem. On the crowded corner of 132nd Street and Frederick Douglass Boulevard, and in any number of the gutted tenements that line Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., Boulevard, he is welcomed with backslaps and expressive hellos. One local man briefly interrupted his squeegeeing of the windshield of a Plymouth Volaré to shout to Professor Hamid, "Glad to see you! We've been expecting you!"

Since the early eighties, Professor Hamid has appeared in the area at irregular yet not unpredictable intervals: with the emergence of each new inner-city trend in drug consumption comes the Professor, notebook in hand, to monitor the drug's arrival, its flourishing, and its fading away. In 1984, for instance, he was one of the first people to note and to document the growing use of the cocaine derivative crack. Now, nearly ten years later, he has found that many of the crackheads he interviewed during the eighties "have landed in the hospital or the loony bin or the morgue."

Visiting his old haunts—the walkups and the weedy lots—early last summer, Professor Hamid began sniffing that acrid smell which said to him that the smoking of marijuana, long a Harlem fixture, was on the rise. And this fall he has discovered twelve underground, over-the-counter pot stores in West Harlem—bleak establishments, disguised as carry-out-food joints and shielded with two-layer bulletproof glass.

It is said that pot smoking is increasing on college campuses, too, but, unlike deans and no doubt a few professors, Professor Hamid is not at all worried about the development on his uptown turf. Walking along Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., Boulevard, he looked at the clear skies reaching to Washington Heights and said, with a lilt he has carried from his birthplace, in San Fernando, Trinidad, "Mother Herb has returned to save Harlem. If you live long enough, everything comes back."

Professor Hamid has about him an air of early-seventies mellow: leave it alone, it'll work out fine. His hair rides his head in a confused tangle, and as he strides along from Harlem avenue to Harlem street his beard, which is generous, seems to precede him. Perhaps the beard alerted Kate, who was sitting in the sun on a stoop on 132nd Street. "Something is happening!" she shouted as she watched Professor Hamid approach. "Here comes the Professor!"

Professor Hamid first met Kate more than ten years ago, on one of his earliest ventures uptown to research the socio-economic aspects of the drug trade. Drugs would remain his academic project; over the years, he has taught courses at John Jay and at New York University on drug use, contributed articles to the *International Journal of the Addictions*, and seen his studies referred to in the *Times*. And in the course of his work he has developed genuine and long-lived friendships with his subjects. Kate, for example, is familiar with the details of the Professor's life: his midtown apartment, his young daughter, his recent bypass surgery. "Each day, I find time to worry about the man," she said.

How is it that a person like Kate, normally distrustful of outsiders ("Look, cop eyes," she remarked about several passersby), came to trust Professor Hamid? Money, first off. After asking a drug user several questions ("How long have you been a user? What are your patterns?"), the Professor is likely to slip five or ten dollars into his or her hand. But there appears to be more to these relationships than to those, say, that the police develop with informants. The Professor hangs out, doesn't judge, *listens.*

"Come up to my place," Kate said to the Professor. There followed a four-story climb; gaps in the stairs; unbroken views to the basement. Kate's place turned out to be a room just big enough to accommodate an old black-and-white TV, a refrigerator, and a twin bed, which is where Kate and Professor Hamid sat, dangling their feet over the side. "Talk into the mike," the Professor said after setting up his tape recorder, and he quickly launched into questions. The two were soon joined by a friend of Kate's named William, and William almost at once began talking into the microphone, too. As he spoke—all tics and gestures—he eyed a miniature Smirnoff bottle resting on a nightstand which had been carved into a crack pipe some time before. "He gave up crack just a month ago," Kate said, apologizing. "He hallucinates."

"Little men coming to take away my shit," William said, nodding.

Professor Hamid spoke of marijuana's offering a third way between crack and sobriety for people like Kate and William. "The guy in the ghetto who's muttering mad and wants to throw a rock through your window? Give him some marijuana and he mellows, his hair grows, he looks within and calls himself a son of Judah," the Professor intoned.

"True," Kate said, "but pot smokers are boring. Everyone says crack was bad, but I had good days in those bad times."

"Crack takes all your chances away," Professor Hamid said. "That drug makes you think only of that drug. But marijuana—*it reminds you of everything,* and it can give the whole world back."

Later, as he headed downtown, toward home, he returned to the topic of marijuana, and how happy he was to have it back. "In the sixties, black men went off and got stoned and came back wanting to open crafts stores—a threat neither to themselves nor to others," he said. "It was a time of progress."

ANOTHER CHINESE DYNASTY

THE art of fake fighting has not reached the level of development in China that it has attained in the United States. When a character in a twenty-one-part Chinese-television miniseries punches another character, the character who has been punched tends to twirl in a comically exaggerated fashion before slumping to the sidewalk. Also underdeveloped in China is the art of subliminal product endorsement. When a character in a twenty-one-part Chinese-television miniseries drinks a Coke or a Budweiser, he holds the can in such a way that the viewer can't be certain what brand is being consumed.

We arrived at these conclusions after watching several episodes of "A Native of Beijing in New York," a twenty-one-part Chinese-television miniseries that was filmed in the United States and has just now completed its second prime-time run in China. During its first broadcast, which ended last month, the miniseries established itself as the highest-rated regularly scheduled program in the history of Chinese TV. Close to half of China's twenty-three million television sets were routinely tuned to it during its initial run, thus making it far more popular than the previous record holder, the evening news.

"A Native of Beijing in New York" tells the story of Wang Qiming, a cellist, and his wife, Guo Yan, who immigrate to the United States in search of a better life. "Confronted with harsh realities, they cease to support and rely on each other, and become competitive, bitter and indifferent," a publicity brochure explains in its only English-language paragraph. Wang becomes rich, then poor. Guo leaves Wang to marry a rich American, then becomes unhappy. All the stars are Chinese except a former United States junior diplomat named Robert Daly, who plays the rich American home wrecker. Daly does not conform to American notions of the matinée idol. His build is slight, his hairline is receding, his beard is skimpy, and he looks a little like Keith Carradine and a little like an accountant. But he speaks fluent Mandarin, and the Chinese have embraced him as a malignant romantic star.

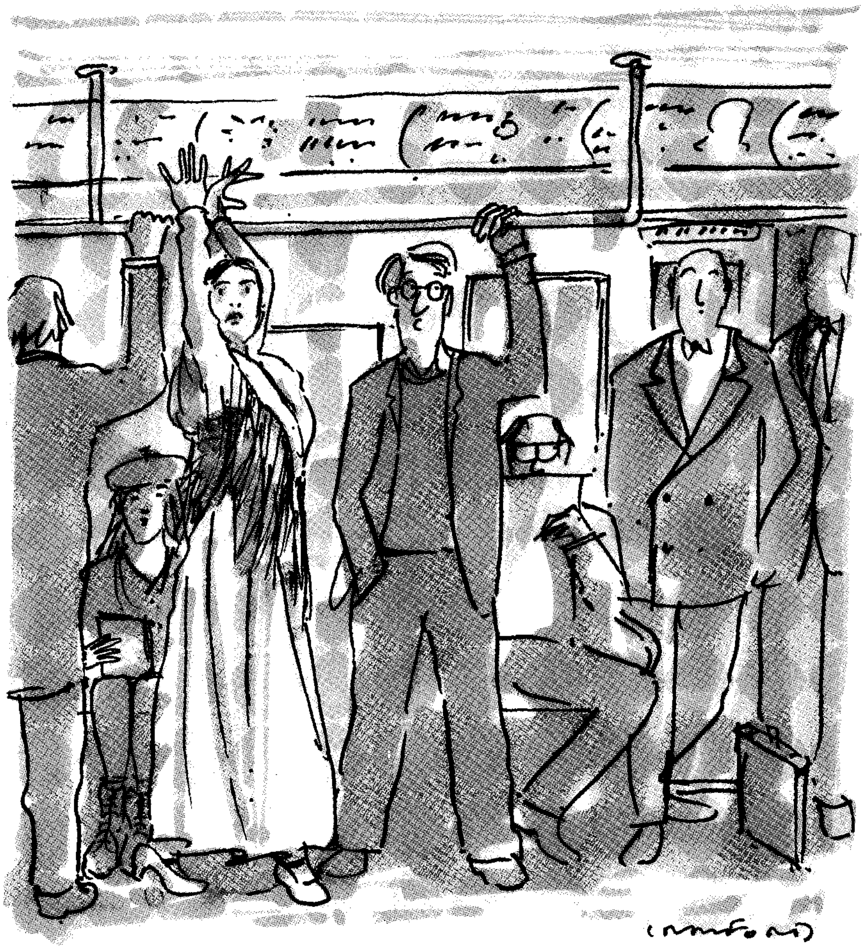
"A Native of Beijing in New York" was produced and directed by Zheng Xiao-Long, a forty-year-old native of Beijing who is now living in New York. Not long ago, we visited him in his office, a room full of desks near the back of a big storage area above a miniature department store in Chinatown. His English is better than our Chinese, but not much better, so we spoke through an interpreter.

"When I was a young kid, I did not have a clear impression of the United States," Zheng said. "I pictured the typical American as a short man with a big nose, and he was wearing a big hat that had a big American flag sticking out of it. And in one hand he had a big bag with a dollar symbol on it, and in the other hand he had a pistol." During Zheng's first trip to the United States, in 1991, he visited the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the United States Capitol, and realized that his early impressions had been inaccurate. He was already a successful television director at home, and he decided to explain America to other Chinese by making a television series shot entirely on American soil. He borrowed a million five hundred thousand dollars from the Bank of China to make the series—and paid off the loan with money he earned selling airtime to advertisers during the series' broadcast. Thus, along with everything else, "A Native of Beijing in New York" became the first non-government-sponsored TV production in the history of the People's Republic.

Zheng is the son of a high-ranking

Army officer. During the Cultural Revolution, in the late sixties, his parents were packed off from Beijing to a farm in one part of the country, and he was packed off to a farm in another part. At fifteen, he joined the Army. After Deng Xiaoping came to power, in 1977, Zheng left the Army and got a job as a radio news reporter. He eventually moved on to screenwriting before trying his hand at directing. Among his principal creative influences, he says, are the American television programs "Dallas," "Dynasty," and "Growing Pains" and the movies "Bugsy," "Love Story," and "On Golden Pond." His favorite actor is Dustin Hoffman, whom he resembles slightly, in that both have dark hair and neither is particularly tall.

Zheng keeps busy in New York by distributing the miniseries episodes on videocassette within the extensive Chinese community in North America. He would love to visit Hollywood, so that he could learn how American movies and television programs are made, but so far no one has invited him. If he can come up with the money, he would also like to undertake another major television project for Chinese TV: a hundred-part documentary on the American economy.



"Jesus, Isabel, why can't you just grab the bar like everyone else?"

• •

OF GUGGENHEIMOLOGY

Establishing the Cultural Context

LAST week's critical party, theoretically speaking, was the one for the Guggenheim Museum's new Robert Mapplethorpe Gallery, following a thousand-dollar-a-plate dinner benefitting the museum's new photography collection. Here we have a classic case of clashing semiotic markers: the event was at the Guggenheim (uptown art world); it was formal (rich people); it celebrated Mapplethorpe (homoerotic underground, downtown art world); it featured a performance by Lou Reed (pre-punk-but-now-middle-aged music world); it included a silent auction of portrait sessions donated by famous photographers such as Bruce Weber and Annie Leibovitz (philanthropic narcissism).

Toward an Apparel Methodology

Guys: Skirts, alone or with leggings in matching fabric. (Note to guys who aren't yet into skirts: Get there. Note to guys who have got there: See Vilfredo Pareto, "Logical and Nonlogical Actions," if you're wondering whether it's O.K. for the leggings to be a different fabric.) In addition, natty little brimless, meaningless leather caps. Ponytails, but only if you've had one for so long that it has become a statement of ritual equilibrium. See Marcuse's "One-Dimensional Man." Also, Afros are back. If you're not doing a tux, then perhaps a black Stone Temple Pilots T-shirt and boot-cut jeans. Really ratty gardening clothes and a look of existential did-I-remember-to-turn-off-the-coffeemaker distraction, but only if you are Philip Glass.

Gals: Black, black, black. Black dresses with foot-long fringe or thousands of functionally dysfunctional straps, or black dresses with the armpits cut out in big hunks. See Lévi-Strauss, "The Totemic Illusion," or last September's issue of *Vogue*. Got-my-finger-stuck-in-a-light-socket hair, but only if you are Laurie Anderson and have been wearing it that way for so long that at this point it is the you-ness of you.

Lou Reed: Oh, just that weird leathery black T-shirt thing, and some nice eyeglasses.

The Averted Gaze: Praxis Makes Perfect

Acceptable avoidance behavior while viewing the Mapplethorpe whip/rump photos before the Lou Reed performance: (1) Check nonexistent watch. (2) Fix tie. (3) Begin lint removal. (4) Launch discussion of Mapplethorpe's ethnic background. (Hey, doesn't he look Scottish?) For more on this, see Erving Goffman, "Embarrassment and Social Organization" or "On Face-Work." Or just go for that next drink. ♦

THE PERFECT COMPANION FOR 1994

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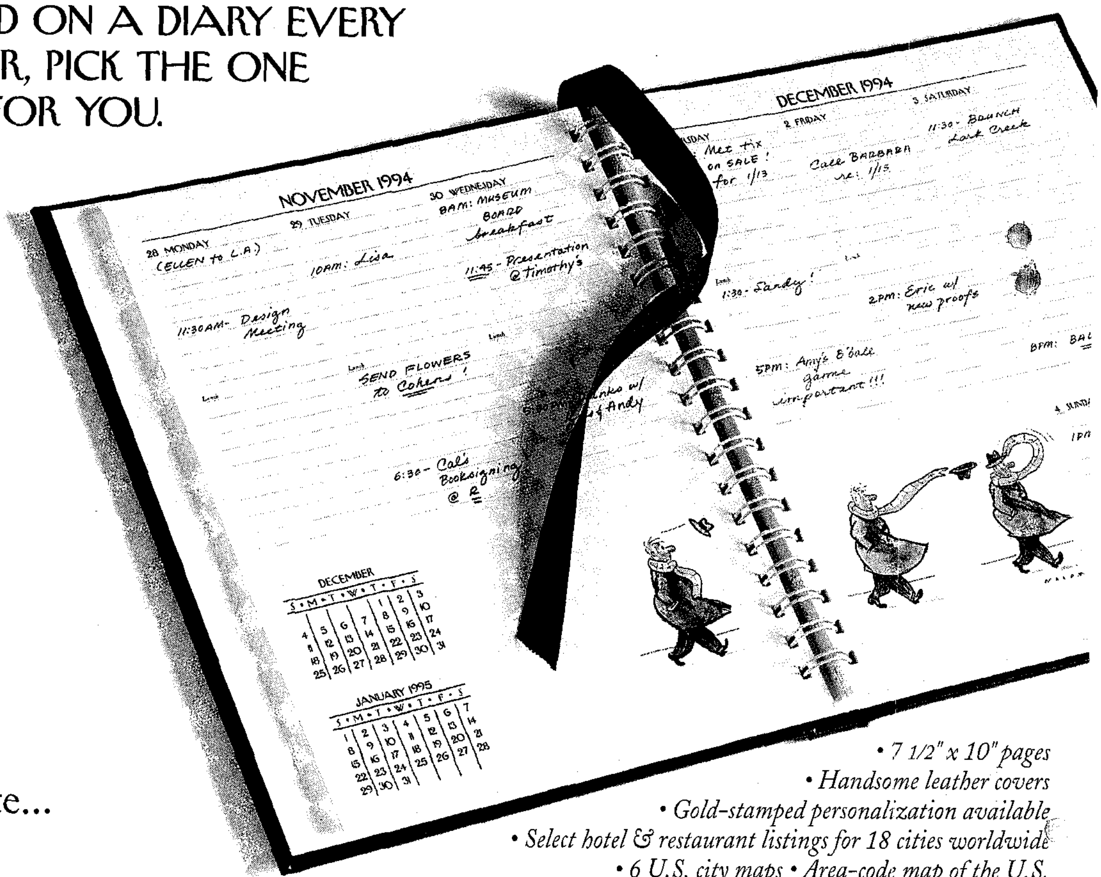
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29 TUESDAY
10AM: Lisa
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6:30 - Cal's Booksigning
30 WEDNESDAY
8AM: MUSEUM BOARD breakfast
11:45 - Presentation @ Timothy's
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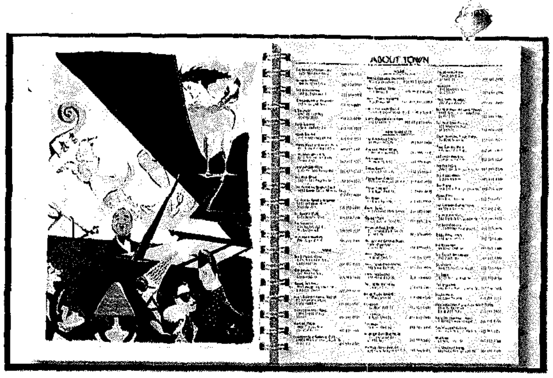

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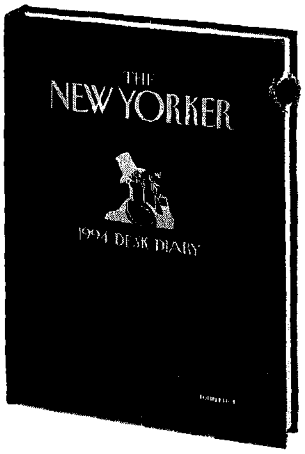
THE NEW YORKER
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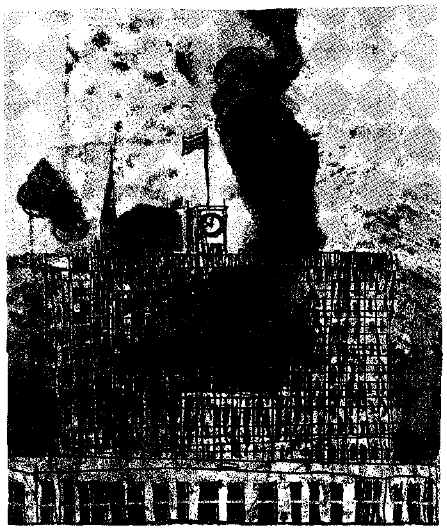
LETTER FROM MOSCOW

THE HANGOVER

Boris Yeltsin prevailed in October, but his chances of building a democracy are increasingly threatened by a rising tide of corruption and anarchy.

BY DAVID REMNICK

RUSSIANS have been building Potemkin villages since the time of Catherine the Great. Now, as they slop paint over the charred parliament building known as the White House and fix its windows, they have nearly finished one on the banks of the Moscow River. Two years ago, the building, in all its sprawling vulgarity, was the scene of the greatest historical triumph since the end of the Second World War—the defeat of a Bolshevik coup and the fall of the old regime. Overnight, the Russian White House became a symbol of liberty more vivid than the Bastille: the storming of the Bastille had not been on CNN; Boris Yeltsin standing on a tank was. Last month, Yeltsin won another victory at the White House, not by defending it but by bombarding it. After an armed mob led by Albert Makashov, a rebel military commander and an avowed Stalinist, attacked the Russian television center and nearly took it, Yeltsin swayed the reluctant Army to side with him. It was not until after Yeltsin made a secret, late-night trip to the Defense Ministry that the military decided to put its full force behind the President. Because Yeltsin came so close to losing power to a leadership that would have been infinitely worse than his, nearly all of Russia has expressed relief. But there is no sense of celebration. There were funerals this time, not fireworks.

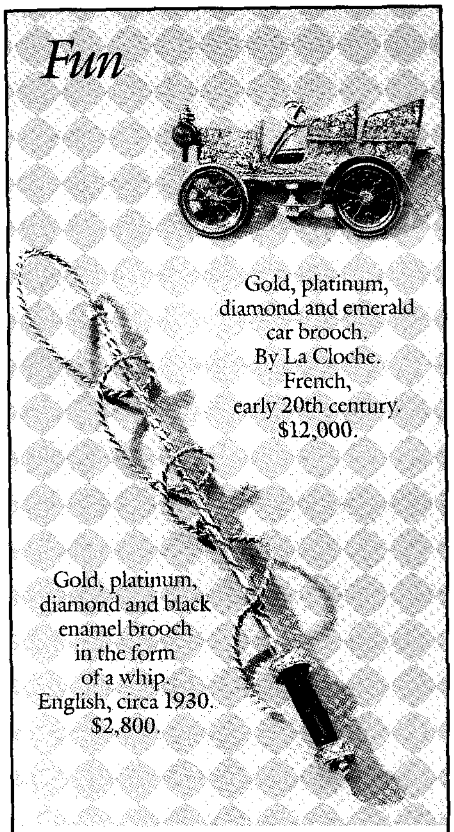


The Russian White House will be repaired, but will Russian democracy?

ROBERT ANDREW PARKER

The hangover in Moscow is deadening. Everywhere I go—from the Central Market to the villages outside town, from newspaper offices to Kremlin anterooms, where aides sit around dully watching music videos—there is a sense of hopelessness about political life. There are no heroes, no great expectations. "The October events," as they are called here, obliterated any shred of triumphalism left from the defeat of the August coup of 1991. The relatively easy verities of the old political struggle—good versus bad, reformers versus reactionaries, democrats versus Communists—have dissolved into a bitter soup of uncertainty. The charred parliament building is by no means the only deflating symbol of the recent events. State television reported sobering news about the Madonna of Vladimir, one of the most cherished works of art in Russian history. When Alexey II, the Patriarch of Moscow and All Russia, became involved in the futile negotiations between Yeltsin and the parliament he had disbanded, the Church ordered the delicate twelfth-century icon brought by minibus from the Tretyakov Gallery to the Cathedral of the Epiphany to "bless" the talks. The exposure to the weather left the priceless icon badly damaged.

Even as the papers are filled with news of Yeltsin's plans for a new, two-chambered parliament, or Duma, and elections on December 12th to fill it, Russia is under no delusion about being a democratic country. Intellectuals and government officials who were once prepared to enjoy the moral clarity of First Amendment absolutists now claim that a country as



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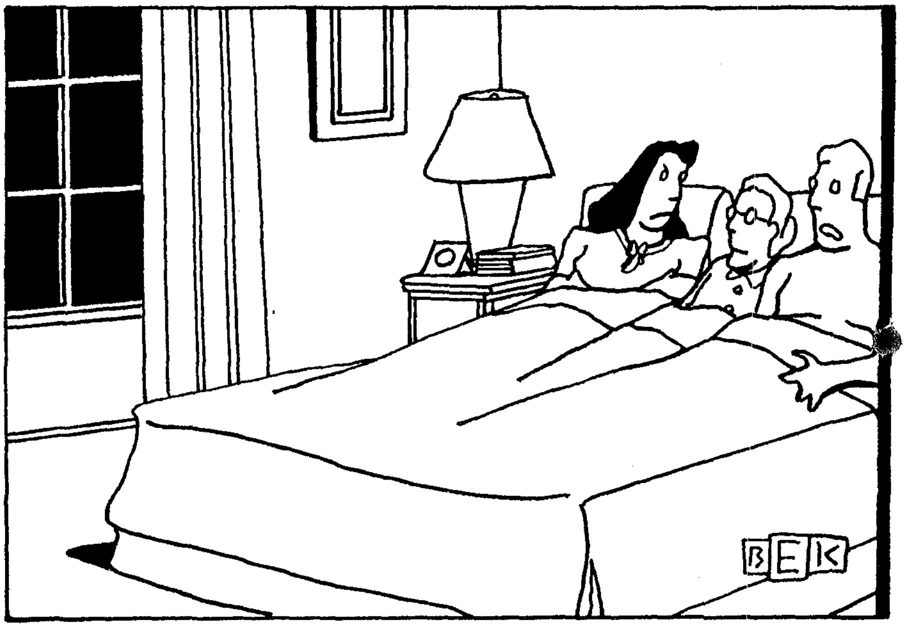
unstable as Russia cannot afford the luxury of having newspapers that support armed insurrection. Yeltsin's government ordered the closing of fifteen far-right newspapers for their support of the rebellion, and allowed *Pravda* to resume publication only after it agreed to replace its editor-in-chief. Aleksandr Yakovlev, who was the leading advocate for a free press within the Gorbachev inner circle, told me, "You just cannot compare our situation with that in America, where there is stability. *Pravda* cannot be considered merely an opposition paper when it calls for workers' detachments to come to the White House—that is an open call to arms. There is as much blood on the hands of the editor of *Pravda* as there is on General Makashov's."

Nor at the Kremlin is there any sense of pure victory. Narrow escape is more like it. "We were on the verge," Andrei Makarov, a Presidential adviser, told me. "We won by accident." In conversations I had with four of Yeltsin's aides, all of them admitted that their hopes for a smooth, swift transfer from a Communist dictatorship to a free-market democracy had been shattered. The fall of the old regime, which was so morally satisfying, turns out to have left the new regime in an impossible moral position. The choice is stark: behave with the manners of a Western democrat and risk allowing the current anarchy to overwhelm Russia or else take "decisive measures" and risk smothering Russia's newborn civil society in the cradle. Now the talk is of a transitional regime of "enlightened authoritarianism" or "administrative democracy" or some such hybrid that makes no secret of the need for a prolonged concentration of power in the Presidency.

The Kremlin's political sales force is working furiously to emphasize the need for order. "The hand of power cannot be totally weak," Yeltsin's legal adviser Yuri Baturin told me one afternoon. "When the use of power was necessary during the October events, it was impossible to use it right away, because the so-called power ministries—defense, security, police—were hesitating. If they had used their force more quickly, the victory would have been accomplished sooner, with less blood."

But Yeltsin's advisers also admit that in trying to restore some degree of order in Russia there is always a danger of drifting into iron rule. "Like Gorbachev's perestroika, everything now, in the development of democracy, is being guided only from above," said Georgi Satarov, a member of the Presidential Council, which is a body of experts that meets whenever Yeltsin wishes. "It is very easy to slip into dictatorship. There are no checks. Monopolistic rule is responsible for checking itself, and this self-restriction has to hold somehow before there can be real checks and balances. There can be little steps toward dictatorship, each one seeming small in itself, but the trend can drag us into dictatorship. This can happen. But, insofar as I know the President and his motives, I do not think



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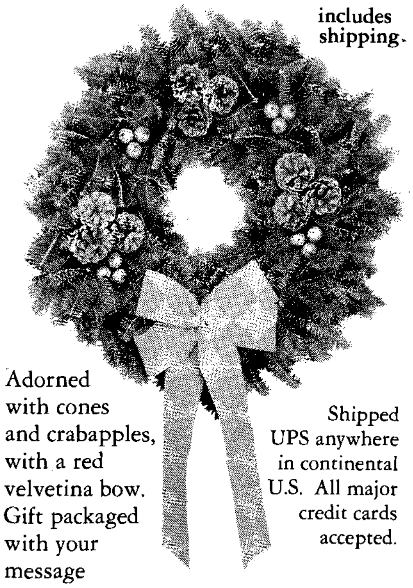

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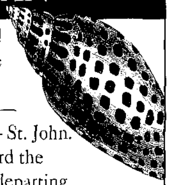

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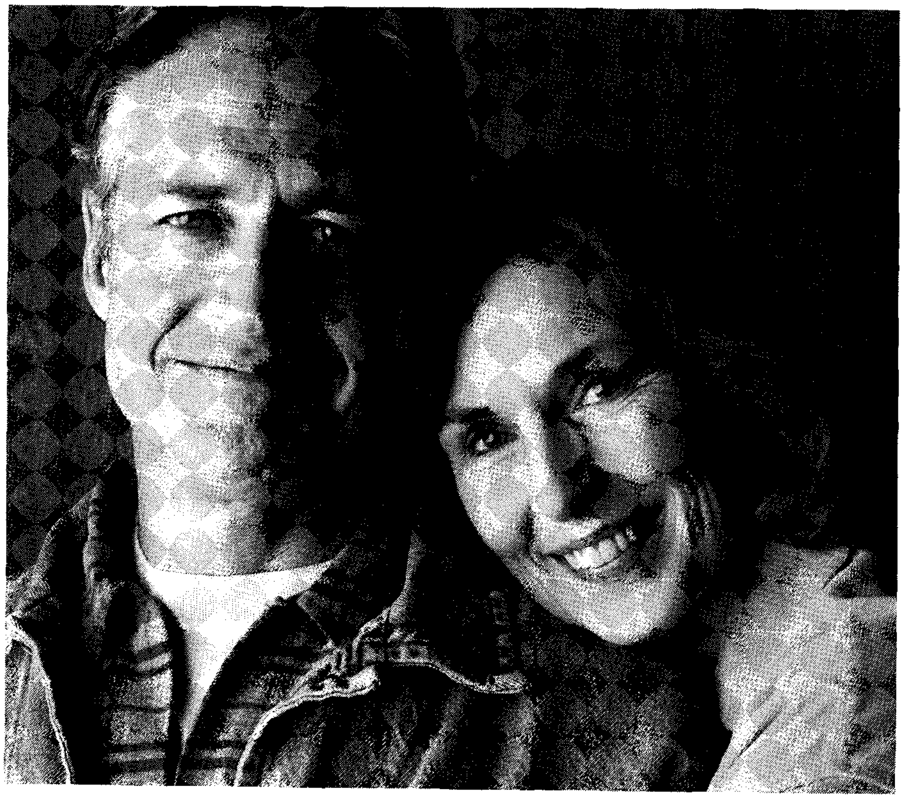

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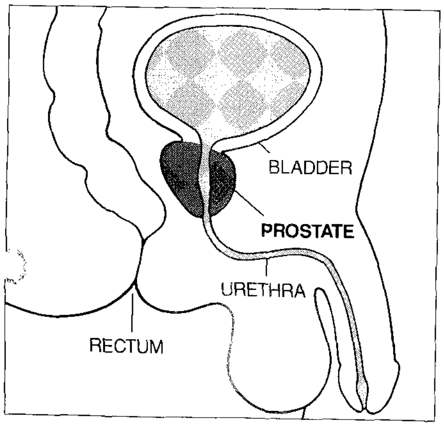
Until recently, there wasn't a medicine that could help the condition known as symptomatic benign prostate enlargement or BPH. But now there is PROSCAR, the first oral prescription medicine that can actually shrink an enlarged prostate.

However, it is important to know the following: PROSCAR doesn't work for everyone. Even though the prostate shrinks, you may not see an improvement in urinary flow or symptoms. And you may need to take PROSCAR for 6 months or more to see whether it helps you.

How PROSCAR can shrink an enlarged prostate

As a man ages, a key hormone can help cause the prostate to grow. PROSCAR actually blocks the production of this hormone, so it helps shrink the prostate to a smaller size in many men. As a result, some men treated with PROSCAR experience an increased urinary flow and an improvement in urinary symptoms.



The prostate surrounds part of the urethra, the tube that carries urine from the bladder. As the prostate enlarges, it can squeeze the urethra and cause urinary problems.

Why you should see your doctor soon

The problem will probably not get better by itself. In many cases, the prostate continues to enlarge and the symptoms may get worse. So if your urinary symptoms are bothering you, consult your family doctor or a urologist and find out if PROSCAR is an appropriate treatment for you. It is also important to have regular checkups. *While benign prostate enlargement is not cancer and does not lead to cancer, the two conditions can exist at the same time.*

Remember, only a doctor can evaluate your symptoms and their possible causes. So don't wait any longer. You may find out that your enlarged prostate can be made into a smaller problem.

For a free, informative booklet, "Every man should know about his prostate," call 1-800-635-4452 today.

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PATIENT INFORMATION ABOUT PROSCAR® (Prahs-car)
Generic name: finasteride (fin-AS-tur-eyed)

PROSCAR is for the treatment of symptomatic benign prostatic hyperplasia and for use by men only.

Your doctor may prescribe PROSCAR if you have a medical condition called benign prostatic hyperplasia or BPH. This occurs only in men.

Please read this information, as well as the leaflet which accompanies your medication, before you start taking PROSCAR. Also, read the leaflet each time you renew your prescription, just in case anything has changed. Remember, this leaflet does not take the place of careful discussions with your doctor. You and your doctor should discuss PROSCAR when you start taking your medication and at regular checkups.

What is BPH?

BPH is an enlargement of the prostate gland. After age 50, most men develop enlarged prostates. The prostate is located below the bladder. As the prostate enlarges, it may slowly restrict the flow of urine. This can lead to symptoms such as:

- a weak or interrupted urinary stream
- a feeling that you cannot empty your bladder completely
- a feeling of delay or hesitation when you start to urinate
- a need to urinate often, especially at night
- a feeling that you must urinate right away.

Treatment options for BPH

There are three main treatment options for BPH:

•**Program of monitoring or "Watchful Waiting".** If a man has an enlarged prostate gland and no symptoms or if his symptoms do not bother him, he and his doctor may decide on a program of monitoring which would include regular checkups, instead of medication or surgery.

•**Medication.** Your doctor may prescribe PROSCAR for BPH. See **"What PROSCAR does"** below.

•**Surgery.** Some patients may need surgery. Your doctor can describe several different surgical procedures for BPH. Which procedure is best depends on your symptoms and medical condition.

What PROSCAR does

PROSCAR lowers levels of a key hormone called DHT (dihydrotestosterone), which is a major cause of prostate growth. Lowering DHT leads to shrinkage of the enlarged prostate gland in most men. This can lead to gradual improvement in urine flow and symptoms over the next several months. However, since each case of BPH is different, you should know that:

- Even though the prostate shrinks, you may NOT see an improvement in urine flow or symptoms.
- You may need to take PROSCAR for six (6) months or more to see whether it helps you.
- Even though you take PROSCAR and it may help you, it is not known whether PROSCAR reduces the need for surgery.

What you need to know while taking PROSCAR

•**You must see your doctor regularly.** While taking PROSCAR, you must have regular checkups. Follow your doctor's advice about when to have these checkups.

•**About side effects.** Like all prescription drugs, PROSCAR may cause side effects. Side effects due to PROSCAR may include impotence (or inability to have an erection) and less desire for sex. Each of these side effects occurred in less than 4% of patients in clinical studies. In some cases side effects went away while the patient continued to take PROSCAR.

Some men taking PROSCAR® (Finasteride) may have a decrease in the amount of semen released during sex. This decrease does not appear to interfere with normal sexual function.

You should discuss side effects with your doctor before taking PROSCAR and anytime you think you are having a side effect.

•**Checking for prostate cancer.** Your doctor has prescribed PROSCAR for symptomatic BPH and not for cancer—but a man can have BPH and prostate cancer at the same time. Doctors usually recommend that men be checked for prostate cancer once a year when they turn 50 (or 40 if a family member has had prostate cancer). These checks should continue while you take PROSCAR. PROSCAR is not a treatment for prostate cancer.

•**About prostate specific antigen (PSA).** Your doctor may have done a blood test called PSA. PROSCAR can alter PSA values. For more information, talk to your doctor.

•**A warning about PROSCAR and pregnancy.**

PROSCAR is for use by MEN only.

PROSCAR is generally well tolerated in men. However, women who are pregnant, or women who could become pregnant, should avoid the active ingredient in PROSCAR.

If the active ingredient is absorbed by a woman who is pregnant with a male baby, it may cause the male baby to be born with abnormalities of the sex organs. Therefore, any woman who is pregnant or who could become pregnant must not come into direct contact with the active ingredient in PROSCAR.

Two of the ways in which a woman might absorb the active ingredient in PROSCAR are:

Sexual contact. Your semen may contain a small amount of the active ingredient of the drug. If your partner is pregnant, or if you and your partner decide to have a baby, you must stop taking PROSCAR and talk to your doctor. If your partner could become pregnant, proper use of a condom can reduce the risk of exposing her to your semen (discuss this further with your doctor).

Handling broken tablets. Women who are pregnant or who could become pregnant must not handle broken tablets of PROSCAR.

PROSCAR tablets are coated to prevent contact with the active ingredient during normal handling. If this coating is broken, the tablets should not be handled by women who are pregnant or who could become pregnant.

If a woman who is pregnant comes into contact with the active ingredient in PROSCAR, a doctor should be consulted. Remember, these warnings apply only if the woman exposed to PROSCAR is pregnant or could become pregnant.

How to take PROSCAR

Follow your doctor's advice about how to take PROSCAR. You must take it every day. You may take it with or between meals. To avoid forgetting to take PROSCAR, it may be helpful to take it the same time every day.

Do not share PROSCAR with anyone else; it was prescribed only for you.

Keep PROSCAR and all medicines out of the reach of children.

FOR MORE INFORMATION ABOUT PROSCAR AND BPH, TALK WITH YOUR DOCTOR. IN ADDITION, TALK TO YOUR PHARMACIST OR OTHER HEALTH CARE PROVIDER.

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he has any intention of becoming a dictator."

There are more than enough people who have called on Yeltsin to become an unabashed autocrat. A poll published recently in *Izvestiya* showed that three-quarters of all Muscovites welcomed the brief state of emergency that followed the October events, and wanted to see it prolonged indefinitely. Yeltsin's new press minister stunned Moscow's media corps with an announcement that the government's job was to define "state ideology" and the reporters' job was to spread it. A popular satirist named Aleksandr Ivanov, a favorite of Yeltsin's, told the President, seriously, at a meeting of writers that he really ought to become a strongman, a Russian version of Chile's Augusto Pinochet. Fortunately, Yeltsin has not extended his admiration of Ivanov to the point of taking his advice. "Many people in Russia think they admire Pinochet, but they have no idea why," Leonid Radzikhovsky, a political writer for the weekly magazine *Stolitsa*, told me. "All they know is that Pinochet shot a lot of Communists, and they would like to shoot Communists. But that's all they know."

EVEN if Yeltsin were inclined to become the leader of a full-scale authoritarian regime—and he is not—he wouldn't be able to manage it. Although some of his advisers point to South Korea and parts of Latin America as places that built potential democracies under authoritarian rule, the analogy falls flat before Russian realities. Despite the military's decisive role in October, the Army has no Latin-American-style ambitions for juntadom; the generals would much rather win higher wages and other social guarantees than take the upper hand in politics. Nor can Russia rely on an Asian work ethic or on Asian efficiency, to say nothing of a tradition of democratic political culture—a feature of life in Chile before Pinochet. Russia has to make democracy with Russians.

The truth is that Yeltsin, or any leader who emerges as his potential successor, has the nearly impossible task of trying to build a democracy in conditions of almost complete social and economic anarchy. Aleksandr Rutskoi and Ruslan Khasbulatov, the leaders of the anti-Yeltsin uprising in October, may be in jail, but theirs is not likely to be the last episode of rebellion or violence. Even those who accept—or, at least, are resigned to—Yeltsin's notion of transition understand that the anger and disillusion throughout Russian society are growing ever worse. The dulling realities of Soviet society—equality in poverty, stability of repression—have come unwound, and now Russia is a scene of radical polarization. The fondest wish of the Russian reformers in 1991 was that out of economic change would emerge a large middle class and a business élite, which would become the main constituencies for further change. There are no signs of this happening. Instead, Russians have watched with fury and envy as a small percentage of people have grown rich—gaudily rich—in an environment of almost general chaos and criminality. Capitalism in Russia has produced far more Al Capones than Henry Fords, more Luca Brasis than Ward Cleavers. In fact, the economy hardly merits the name of capitalism at all, since it operates largely outside the framework of law.

There is not a single field of activity, not a single institution, free of the most brutal sort of corruption. Russia has bred a world-class Mafia. According to Luciano Violante, the chairman of Italy's parliamentary committee of inquiry into the Mafia, Russia is now "a kind of strategic capital of organized crime from where all the major operations are launched." He said that Russian mob leaders had held summit meetings with the three main Italian crime organizations, from Sicily, Calabria, and Naples, to discuss drug-money laundering, the narcotics trade, and even the sale of nuclear material. Russia, he added, "has become a warehouse and clearing house for the drug market."

The new Russian mobsters, who are involved in everything from arms sales to banking, have learned to work with former officials in the highest ranks of the Communist Party and the K.G.B. as well as with mob bosses abroad. There is little doubt that the ministries of Yeltsin's government—especially in areas like foreign trade, customs, tax collection, and law enforcement—are also thoroughly corrupt. According to Yuri Boldyrev, who was until recently the government's chief investigator into corruption, the decay in state and public institutions now "goes beyond the limits of the imagination."

A ten-page report drafted by police and security ministries and submitted to Yeltsin early this year described how senior military officers who were based for years in the former East Germany have been involved in huge embezzlement schemes. The officers set up their own companies to buy food and liquor, transported as military supplies, and then sold them on the free market in Poland and Russia. Sales were estimated at a hundred million Deutsche marks—fifty-eight million dollars. In another case, Air Force Major General Vladimir Rodionov and his deputy, Colonel Georgi Iskrov, were charged with using military aircraft for commercial flights and keeping the proceeds.

Yeltsin has not been averse to admitting what is before the eyes of everyone. Last February, according to a report by Victor Yasmann, of Radio Liberty, he said in a speech to the heads of the central and regional law-enforcement agencies that two-thirds of all commercial and financial enterprises in Russia—and forty per cent of the individual businessmen—were engaged in some form of corruption. He added that in 1992 two billion

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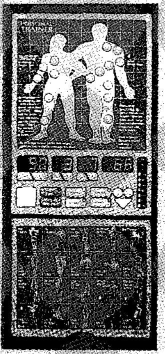

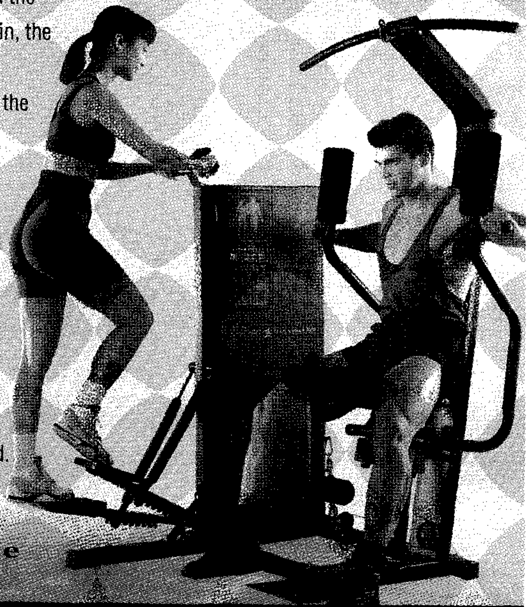

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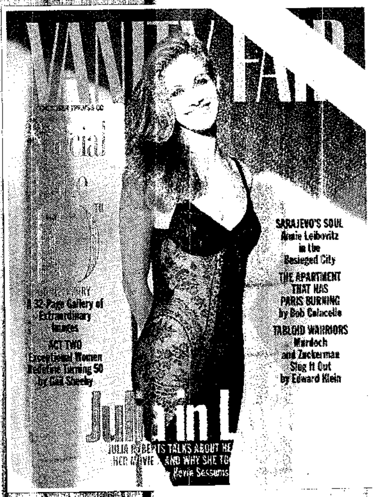
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Kevin Sessums

dollars had simply "disappeared" from the budget of the Ministry of Foreign Economic Relations. Even the anti-Mafia investigators are suspect. In October of 1992, an Interior Ministry chief was arrested for taking a million-ruble bribe. A subsequent search of his home found eight hundred and five thousand rubles more in cash.

Foreigners trying to do business in Russia have become easy targets. A friend told me about a Westerner who was caught in traffic in Moscow and, as he inched along, lightly touched the bumper of the car ahead of him. A man dressed mainly in jewelry and leather leaped from the car, ran up to the foreigner's window, stuck a revolver in, and said, "Buy my car now or I will kill you!" The foreigner, an experienced resident of Moscow, knew well that this mafioso was not joking. He went home, gathered up all the cash he could find, and bought the car. The following week, the same unfortunate man was travelling to St. Petersburg on the midnight train. Someone drugged him, and when he woke up in the morning all his valuables were gone.

Law enforcement, too, is a bitter joke. Mobsters often have more troops and more powerful weapons than the police. Army officers and recruits, desperate for cash, are only too glad to sell guns, rocket launchers, and grenades to the highest bidder. It is not unknown for members of Mafia gangs in southern Russia to use a tank to settle an especially stubborn account. And at a time when nearly everyone is impoverished—including police, jailers, and judges—the likelihood of successful prosecution is minuscule. Vladimir Rushailo, the chief of the Moscow Police Department, said, "Even if we manage to jail an influential member of the Mafia, his fellow-bandits immediately unleash a campaign pressuring victims, witnesses, judges, public assessors. And they do this quite freely. Clearly, the criminals are much more inventive than the lawmakers."

NO matter which parties dominate the new parliament—and the blocs range from free-marketeers to unapologetic Communists—none are going to be able to provide Russia with a magic formula to clear away the rubble of the old system, cope with the anarchy of the present, and bring on a new prosperity. For example, no one has come up with a satisfactory answer to the question of

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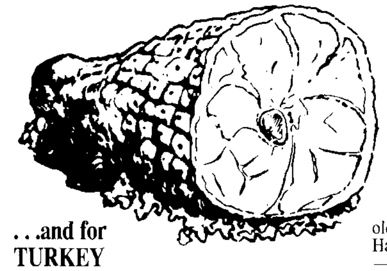

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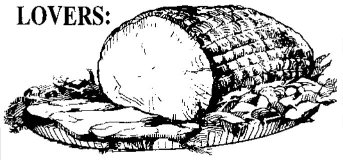

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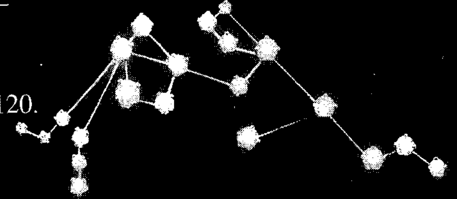

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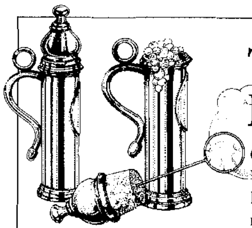

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what to do with gigantic factory cities like Magnitogorsk, in the Urals, whose entire economy is built around a product—in this case, steel—that no one wants or can use. The choices are harsh. A purely economic answer would be to shut down the plant and let tens of thousands of people find work in the new economy—which hardly exists. The moderates would phase in new technology to modernize the plant—with funds that do not exist. The Communists, presumably, would keep things chugging along toward the abyss. In the meantime, the workers of Magnitogorsk and their children visit clinics and drink "oxygen cocktails"—concoctions of fruit juice and sugar infused with oxygen—to soothe their poisoned lungs. There are hundreds of such cities, places built around factories or mines or collective farms, which are the economic equivalent of the living dead. Eventually, Russia will have to recognize the hard fact that much of its overmilitarized, largely obsolete economy will go bankrupt—quickly or slowly. The unemployment to follow will be immense. Political unrest may not be far behind.

Perhaps the constituency that has been most stunned by the course of Russia in the two years since the collapse of the old regime is the liberal intelligentsia—the array of writers, artists, academics, and journalists who were at the forefront of the perestroika era. For centuries, Russian intellectuals had been a kind of shadow government, a moral prod to the czars and, later, the Communist Party. When Pushkin stood up to Alexander I, or Sakharov to the General Secretary, they were asserting a belief in the power of truth and the individual against a brutal system. Perhaps the apotheosis for the liberal intelligentsia came in 1989, when one intellectual after another was elected to the Soviet legislature: at its first gathering, a Dostoyevski scholar called for Lenin to be removed from his tomb and buried in the ground; a short-story writer outlined the rot of the Soviet economy; a novelist decribed the horrors of Chernobyl. For years, American writers like Philip Roth would return' from the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe marvelling at the importance of literature there. Roth once remarked that in the West everything is permitted and nothing matters, and in the East nothing is permitted and everything matters. Now in the East everything goes—and the in-

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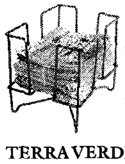

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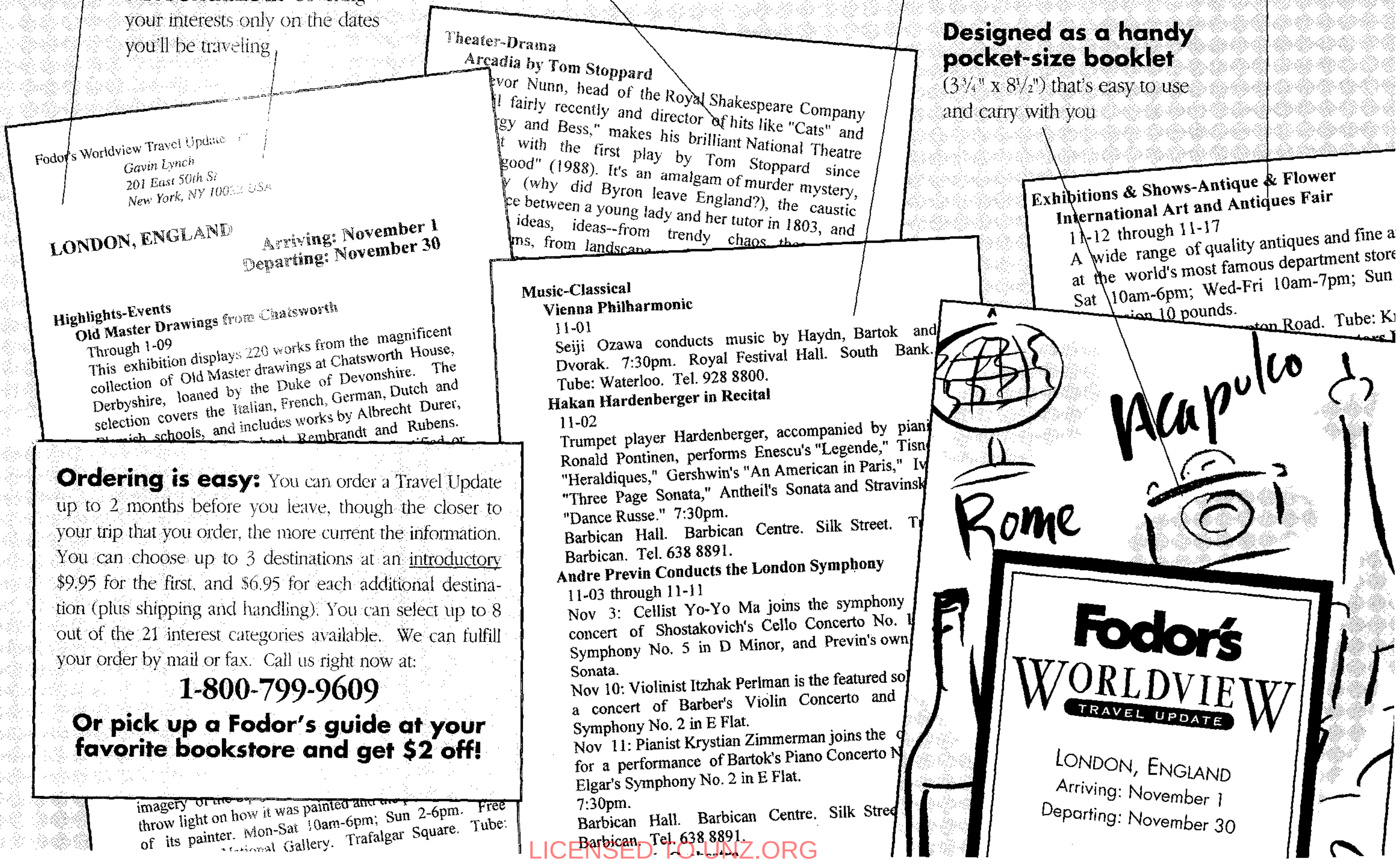

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11-01
Seiji Ozawa conducts music by Haydn, Bartok and Dvorak. 7:30pm. Royal Festival Hall. South Bank. Tube: Waterloo. Tel. 928 8800.
Hakan Hardenberger in Recital
11-02
Trumpet player Hardenberger, accompanied by pian
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"Heraldiques," Gershwin's "An American in Paris," Iv
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Andre Previn Conducts the London Symphony
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Nov 3: Cellist Yo-Yo Ma joins the symphony
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Nov 10: Violinist Itzhak Perlman is the featured so
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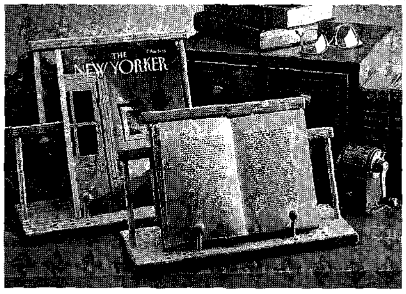
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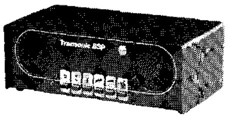
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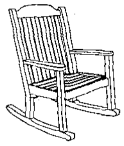
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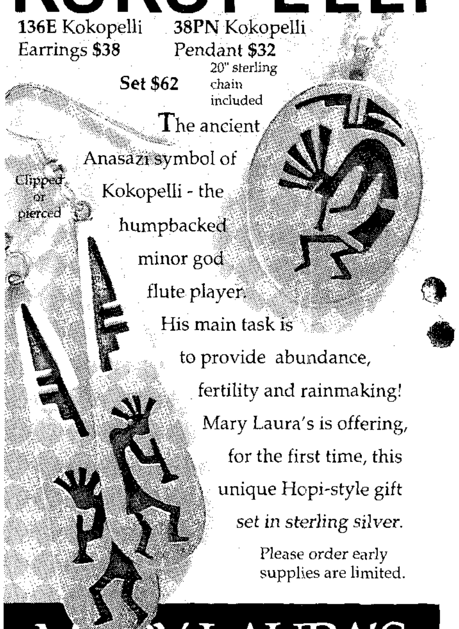
telligentsia matters less than it ever has.

One afternoon, I went to the ramshackle offices of *Znamya* (*Banner*), which was one of the leading literary and political monthlies in the Gorbachev years, to see the deputy editor, Natalya Ivanova. I had been visiting Ivanova as a reporter on and off for six years, and had never known her to be so pessimistic. At first, I thought the reason for her pessimism might be the fate of *Znamya* and the other literary monthlies. Where once they sold a million or more copies, in the late nineteen-eighties, none now sell more than eighty thousand or so. Where once the best-seller lists were filled with titles from Solzhenitsyn, Orwell, and Brodsky, they are now litanies of mass-lit. Larisa Vasilieva, a Russian pop-historian, has made a fortune with "Kremlin Wives," a look at the seamy world of political boudoirs in the Communist era. Rex Stout may now be the most popular foreign novelist in the country. "People want a little pleasure," one writer told me. "If they have to read about one more concentration camp, they'll die."

But Ivanova was worried about more than the statistics of culture. It was inevitable, she realized, that once the regime fell the abnormal importance (and outsized popularity) of serious literature would fade. "We can all accept the idea that the only people reading now are the ones who read for nonpolitical reasons," Ivanova said. "Now you see the rise of advice columns, personal ads, Harlequin romances. Well, that's O.K. What is unexpected is the general degradation of culture and of the intelligentsia itself. Its dominant position is now held by this new class of so-called businessmen, and they have no class at all. This new bourgeoisie is made up mostly of speculators stealing from the country."

Ivanova showed me the galley proofs of an article of hers called "Double Suicide," which she was getting ready for publication in *Znamya*. It is an angry piece, in which she accuses her fellow-artists and fellow-thinkers of being more interested in "the course of the dollar" than in "moral problems," of bowing humbly before a new and vulgar image of what the Bolsheviks used to call "the shining future." Where once the Russian landscape was littered with one kind of propaganda—"We Are Marching Toward Leninism," etc.—television, radio, and the newspapers are now filled with propaganda of a different kind: advertise-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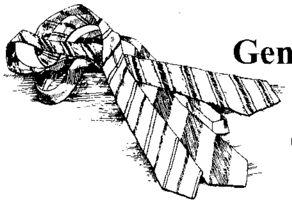
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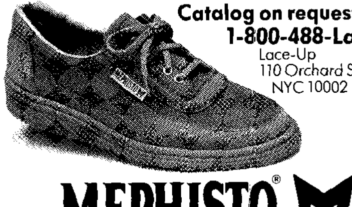
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ments for unaffordable luxuries, fantastic commercials geared toward lives that hardly exist. One minute, you are *Homo sovieticus*, surrounded by the aggressive blandness of Communism; the next minute, you are watching a Slavic Russ Meyer vixen sucking on a Maraschino cherry and telling you which casino to visit. There is something profoundly irritating about ads for investment funds or American cat food in a country where the vast majority of the citizens are living in poverty. A year or two of exposure to American-style commercials has produced what decades of Communist propaganda could not: genuine indignation on the part of honest people against the excesses of capitalism. But the intelligentsia is bewildered by it all and incapable of providing moral guidance. "People struggled for a new life, and it turned out that this life deceived them," Ivanova said sadly.

For the young, there is just no sense, no prestige, in pursuing intellectual careers. At Moscow State University, it is suddenly a cinch to gain admission to the humanities departments; everyone wants to learn finance. The endless ethereal conversations around the kitchen table, the wonderful no-show jobs at academic institutes, the big audiences for poetry readings—that world is dwindling. Another friend, the political scientist Andrei Kortunov, remarked to me, "What we had under Gorbachev and for the years before was like the ecological system in Australia before the English brought their dogs and rabbits. We had this weird, authentic, original kind of culture. The intellectuals were even a privileged class. But when the English came, with their dogs and rabbits, the ecological system decayed. I suppose we need to go through this period of consumerism and pop culture, just as they are doing in Poland and Czechoslovakia. The question is whether Russia will ever be able to preserve even part of the old ecology—its distinctive intellectual character."

One night, I took the journalist Leonid Radzikhovsky to dinner at the plush Italian restaurant in the Kempinski, a new, German-owned hotel across from the Kremlin. Hotel restaurants used to be a unique variety of torture for the foreign visitor—places where you might be told that every dish but one, on a ten-page menu, was unavailable. The new hotels are islands of foreign luxury. Radzikhovsky, for his part, looked around sus-

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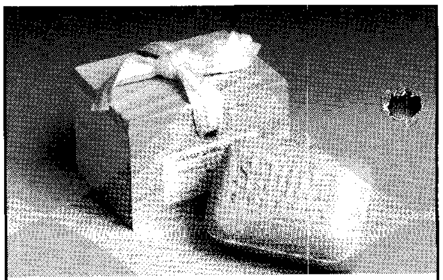

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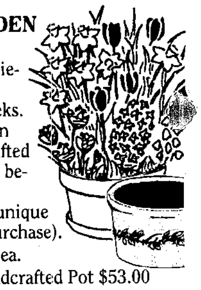

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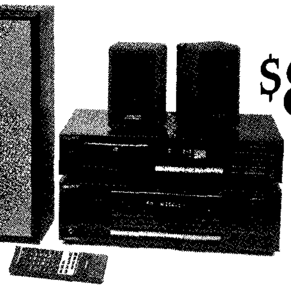
piciously, as if waiting to be thrown out. When I asked him about the lost world of the Russian intelligentsia, he betrayed no wistfulness. "I am a cynic maybe, a realist," he said, "but there is no more moral authority in Russia. Russia is a country in the stage of primitive accumulation of capital. Look around you, at this restaurant. What will dinner cost? At least a hundred dollars, right? An average Moscow salary for at least a month. In the nineteenth century, there were landlords and peasants and no thought of mixing them. But now everyone thinks he has a right to have dinner at the Kempinski. And everyone wants it. This is *all* anyone thinks about. People don't think about novels or plays or poetry. If it is true that everything in America is about dollars, it is even truer now in Russia. This is a hungry country, and it wants to be fed."

Radzikhovsky used the phrase "primitive accumulation of capital" not out of any desire to lionize Karl Marx, though he was quoting him, but, rather, to make the point that Russia would have to go through many stages of development, generations, before it ever became, as Russians say, "a normal country." As he forked his way through a plate piled high with tiramisu ("What sort of cake is this?"), he mentioned he was thinking about running for the new parliament.

"I was at one of the congresses for a new bloc, Russia's Choice, and I was one of those writing the platform," he said. "It was all about order and combatting crime. Two years ago, we would have been writing only about the necessity of freedom and democracy. But who is a democrat and who is not is unclear. It was the rebels inside the White House last month who were describing themselves as 'defenders of the constitution' and 'defenders of democracy.' Yeltsin is no democrat, but he's not going to establish authoritarian rule, either. And I'm not a democrat, because I have no clear idea of what it means. I don't like Fascism, that's me, but how would I, a Russian, have a clear idea of what democracy means?"

Before paying the check, I asked Radzikhovsky if his circle of political friends had given themselves a name. Yes, he said. Loosely translated, the circle was called Demskitz—Democratic Schizophrenics.

THE other day, I went to visit Leonid Batkin, a historian, whose involvement in the movement toward democ-



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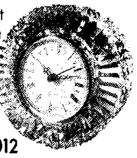

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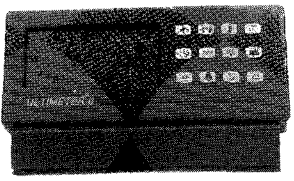

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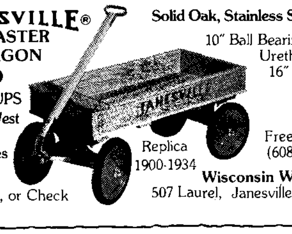

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racy in Russia was evidently so compelling to the authorities that, beginning in the mid-eighties, the K.G.B. had assembled a five-volume collection of his phone conversations. Batkin had won this peculiar honor for being one of those political-academic heroes of the Gorbachev era, but now, he said, all that was in the past. "That wasn't politics," he said. "That was history."

Like most of the other democracy activists I talked to in Moscow, Batkin was relieved that Yeltsin had prevailed in the October events, but he was convinced that Yeltsin in 1993 was beginning to look like Gorbachev in 1990—erratic, confused, reaching the end of the line as an effective leader. "As with Othello, it is time for Yeltsin to leave the stage, and that will come," Batkin said. "For the problems we face, we need a politician with the range of someone like Franklin Roosevelt. We need someone shrewd, intelligent, imaginative, someone who can change direction. We have no such figure ready on the horizon, because until very recently serious people in this country just did not do politics." Now, Batkin said, it was finally time for Russia to develop a professional class of politicians: the era of revolutionary giants and moral saints was over. "If Andrei Sakharov had lived to the present day, he would not have the same effect he did when he was able to impress the whole country with a speech. The time has come for institutions—real politicians and parties. Politics now is not a matter of saying the unsayable. It is a professional activity, and so far most of the professionals are still from the old regime."

The runner-up to Yeltsin in the polls these days is the young economist Grigori Yavlinsky, who is gaining popularity but is still not well known in the provinces. Sergei Shakhrai, a Kremlin legal adviser at odds with Yeltsin over a number of issues, is also too young to be taken seriously as a national figure. The Prime Minister, Viktor Chernomyrdin, projects a kind of bland bureaucratic competence, but it is hard to imagine the public rallying around his listless banner and dubious commitment to reform.

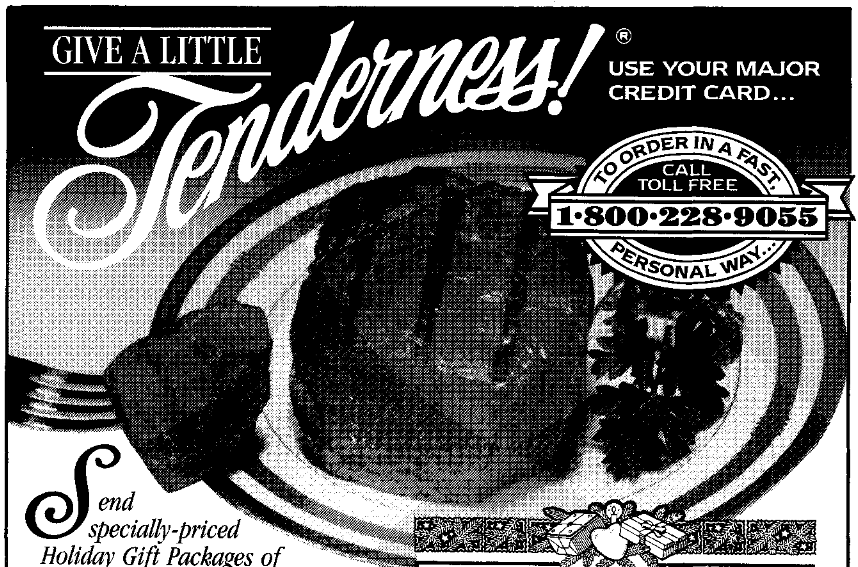
The politics of Russia is now so deeply depressed that the only person I could find who expressed delight in it was Aleksandr Prokhanov, who is the erstwhile editor of *Dyen* (*Day*), a far-right paper that had called for armed uprisings against Yeltsin and has now been ordered closed. Because Prokhanov has ties to the most nationalist elements in the military, he is often called "the nightingale of the General Staff." For as long as I have known him, he has been titillating his visitors with outrageous threats of coups d'état. His predictions have been on the mark. In October, Prokhanov stayed with Rutskoi in the White House until the last day, then left for the offices of *Dyen* to try to put out a final issue.

At his apartment one morning, Prokhanov told me that Russia's interference in the civil war in Georgia, its recent moves to control the press, its general drift toward a harder line showed that Yeltsin was adopting the right-wing agenda. "I am gloating," he said. "In an authoritarian regime, sentimental liberals will not survive." Prokhanov vowed that the "patriotic forces" would eventually bring down Yeltsin and prevail. "Hitler in 1933 also dissolved the Reichstag, but he didn't have to pay for it until 1945," he said.

I said that many people in Moscow were worried that the forces that had surrendered at the White House would now go underground and carry out terrorist attacks. Would that happen?

"I'd be crazy to talk with you about terrorism," Prokhanov answered, but he added that he could not rule it out, any more than he could "rule out the explosion of nuclear power stations." In the land of Chernobyl, those were not comforting words.

So this is how Russia lives now—under threat, veering uncertainly between authoritarian impulses and democratic ambitions. When the people go to the polls on December 12th, they will vote "yes" or "no" on a new constitution now being drafted by a commission whose coördinator is Boris Zolotukhin, a lawyer who defended political prisoners under Soviet rule. The President, for his part, is making sure that Presidential powers are clear and immense. After promising to face the voters in June, Yeltsin has, with little explanation, declared his intention to finish his current term, which runs to 1996. Politics, to say nothing of his health, are not on the side of his endurance. Meanwhile, the government has yet to decide where the new parliament will sit. At the White House, only the façade has been repaired. ♦



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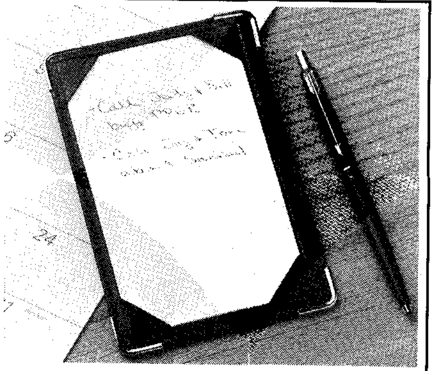

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ORPHANS OF JONESTOWN

Among the people most haunted by the sight of the children leaving the compound near Waco were the surviving sons of Jim Jones. Fifteen years ago, when they left Jonestown to play in a basketball tournament, their father ordered the deaths of everyone they knew and loved, leaving them alone in a society uncomprehending of their experience.

BY LAWRENCE WRIGHT

NOVEMBER 18th marks the fifteenth anniversary of the deaths of Jim Jones and more than nine hundred members of his Peoples Temple, in a place they had carved out of the tropical woodlands of Guyana and christened Jonestown. The self-annihilation of the Peoples Temple was precipitated by the visit to Jonestown, the day before, of Representative Leo J. Ryan, of California; a group of reporters; and a delegation calling itself the Concerned Relatives, which had charged that Jones was holding people against their will in an isolated agricultural colony in the middle of a South American rain forest. Ryan became only the second United States congressman in history to be assassinated. Three reporters and one defector from the Temple were also shot to death that day by Temple loyalists, and ten others were injured in the shootings. Then, at Jim Jones's command, the residents of the colony drank or were injected with cyanide-laced grape Fla-Vor-Aid. There were about two hundred and sixty children in Jonestown, and they were the first to die. Jim Jones and a nurse named Annie Moore were probably among the last, and they died not from the poison but from gunshot wounds. One woman, seventy-six-year-old Hyacinth Thrash, slept through the catastrophe, and awoke the next morning to a sight that was soon to be captured by aerial photographs and broadcast around the world: wave upon wave of corpses, toppled and heaped in a fan-shaped formation around the central pavilion of the settlement, and rapidly decomposing in the tropical heat.

Eighty-four other people survived Jonestown, including three sons of Jim Jones. A handful of those eighty-four escaped into the jungle, but in most cases their lives were spared by accident: they were not at the compound that day. The three sons—Stephan, nineteen; Tim, nineteen; and Jim, Jr., eighteen—were in Georgetown, Guyana's capital city, having played in a basketball tournament there. Life as they knew it was obliterated in the space of an afternoon. "I'm like a man without a country," Stephan said later. "Everybody's gone now." With no home to return to, they confronted instead an aghast and uncomprehending world.

The sons made their way back to San Francisco, where their father's ministry had flourished. Eventually, like most of the other Jonestown survivors, they found jobs, got married, had children. "They have the external components of a normal life," Chris Hatcher, a psychologist who heads the Center for the Study of Trauma at the University of California, San Francisco, said recently of the survivors. But last spring that relative tranquillity was shattered. "They are able to put away their feelings about Jonestown and get on with their lives, until something like Waco comes along." Hatcher said. "Waco brought it all back."

The entire tragedy in Waco, from its obscure origins in America's spiritual outlands to its spectacularly appalling conclusion, seemed haunted and in some sense preordained by the events in Jonestown. Like Jim Jones and the Peoples Temple in Jonestown, David Koresh and the Branch Davidians at Ranch Apocalypse were perceived [illegible] have crossed certain ethical boundaries in the name of religion, and this perception made them seem at once hypocritical and inscrutable. They had chosen a way of life that few of us envied, or even understood. In each case, the leader and his flock proved themselves willing to die rather than compromise the integrity of their community. From the moment the raid on Ranch Apocalypse failed, last

February 28th, until the siege ended in its blazing climax, on April 19th, the likelihood of a Jonestown-like finish to the drama occurred to nearly everyone—except, apparently, the federal agents in charge. And, as with Jonestown, there were stranded survivors from Ranch Apocalypse—including twenty-one children, whom Koresh had sent out shortly before the final calamity. The children ranged in age from five months to twelve years. To most Americans, what made their plight so arresting was the moral ambiguity of the situation: they were aliens in a secular world and, in a sense, they had been abducted by it. They had been taken as pawns from a self-contained community that had chosen to separate itself from society, and this society had proceeded to destroy their home, their families, their ideals, their identities. What would happen to these children? After losing so much, could they create new lives for themselves? What would they do with their memories? For the sons of Jim Jones, the plight of the children of Ranch Apocalypse brought back scenes of their own "liberation." Stephan even thought briefly of offering himself as a kind of interpreter in the standoff between the authorities and the Branch Davidians. "I wrestled with myself over whether to call the F.B.I.," he told me. But he suspected that his advice would not be well received: "Why would anybody listen to the son of a nut?"

Tim, Jim, Jr., and Stephan Jones in San Francisco last month. Above left: Their father in 1976.

AMY ARBUS

For the past fifteen years, Stephan and his brothers have lived in relative anonymity in the Bay Area. They have never wanted to revisit the tragedy of Jonestown in any public way. Yet they agreed to speak about their shared past when I sought them out after the burning of the Waco compound. They, better than anyone else, understood what these children had experienced, and what awaited them in the outside world.

STEPHAN JONES, the only natural son of Jim and Marceline Jones, landed in Georgetown, the capital of the Coöperative Republic of Guyana, in February, 1977, then caught a flight up the coast, on an alarmingly rickety military cargo plane. Through the window he could see the jungle stretching endlessly below him. The only breaks in the canopy were vast rivers that cut through the bush. There were no roads, no towns—no human mark visible in the entire expanse. Finally, the plane bumped down on a gravelly airstrip at a village called Port Kaituma. An advance team of Temple colonists had already cleared a road from Port Kaituma to the settlement, about six miles away, but there was little else to herald the existence of civilization. The airport consisted of the strip and a shed with a dirt floor. Several boats were tied up at a dock on the Kaituma River, which ran along one side of the settlement road, while the Barima River ran along the other. The sounds of Marvin Gaye's "Let's Get It On" drifted across the village from a tiny hut that called itself a night club. Barefoot Indian children ran up to Stephan and looked at him with fascination. Six feet five, with wide cheekbones and his father's fiery eyes, Stephan Jones, at the age of seventeen, was already an imposing figure. For years, he had been trying to break away from the Peoples Temple and his father's influence. Now he had been exiled to what felt like the most remote place on the face of the earth, and charged with building his father's dream: a utopia of "apostolic socialism and racial justice."

Stephan found that there were fewer than fifty colonists in the jungle settlement—part of a 3,824-acre tract that Jones had leased from the government. About half of them were city kids his own age or younger; the rest were tough Midwestern blue-collar workers who knew how to use their hands. Stephan was impressed by how powerful they all looked. The kids were mostly troublemakers in the Temple membership, who had been sent by Jim Jones to Guyana either as punishment or to put them beyond the reach of the law. They were working from before dawn to nearly midnight every day clearing brush, and it was formidable work—especially cutting the hardwoods, which were so dense that they could deflect an iron axehead. They left the fallen trees to dry for months, then ran through in teams of two, one boy carrying kerosene and the other a torch, and set fire to huge swaths of brush. "We howled at the top of our lungs, pouring kerosene and lighting fires," Stephan remembers. "It was quite a romp." Ahead of them would be a rush of wildlife—iguanas, monkeys, lizards. The ruined forest would burn for days, and while it was still smoldering Stephan and two other colonists would come in with bulldozers and push the embers into ravines. They loved to do this work at night: when coals hit the bottom of a ravine there would be an explosion of sparks. The boys would come back with their faces black with soot and their hair singed. In this fashion, they cleared three hundred acres.

The Guyanese odyssey marked the third full-scale relocation of the Peoples Temple in little more than a decade. In 1965, Jim Jones had established a community in a rural area called Redwood Valley, in Northern California. His ministry soon specialized in services that were underwritten by the welfare system—it operated a ranch for mentally handicapped boys, nine convalescent-nursing homes for the elderly, a day-care center, and six homes for foster children—and gained a reputation for providing honest and excellent service in an industry rife with abuse and profiteering. But in 1972, having determined that the remote locale was too confining for his burgeoning social movement, Jones had pulled up stakes and moved the Peoples Temple to San Francisco. There he acquired a former Scottish-rite temple next door to Muhammad's Mosque No. 26 on Geary Boulevard, in the Fillmore district. The pastor maintained an apartment on the second floor of the church, which he could reach by a stairwell beside his pulpit. The San Francisco phase of the Temple's existence was intensely theatrical, sexually bohemian, and full of political self-examination, but so was San Francisco itself. The Bay Area was home to the Black Panthers, the Church of Satan, the Symbionese Liberation Army, to name a few of the more conspicuous of the radical political and religious groups operating there at the time.

But almost as soon as the Peoples Temple was established in its urban home, Jones began casting about for yet another destination, spurred on by sporadic negative publicity about his unorthodox preachings and claims he made of being able to heal the sick, and even raise the dead. He authorized the establishment of an agricultural mission in Guyana, a former British colony on the shoulder of South America. By March 1974, an advance team was there preparing the area dubbed "Jonestown" for Temple settlers, who began arriving in small numbers in June. By the spring of 1977, increasingly fearful of media and government scrutiny, Jones was making plans to uproot his followers en masse for their longest journey yet. He relentlessly pressed the Jonestown colonists to get facilities built as quickly as possible. Using bark, reeds, and native lumber that they milled on the site, they built a handsome and well-planned village. There were sixty cottages, designed to house eight people each; a huge communal kitchen and pantry, and drying sheds for food; an infirmary and drug dispensary; an office; a laundry; five single-sex dormitories, each occupying about a thousand square feet; two large wooden cabins, to house Jones and his mistresses; two long school buildings, with canvas roofs; showers and toilets; a nursery and a preschool; and a radio room, for communicating with Temple headquarters, which remained in San Francisco. In the very center of the settlement was an open-sided pavilion, where people would gather in the evenings. At the entrance to the jungle compound the team erected a sign that said, "Greetings, Peoples Temple Agricultural Project."

Stephan's brothers soon followed him. First came Jones's adopted son Lew, who was of Korean ancestry, and his wife, Terri Carter, who was far advanced in her first pregnancy. (Their baby was the first Temple child born in Guyana.) Lew was the oldest and was known for cool rebelliousness; his younger brothers thought of him as a Korean James Dean. Then came Tim, a curly-haired blond who is a few months older than Stephan; he had joined the Jones household when he was eleven. In July of 1977, Tim brought his wife, a black woman named Sandy Cobb. She, too, was about to have a baby, and the young couple remained in Georgetown until the child was born. Unfortunately, the facilities available there were extremely primitive, and the baby died. Jim, Jr. (Jimmy), a sixteen-year-old black youth, whom Jones had adopted as a baby, arrived at the same time, and his girlfriend, a black woman named Yvette Muldrow, joined him shortly thereafter.

From the start, Tim and Jimmy hated Jonestown. They missed the excitement of San Francisco and the companionship of their schoolmates there. Worse, they arrived to find that Stephan had turned into Tarzan. He was in the bush every day, and his hut was full of snakes—including an anaconda and a couple of emerald tree boas—that he kept as pets. The natives regarded the tree boa as the deadliest creature in the jungle, but Stephan knew that it wasn't poisonous. He liked to walk through the bush with one of the magnificently colored snakes

CIRCLINGS

Father dozes with a book of heroes
open on his lap. Mother stitches
cherubs into the quilt. Outside, a wolf
paces the snow around their tiny house,
thinking in ever tighter circles, thinking
if he, if he could only tell them, if he
could tell them that, despite this unruly hair,
these yellow teeth, he is their son returned.

But he foresees their eyes, widened now
with horror, when he opens his mouth to speak
and all he can do is snarl, whimper, howl,
and the door slams shut and he resumes
his ever tighter circling—no end
it seems to leaving home, to coming home.

—Leonard Nathan

coiled around him. "When the natives saw that, they freaked out," he recalls. "They thought I was some kind of demon."

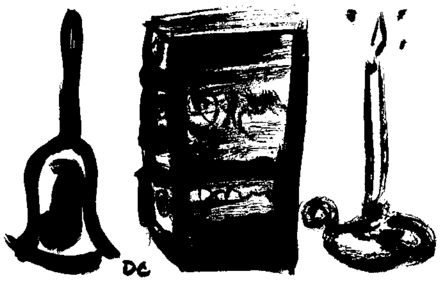
Jones visited the new settlement regularly during the planning and building stages, and he assigned each of his sons a specific responsibility. The jobs he chose for them say much about his understanding of who they were and what their relationship was to him. Jones saw Stephan as a natural leader, like himself, and, perhaps hoping to bring him back into the fold, appointed him an overseer of the Temple's agricultural project. Jones made Jimmy, whom he considered the brightest and most politically astute of his children, the encampment's communications officer. And he put Tim, whom he thought of as intensely loyal and courageous, in charge of his personal security. Jones, who worried obsessively about his own safety, made Tim and Jimmy his top lieutenants on the security squad. In that capacity, they were feared and also envied by others in the Temple. "We were the Gestapo, the élite, and we treated ourselves that way," Jimmy admits. Jones expressed his lack of confidence in his eldest son by giving Lew no real job in the Jonestown hierarchy.

Back in California, a phenomenal disappearing act took place. The exodus began in May of 1977. All over San Francisco and Los Angeles, people vanished without explanation. They left their jobs and their friends from outside the Temple. Spouses who were in the Temple left husbands and wives who were not. Children dropped out of school. Homes for the elderly which were run by the Temple were suddenly emptied of patients and staff. Wealthy members sold their homes and other possessions, or simply left them behind. The Temple's bank accounts were closed and moved overseas—to Trinidad, Panama, and Switzerland, among other places. (The court-appointed receiver for the Temple eventually located about thirteen million dollars in assets.) Nearly a thousand pilgrims boarded Temple buses and travelled across the country to cities on the East Coast, and from there they were flown to Guyana. Hundreds crammed themselves onto a leaky trawler called the Cudjoe, which belonged to the Temple, for the long voyage from Georgetown to the settlement—twenty-four hours in the ocean, which was always rough, and then twelve hours up the Kaituma River to Port Kaituma.

About seventy per cent of those who pulled up stakes and followed Jones were black. Among the many riddles posed by Jonestown, one of the most mystifying was why so many urban blacks would follow a white messiah into the jungle. For some of the elderly members, the dream of living in a black country was ancient and dear: they had embraced Marcus Garvey's Back to Africa movement in the twenties. Close to half the congregation had already made one major migration in their lives, having been born in the South. But, more than anything else, it was the legend of Jim Jones and the Peoples Temple that swayed them. The foundation of his ministry was a promise of racial equality. His followers had grown up in a racist society and suffered economic injustice, and, whether they came from a tenant farm in Mississippi or a cotton mill in Georgia, they had not found redemption in California. Jones made them believe that they could create it themselves—that they could make their own Paradise.

They arrived at a place so remote and undeveloped as to be practically unreachable. Many of their frantic relatives did not even know what continent they were on. Those who tried to get in touch with loved ones who had vanished were discouraged from doing so, but even if they succeeded in being patched through to the radio transmitter in Jonestown they were likely to be greeted with a declaration rather than a conversation. The voices that came out of the jungle were shrill and full of recrimination. Leave us alone, the thin, ghostly voices were saying, although even over the wash of static one could sometimes hear Jones, somewhere nearby, telling them what to say.

One evening in Jonestown, several Temple members sat and listened to Jim Jones talk about his life, and they recorded this event—as they did many of his conversations and sermons—and preserved it in the Temple archives. Although some of those present had been with Jones from the time he began his ministry in Indiana, twenty years earlier, their charismatic leader's youth had theretofore been a puzzle to them. He told them of having been reared in the rural town of Lynn, in eastern Indiana, about seven miles from the Ohio border, and he described himself as a lonely and vengeful child who learned to thrive on the margins of society. "I didn't have any love given to me—I didn't know what the hell love was," he told his followers. His father had been gassed in the First World War and was little more than an invalid. Jones always claimed that his father was in the Ku Klux Klan. "He tried to kill me, you know—threw me off a bridge, trying to drown me," he said. His mother worked in a factory and was rarely home. "I was deeply, deeply alienated as a child. I was considered the trash of the neighborhood." By the time he finished the third grade, he said, "I was ready to kill." Then he encountered the only teacher who took the time to really notice him, a woman named Mrs. Moore. He said that one day, while he was beating the chalk out of Mrs. Moore's erasers, she told him, "If *anybody* can be a leader, you *must* be." But his beloved teacher developed cancer, and when she died Jim was taken to the funeral parlor and held up so he could see her. "When I got down, I was bitter. So bitter that I went into the funeral parlor later, stole a casket from the warehouse and a whole bunch of wreaths, and I put a wreath on the door of every fucker I thought should be dead in the community. . . . Everybody went apeshit. I put one on my own dad's door. But I set the casket up in my room, and I got in it. I wanted to die, I guess." This story, encased as it is in legend and fantasy, tells much about Jones's terror and simultaneous courtship of death. It also reveals the level of anger triggered by his fear of being abandoned. One story the Temple members didn't hear that evening, but which was recounted in "Raven," the exhaustive biography of Jones by Tim Reiterman, with John Jacobs, was of the day young Jones invited a friend over for dinner and then fired a pistol at him (narrowly missing him) when he said he had to go home.



In high school, Jones got a job as an

orderly at Reid Memorial Hospital in Richmond, Indiana. He was a striking young man with an unusually wide mouth and high cheekbones, which he claimed reflected Cherokee blood. His hair was black, his eyes were dark brown, eager, and sincere, and his voice was brassy and full of certainty. His life was already mapped out: he was beginning a career in hospital administration, although he was already spending his spare time preaching on street corners. Because of his air of authority, people often thought he was much older than he actually was.

At Reid, he met Marceline Baldwin, a tall, thin woman with classical features and beautiful eyes. Marceline was four years older than Jones. She came from a solid Methodist family in Richmond, and she was just beginning her nursing career. They married soon after Jones graduated from high school. It didn't take Marceline long to conclude that she had made a mistake. Almost from the beginning, she considered divorcing Jim, because of his dominating and often merciless behavior toward her. What had seemed to be merely sincere in his nature was shown to be dogmatic; what had seemed to be a commendable need to get ahead in life masked a hunger for unlimited power; what had seemed a natural piety disguised a shocking streak of heretical thinking; and what she had interpreted as a touching interest in her thoughts and desires turned out to be an obsessive need to control her. Perhaps Marceline's religious beliefs held her in her marriage. Eventually, children bound her to her husband. But the story of Marceline is also one of victimization and increasing complicity; it is the story of everyone whose life was entwined with Jim Jones's.

JAMES WARREN JONES entered the ministry in 1952. He began as a student pastor in the Methodist Church, but quickly found his calling in Pentecostalism, and established the Peoples Temple in Indianapolis in 1956. He had already become a figure of controversy by integrating his congregation at a time when mixed congregations were practically unknown in America. Thousands of people regularly came to hear him preach his message of racial egalitarianism. The Temple opened a soup kitchen and was soon serving nearly three thousand meals a month; members also provided clothes, canned goods, and rent money to the indigent; they delivered coal to people who couldn't afford to heat their homes. The pastor set an example by wearing only secondhand clothes and refusing to take a salary. He supported himself by doing various odd jobs—the oddest of which was selling South American monkeys door to door.

Jones and Marceline adopted an emotionally damaged child named Agnes, who was part Native American, and three Korean children, Stephanie, Lew, and Suzanne. (Stephanie died in a car wreck when she was five years old. Jones insisted on burying her in the swampy "colored" section of a local cemetery.) Stephan Gandhi Jones was born in June, 1959. Two years later, according to John Hall's fine scholarly work, "Gone from the Promised Land," the Joneses became the first white family in Indianapolis, and perhaps in the state, to adopt a black child. The Joneses called themselves the Rainbow Family. "Integration is a more personal thing with me now," Jones said at the time. "It's a question of my son's future." He underlined his commitment to the cause by naming the child James Warren Jones, Jr.

In 1961, Jones was appointed to head the Indianapolis Human Rights Commission, and he used the post to desegregate restaurants and movie theatres. Legends formed in the Temple around Jones's intransigence: he had walked out of a barbershop with his hair only half cut when a black man was refused service; he had shared his dinner plate with a black man in a whites-only restaurant; he had personally integrated the Negro wing of a hospital by insisting that he be assigned to it when he was a patient. Occasionally, Jones boasted that he was black himself, but there is no evidence in his genealogy to support this claim.

Shortly after Jimmy's first birthday, Jones had a vision of a nuclear blast. A few months later, in the January, 1962, issue of *Esquire*, he read an article listing the safest places to be in the event of a nuclear war. He became obsessed by the prospect of annihilation. He took a leave from his church and moved his family to Belo Horizonte, Brazil, which was on the *Esquire* list. Then, in 1965, Jones relocated his family and his much diminished congregation to the rural Northern California community of Redwood Valley.

Although the Temple's membership was largely poor and black, the ministry's hierarchy was white, well educated, and often from affluent, and even distinguished, families. There were fundamentalists in the congregation, and also Catholics, Jews, and atheists. Some people were attracted to the Temple's community programs, others to Jones's increasingly communalist political philosophy or to his vision of the postnuclear world, in which the ideals of the Peoples Temple would replace corrupt, racist, oppressive societies that were doomed to destroy themselves. Many came to Jones to be healed of their afflictions, and of-

"Oh, hang on a sec—he's just coming in."

"Do you have any bedtime stories that aren't about the former Yugoslavia?"

ten he cured people who didn't even know they were ill. But a large part of Jones's attraction had little to do with either religion or politics: it was the riveting spectacle of his outlandish performance. Jones's method was intensely personal. He was not a rabble-rouser. Like a ward boss, he amassed detailed knowledge of his constituents. He also established a network of spies, and they would report back to him on the thinking and the behavior of members or members' spouses or parents. If Jones felt that someone was resisting his authority, the institutional reach of the Temple could be extended to that single individual. "The gift," as Jones's seemingly miraculous powers of healing and discernment were called, served as both a literal and a symbolic reinforcement of his absolute power. Stephan, for instance, was often awed by the intensity of the healings, even though, on occasion, he recognized Temple members in disguise being rolled in to the services in wheelchairs and later made to walk at his father's command.

Jones would also call out the names of people in the audience and then reveal details of their lives which seemed to come out of nowhere. A newcomer to the Temple might be curious or impressed, but imagine her amazement when her own name was called. Even though Jones had never met her, he was suddenly speaking as if he knew everything about her. The newcomer might recall that she had consented to an interview with staff members on her way in, and would be momentarily confirmed. But then there were other details—the dinner she had eaten the night before, the heart condition she suffered from, a secret taste for pornography—which she hadn't spoken about. What she didn't know was that while she was sitting in the service listening to the singing and the sermon, Temple members were reducing her interview to three-by-five cards for Jones, and that if she had disclosed that she lived alone or that she had brought her family to the Temple with her, people from the Temple's inner circle had rummaged through her garbage or broken into her house, searched through the refrigerator and the medicine cabinet, read her mail, and then rushed back to the Temple with new information for additional cards that would be passed to Jones.

The ticket of admission into the Temple's inner circle was participation in a healing, which would make one party to the fraud. At the end of the service, Jones would sometimes display stigmata on his hands, but the blood streaming from them would have been drawn from his lieutenants: they were the ones who had to create the miraculous illusion. Once exposed to the fraud, and made a part of it, they were bound to Jones in a way that was far more profound than that of a member who simply believed he had been healed. By their actions, the people in the inner circle had shown Jones and themselves that they accepted a central tenet of the Temple, which was that the end justified the means.

IN Redwood Valley in 1969, a woman named Rita Tupper, who was married and had seven children, joined the Peoples Temple. She was an uneducated woman from the Midwestern farmlands who found a sense of structure and direction and support in the Temple which had been lacking in her life until then. Her son Tim became fast friends with Stephan. Tim was a big blond kid, tall and skinny, with a knotted chin and deep-set blue eyes under brows that turned red in the sun. Where Stephan was sullen, Tim was outgoing and talkative. Rita and her husband divorced soon thereafter, and she took her three daughters with her. Two of the couple's four boys stayed with their father, but Tim, although he described himself as "a real daddy's boy," decided to cast his lot with his mother. That meant becoming a part of the Temple, which his father despised. Within months of the divorce, Tim, then aged eleven, had moved in with the Jones family.

Jim and Marceline officially adopted Tim just before he went to Jonestown, six years later, but he had begun calling himself Tim Jones long before that. Jones himself encouraged the boy to turn his back on his mother and his sisters. It was a common practice in the Temple to break up family units. The personal lives of Temple members were controlled by a group called the Planning Commission, which was orchestrated by Jones. The philosophy that governed this practice was that everything was to be held as common property—even children, even one's own body.

Another recruit during the Redwood Valley years was Tim Stoen, a Stanford law graduate and an assistant district attorney for Mendocino County. Stoen joined the Temple because of its social commitment and its atmosphere of racial harmony. When he married, he brought in his wife, an attractive and buoyant young woman named Grace. They became pillars of the Temple and, eventually, helped to destroy it. Another significant convert was a woman named Carolyn Moore Layton, who was the daughter of an activist Methodist minister.

Marceline had recently undergone an operation on her back, fusing several vertebrae, and while she was bedridden and in traction Jones announced to the congregation that the doctor had told him she would never have sex again. He was about to explode with desire, he confided from the pulpit; he was just going to have to "fuck somebody or die." It wasn't surprising that the somebody he had in mind was Carolyn: she was the very image of a young Marceline.

Jones desperately wanted Carolyn to move in with his family. In front of his children, he constantly praised Carolyn's beauty and intelligence, but he worried that Stephan, who was the closest to Marceline of all the children, would be hard to win over. One evening, he drove his son over to Potter Valley, where Carolyn lived in a little cabin. These events probably occurred in 1969, so Stephan would have been nine or ten. When bedtime came, Carolyn made up the living-room couch for Stephan, and then she and Jones went into her bedroom. "I was sitting there, hugging the pillow, listening to them make love," Stephan recalls. He was too young to understand exactly what was happening, but he knew enough to realize that whatever was going on was a betrayal of his mother. In the midst of the sounds of sexual passion, Carolyn began to sing.

Stephan could not believe that his father would be so cruel as to tell his mother about the relationship with Carolyn. But shortly afterward Marceline tearfully confided that she knew about Jim's affair—he had told her all about it. To prove it to Stephan, she told him about Carolyn's singing. This detail penetrated Stephan's armor as nothing else had. The fact that his father had actually revealed his affair to Marceline suddenly seemed a much crueller betrayal than the infidelity itself. "From then on, I became my father's enemy," Stephan recalls.

Jones was strict about the sexual behavior of Temple members, but his own infidelities were well known, and his followers made allowances, because their leader's alleged psychic gifts so charged him with sexual energy that he was constantly in need of release. He claimed to masturbate thirty times a day. Carolyn Layton served as Jones's procurer as well as his lover, telling designated partners of his unbearable sexual burden. He also dictated the relationships between Temple members; sex was too important and too powerful to be left to individual choice. Jones chastised his followers by saying that they were denying homosexual longings and that he was the only true heterosexual; he even called his son Lew up in front of the general congregation and said that the boy was a homosexual and wouldn't admit it. Yet Jones himself was known to be bisexual.

Many times, Stephan stumbled upon his father when he was engaged in a sexual liaison with a Temple member in the apartment above the church in San Francisco, or in the back of one of the Temple buses. What struck him as odd was that his father's partners, whether female or male, were always white. He became distraught one day when he thought he saw his own girlfriend in his father's bed. "I made the mistake of telling Jimmy about it, and he went straight to Dad," he recalls. Later, Jones confronted Stephan. "What's this I hear—that you think I was with your girlfriend?" he demanded. Stephan cast a furious look at his brother. "Jimmy always had this way of getting behind Dad, where Dad couldn't see him," he says. "He was making a taunting motion at me—just trying to egg me on. I ended up going after Jimmy. Dad was ordering me to stop, and I was ignoring him, so then it became a disciplinary issue. He said, 'You'll be up on the floor.' I said, 'Fine!' "

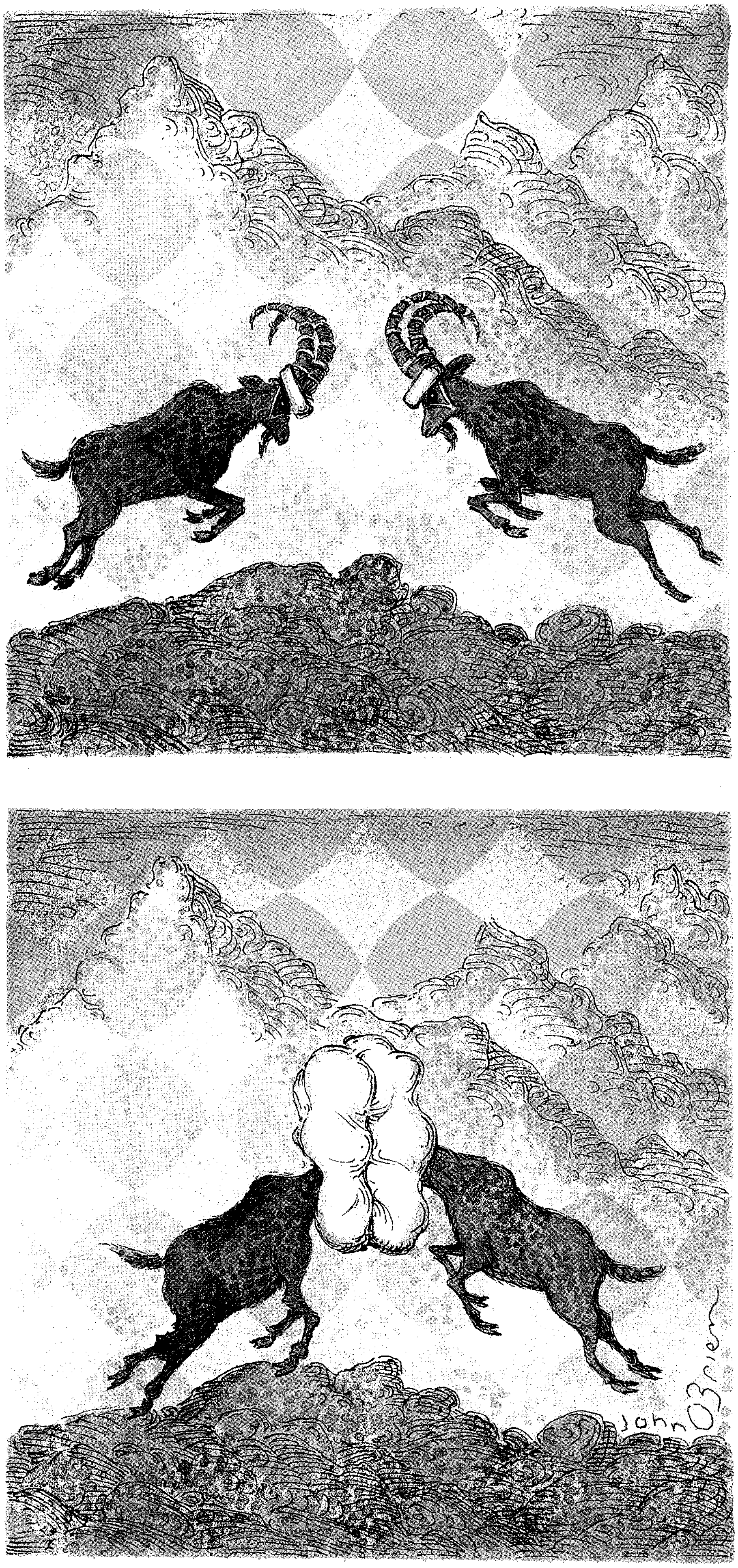
Punishments in the Temple were devised for instruction and intimidation and carried out on the stage of the church. To affect indifference, as Stephan had done, was to challenge the authority of the system. The more radical forms of discipline included boxing matches in which a wayward member was pitted against a much stronger opponent. Few offered more than a nominal defense before allowing themselves to be beaten into semi-consciousness. The most common form of punishment was spanking. At Wednesday night "catharsis sessions," members would be subjected to criticism, and not only children but adults would line up to take their swats from a three-foot paddle wielded by a muscular two-hundred-and-fifty-pound woman named Ruby Carroll. Minor offenders might get five or six blows, but some floggings lasted as long as half an hour. The Jones boys were not exempt from catharsis; in fact, Jones liked to make an example of them. Usually, a microphone was held up to the lips of the offender as he was being spanked, so that his cries were amplified. Stephan, however, was always silent; he would not give his father the satisfaction of expressing his pain. At the end, though, he was made to say, as everyone did, "Thank you, Father."

IN 1972, when Jones moved the Temple headquarters to San Francisco, he set about endearing himself to the city's power structure by harnessing the energies of his followers to work for election campaigns, to demonstrate for political causes, and to do mass mailings overnight. In return, he was courted by San Francisco's power brokers. Jones made sure that his sons were present when the mighty came to pay tribute. State Assemblyman Willie Brown, one of the most powerful black politicians in the state, Mayor George Moscone, Governor Jerry Brown, Jane Fonda, Angela Davis, Daniel Ellsberg—all came to visit, and all helped to validate Jones in the eyes of his followers. In 1976, at a rally to open the San Francisco Democratic Party Presidential-campaign headquarters, Jones shared the podium with Rosalynn Carter. He also provided the crowd: six hundred of the nearly eight hundred people who attended were Temple members. The next month, Mayor Moscone appointed him to the city's housing authority and made sure that he became its chairman. Jones had been in San Francisco just four years.

The sons could see what their father was creating, and they were already beginning to contend for power themselves. On one occasion, Jimmy and Tim drew up a plan to divide the spoils: Stephan would take Redwood Valley, Lew would get San Francisco, and Tim and Jimmy would split Seattle and Los Angeles, where the Peoples Temple had also made inroads. Jimmy was already a promising preacher, for he had a deep, beautiful voice (though he stuttered when he got nervous). His father had made a point of taking him to see the movie "Marjoe," which is about a boy evangelist, so that Jimmy could copy Marjoe's preaching style. "I was pretty good," Jimmy recalls. "I would have little old ladies crying."

The climax of Jimmy's standard sermon was a story about the time his father raised him from the dead. When he was seven years old, the family had been driving down a highway, and their station wagon was hit by a drunk driver's car. Jimmy was badly injured and spent three months in the hospital, but, according to the family legend, he was actually killed in the accident. It was said that Jones carried the child to the side of the road and prayed over him, and suddenly Jimmy's soul jumped back into his body. In Jimmy's mind, his father had saved him twice—once from life in the orphanage and then from death itself. "I would say, 'I shouldn't be here tonight. I want to relate a little story to you about the power of Jesus Christ, who is here with us today.' I would really get into it. 'I remember back on a lonely night in November, my father was taking us to a bowling match. A lone drunk driver hit us. That's all I remember, because the next thing I knew, I was lying on the side of the road.' I believed it so much I would really get teary-eyed."

In the summer of 1972, an event occurred during a church picnic in Red-



"He's no longer voice-activated."

wood Valley that seemed to justify that faith. As Stephan, Tim, and Jimmy were playing basketball in the twilight, they heard what sounded like a bass drum being struck. They looked over and saw their father lying on the ground, clutching his shirt, which was covered with blood. While some church members helped their wounded pastor into his house, others raced around looking for the gunman. An hour later, Jones walked out of the house under his own power. He had healed himself, he claimed. There was no evidence of a wound, but he held up the bloody shirt and pointed to the hole the bullet had left. Later, the shirt was framed and became a relic of the Temple, testifying to Jones's divine power. On another occasion, he said, "Calm down—I've been shot in the head, but I'm all right. I dematerialized the bullets."

Stephan also trusted in his father's greatness and yearned for his approval. "There was a tenderness about him that was unique for men his age," Stephan says. Sometimes Jones would pull Stephan aside and tell him that the two of them were special in the universe, and that Stephan would inherit his psychic gifts, because their genes were so closely linked. Despite his growing disaffection with his father, Stephan still wanted to believe that.

IT'S interesting to speculate, as his sons have, about what Jim Jones might have become if he had lived. He would have been sixty-two this year and, presumably, at the height of his power and influence. One suspects that in today's religion supermarket Jones's knack for self-promotion would at least equal that of America's prominent televangelists. One can imagine him as a left-wing equivalent of Jerry Falwell or Pat Robertson, although, given the secretive nature of his organization, he might have had more in common with Sun Myung Moon or Louis Farrakhan. The collapse of the socialist ideal in much of the world would probably have devalued Jones's political philosophy. At the same time, one of his core themes—racial unity—would, unfortunately, make him still a solitary figure in the evangelical landscape. The great might-have-been of Jones's unlived future is whether he would have brought healing to the racially divided cities of America. It was that noble dream, however, which blinded Temple followers to obvious signs of internal decay, both in their pastor and in his movement. One such sign was Jones's hypochondria. Jones had a chronic prostate condition, but he also imagined himself to be the victim of a host of other illnesses, and in the early seventies he began a course of self-medication that included painkillers, barbiturates, and amphetamines. The drugs accentuated his inclination toward paranoia and self-aggrandizement. Stephan remembers a confrontation between Marceline and Jim Jones, in which she flushed his supply of drugs down the toilet. Jimmy, looking back, regards the early seventies as the turning point in his father's ministry and in the fate of the Peoples Temple. "At first, it was 'If you need a god to believe in, believe in me,'" Jimmy says. "But then, around 1973 or '74, he started saying, 'I am God.'"

The Temple began to suffer its first notable defections during this period. "My father never dealt with separation well. He looked upon it as failure, and he couldn't accept failure," Jimmy says. "It was very scary. At that point in my life, when I was twelve years old, here were people doubting my father, a person I thought—excuse me for saying it—walked on water."

Jim Jones's anger over the defections of eight members in 1973 gave rise to an urge that seems completely at odds with his obsession with illness and death—the path of mass suicide. Perhaps he felt that he could master his fear of death if he could somehow stage it; and by enlisting everyone else in the plan, he might make his own death less lonely. As Jeannie Mills, a former Temple member, recounted in her book, "Six Years with God," he broached the idea of suicide in an emergency Planning Commission meeting. "This might be the time for all of us to make our translation together," he said. He proposed that everyone who was present swallow poison at that moment. They would all be reunited on another planet, he promised. A few members balked, and that seemed to surprise Jones. He wrote down their names and portentously read them aloud. They were people who couldn't be trusted, he said, but then he apparently dropped the subject.

When Stephan was an adolescent, his confusion over his father's behavior led him on more than one occasion to what appear to have been halfhearted suicide attempts—although Stephan says he never really intended to die. Once, he took a handful of quaaludes, and then he told Tim what he had done. He was rushed to Moffitt Hospital in San Francisco. The near-fatal episode had a pleasing result: many people gave him attention—most particularly, his father. Jones suddenly warmed up and treated Stephan with cautious respect, although that didn't last long.

It had become increasingly difficult for Stephan to get his father's attention. "It was a strange relationship," Stephan says. "I still wanted his approval. I wanted his time. I wanted to love him. I always felt he loved me—I felt that, if nothing else, he was proud of me. But I fought him. And it wasn't out of any bravery or enlightenment—it was just that, one, I saw things that other people didn't see, and, two, I could get away with it. I was his son." Jones sometimes wrote off Stephan's rebellion as a natural stage of adolescence, but at other times he would accuse Stephan of being an enemy of socialism. "If you rebelled against Jim Jones, you had to be bourgeois," Stephan says.

Jones fathered one and perhaps two other sons during the seventies. One was by Carolyn Layton, who mysteriously disappeared from the church for several months. Jones explained her absence in part by saying that she "was negotiating the purchase of an atomic bomb for us." When she returned, she had a baby boy—"Carolyn's little cousin," Jones explained to the congregation, although he had previously admitted to members of the Planning Commission that the child was Carolyn's and that he was the father. They named the boy Kimo (Hawaiian for "Jim"). The other child, John Victor, was born to Grace Stoen. In February, 1972, almost two weeks after the birth of the boy, Tim Stoen signed an extraordinary document. It later became the centerpiece of a custody battle, which led to the confrontation in Jonestown. "I, Timothy Oliver Stoen, hereby acknowledge that in April 1971, I entreated my beloved pastor, James W. Jones, to sire a child by my wife, Grace Lucy (Grech) Stoen, who had previously, at my insistence, reluctantly but graciously consented thereto. James W. Jones agreed to do so, reluctantly, after I explained that I very much wished to raise a child, but was unable, after extensive attempts, to sire one myself. My reason for requesting James W. Jones to do this is that I wanted my child to be fathered, if not by me, by the most compassionate, honest, and courageous human being the world contains." The document was witnessed by Marceline Jones.

On one occasion in 1976, Jones surprised the Planning Commission by suspending a Temple prohibition against drinking and ordering that everyone take a glass of wine. Even the teetotallers soon relaxed and began to enjoy themselves and the mood in the church turned festive. Then Jones declared that the wine contained poison and that they would all be dead within forty-five minutes. Reiterman and Jacobs, in "Raven," write that Jones told his inner circle that he would shortly detonate a nuclear bomb that was sitting in a van outside and exterminate the Temple and all of San Francisco in an apocalyptic flash. Later, when Jones told this group that there wasn't really any poison in the wine, it was understood that he had been testing their level of commitment to the Temple. A threshold had been crossed. They were ready to die together.

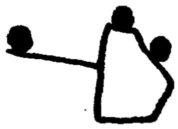
On the Fourth of July weekend of 1976, Grace Stoen and another Temple member fled. Soon, she had second thoughts about leaving her son behind. She called Jones and begged to see her child again. At first, Jones was reluctant. He regarded the child, whom everyone called John-John, as something like a reincarnation of himself, and as the future leader of the Peoples Temple. "He belongs to the world," Jones said when Grace called. "You can see it more and more every day. John isn't a dependent type of personality. That's what leaders are made of." He finally consented to let her visit her son, once, in Los Angeles. Soon after that, convinced that Grace was going to initiate legal action to gain custody of the boy, then four years old, he spirited him off to Jonestown.

In February, 1977, Tim Stoen resigned from his job (by this time he had left his position with Mendocino County and was working for the San Francisco district attorney's office) and went to Jonestown, presumably to act as John-John's guardian in the forthcoming legal battle. But Jones no longer trusted Stoen, and he wanted Stephan there to keep an eye on him. He was also hoping to control his defiant son. Stephan was reluctant to go. With his mother's help, Stephan had got an apartment of his own; he also had a job parking cars in Chinatown. "He came to me, very upset," Stephan says of his confrontation with his father. "He was concerned about the appearance of losing me. Somehow, he worked his way around to asking me to make a trip to Jonestown." Stephan refused. "I had the feeling that if I went I might be kept down there." Jones thereupon lobbied Marceline, the one person Stephan would listen to. "Mom said, 'I'm not going to make him go down there,' but eventually she agreed to talk to me about it if Dad agreed not to keep me down there. So I made the trip, and, of course, he kept me down there."

The tragedy of Jonestown grew out of the conflict between the followers of Jim Jones and the people they left behind in California. The fears of the relatives were enlarged by the accounts of defectors like Grace Stoen, who devoted themselves as intensely to fighting Jim Jones as they once had to following him. Worried family members banded together in 1977, calling themselves the Concerned Relatives, and some made it clear that they intended to rescue their loved ones at any cost—apparently even considering kidnapping, or hiring mercenaries. And although much of what happened was a manifestation of Jones's paranoiac imagination, the group did pose a threat to the jungle community. Its embattled residents, however, eventually lost their capacity to separate fantasy from reality, and the outsiders suffered from a similar predicament: Temple members issued threats that any interference in Jonestown would trigger a mass suicide, but such statements were simply too far-fetched to be believed.

So concerned was Jones about what he saw as complacency among his followers that he whipped them into a state of near-hysteria by describing an impending "invasion" by the Guyana Defense Force and mercenaries backed by members' relatives. And, on September 5, 1977, he staged an incident that sent the village into a paroxysm of terror.

Walking toward the center of Jonestown, Stephan and a friend heard a gunshot from the direction of Jones's cabin. When they reached Jones, who was unharmed but apparently in shock, he claimed that enemies were sniping at him through the window. Stephan promptly armed himself and went into the jungle shooting, but he found no evidence of gunmen. When he returned, Jones designated him head of security and ordered him and others to stand guard around his cabin and the Jonestown perimeter.



The next day, an American attorney appeared in Jonestown, representing Grace Stoen. Her ongoing battle for John-John gave additional legitimacy to the cause of the Concerned Relatives, who would soon take their campaign to the courts and to Congress. The attorney, Jeffrey Haas, had secured an order from the Guyana Supreme Court, in Georgetown, directing Jones to produce John-John in court two days later and to show cause why the boy should not be returned to his mother's custody. With a Guyanese marshal, Haas had flown to Port Kaituma, and from there they rode into Jonestown in a four-wheel-drive vehicle, intending to serve the order on Jones personally. Hundreds of hostile faces greeted them. Maria Katsaris, a young woman who looked after John-John, and who was one of Jones's concubines, told Haas that Jones was out on the river and had been gone for several days. Haas had to return to Georgetown, and the judge there then declared that the order could be served by posting it in several locations in Jonestown.

"Alert! Alert! Alert!" Jones cried into the P.A. system the day after Haas's visit. He announced that Jonestown was about to be invaded. The security team ran through the fields, rounding up the members. People gathered at the pavilion. The "enemy" was already in the jungle outside the perimeter, Jones warned. He wanted every man and woman to defend the camp. He instructed them to smear their faces with mud, and to take whatever could serve as weapons—guns, knives, pitchforks, cutlasses, crossbows—and surround the compound, facing out into the jungle. Any Temple member attempting to escape would be shot. All night long, the people stood guard. Stephan was sent to guard the one road into the town. We don't stand a chance, he remembers thinking as he hid behind a barricade of tires and a trailer. He was scared to death. So was Tim, who was lying in the mud behind a log and was holding a shotgun.

Most frightened of all, though, was Jimmy. He and a friend, Johnny Cobb, had been assigned the task of carrying a crate of gold and American money into the jungle and hiding it. They were the designated survivors. They went around the defense perimeter saying goodbye to everyone. Then they walked deep into the jungle, hid the crate, and cried all night.

Sometime in the middle of the night, Jim Jones decided to take a group of people to Port Kaituma and board the Cudjoe for Cuba. One of those he selected for the journey brought along a tape recorder, in order to capture Jones's words in this historic moment. On the tape one can hear the lapping water and the sound of oars: apparently, Jones is trying to slip downriver without starting the trawler's engines, and yet he is speaking in full voice and swearing furiously as he explains his abrupt changes of heart. "I might have escaped, but the rivers are blocked to the rest of my people," he says shortly after the boat has got under way. "My God, if they won't let us all go, then none of us will go."

There is a cheer and the sound of a puppy barking, then the sound of a woman's voice shushing a child. "John-John, listen!" she says.

"The rivers are blocked to the rest of us!" Jones goes on. "The oceans are blocked to the rest of us! But our goddam land—we fought to build it, so we'll fight to die for it!" Jones turned back to Jonestown.

After Jones had returned to land, the frenzy continued. Later, while Stephan was in the shower, he heard gunshots. A friend of his, Mark Cordell, came running in to get him, carrying a shotgun and shouting, "They're shooting at Dad! I saw the bullets hit!" Stephan still had shampoo in his hair, but he charged out, barefoot, with a semi-automatic hunting rifle, and pulled on his pants as he ran. Mark was right behind him, and both of them sprayed the jungle with gunfire.

Haas returned the next day on a Guyana Defense Force plane, having brought with him several copies of the court order. Jones was hiding in the jungle with John-John and the gold. The marshal proceeded to post the copies, but as he did so Stephan ripped them down. The next day, the judge ordered that John-John be taken into the court's custody and that Jones appear in court to show cause why he should not be held in contempt for disregarding the previous order. Jones responded to this challenge by proclaiming, once again, that it was better for the community to die en masse than to be ruptured by the outside world.

That day, Jones talked via radio with Marceline, who was still living in San Francisco. "As you know, there's been an order for my arrest," he told her (although apparently no such order had been issued and no action was ever taken to seize him or John-John). "People are conspiring. We are going to have to make a stand. We are prepared to die. Do you copy?"

"Roger. Roger," said Marceline. "But can I say just one thing? Give us time to let us work something out." She began sobbing when she realized that Jones was serious.

"If you don't get control of your emotions, you can destroy the greatest decision in history," Jones said sternly.

Later, he let Jimmy and Stephan talk to their mother.

"Hello, Ma, this is Jimmy. I want to die," he told her.

"Jimmy, it was not too bad a few days ago," his mother said, crying again. "If you and your dad could kind of hang on there—the other's so final, Jimmy."

Then Stephan spoke to her. "Mom, don't get too emotional. Dad loves all of you there. We're the ones standing here, and he's holding up. He's trying as hard as possible, and you don't have to worry about me, because, as I've told you before, all I've ever done in my eighteen years is to anticipate what would happen—and I know this is the way I want it."

Marceline set to work to try to block the awful progress of Jones's fanatical logic. As it happened, the Deputy Prime Minister of Guyana, Ptolemy Reid, was travelling in the United States, and Marceline sought to track him down in order to gain assurances that the Guyanese government would not invade Jonestown. In the meantime, she kept her husband engaged in a dialogue, hoping that he would talk himself out of his belief that the loss of a single member would destroy the entire colony.

"I related to Grace, and out of that came a son," Jones said, as much to his followers as to his wife—for the entire conversation was being broadcast on loudspeakers in the village. "That's part of the deal. The way to get to Jim Jones is through his son. They think that will suck me back or cause me to die before I'll give him up. And that's what we'll do—we'll die." In Jonestown, there was a great cheer.

"I know all about the beautiful child-god, and I know why he was conceived, and I was very much involved with it," Marceline responded. "I know the pain that you've suffered, and, as painful as it would be for me not to see any of you again, I would not ask you to change your stand." Even as she said this, Marceline and a few Temple members in San Francisco were rounding up supporters to give heart to the colonists and buy additional time. Finally, Marceline got assurances from Deputy Prime Minister Reid that the Guyanese Defense Force would not invade Jonestown or arrest Jones. At last, the crisis subsided. Marceline rushed to Jonestown, hoping to get the situation more under control.

Jones proclaimed victory. He had faced down the Guyanese government; Haas had gone back to the United States empty-handed; and Jones's followers had demonstrated solidarity in the use of the one tactic that could keep their enemies off balance—the threat of mass suicide. "We want the world to know that we will exist together or we shall die together. Those terms must never be sacrificed, those terms must never be altered," Jones said after what came to be called the Six-Day Siege.

EACH of the sons of Jim Jones had a moment of revelation, when the truth of his situation was made so starkly evident that there was no way to avoid it. For Stephan, that moment came when his mother confided that she knew about Carolyn's song. Still, he had been willing to believe that Jonestown was under a threat from the C.I.A. or mercenary forces, as his father contended. He was still piecing together what had happened during the Six-Day Siege. Curious about where the shots at his father had come from, he examined the bullet marks in the muddy soil. When he calculated the trajectory, he realized that the shots must have come from very nearby, and not well out in the bush, as his father had contended. It was beginning to look to him as if the entire crisis might have been merely an elaborate game of his father's. He was out in the jungle every day, but he never found any evidence that government troops had surrounded them. Finally, his sixteen-year-old friend Vincent Lopez whispered a secret: he had seen who had shot at Father; it had been Jimmy.

Vincent was worried because Jimmy had seen him, too, and, as he suspected, Jimmy told his father. Jones moved quickly to marginalize Vincent and frighten him into silence. "They did everything they could to break the kid," Stephan says. "I loved this kid with all my heart, and I loved his rebellion. I loved his spirit and how they could never break it."

One punishment Jones used in Guyana was to make people chew hot peppers. "I think you can imagine what the tropics are capable of creating in the way of a pepper," Stephan says. Jones ordered Vincent to eat one. Stephan stood in the background—"gritting my teeth," he recalls, "and once again thinking that at least Vincent won't be killed by this, won't be maimed by this, we can make it right later." Eventually, Stephan came to call this kind of thinking "Temple logic"—that is, deciding to do nothing, on the ground that the situation was at least manageable. He told himself that he must save his counteractions for the really critical situations. "Vincent started to gag, and I knew he was going to throw this pepper up," Stephan says. "And I knew what that would mean—he would either just get another pepper and have to start all over or have some other form of punishment. So I jumped up and caught his vomit in my hand and held it there." Vincent looked at Stephan, and then ate the vomit out of his hand. "He later thanked me for that," Stephan says.

"There was always that urge to reconcile with my father. I still wanted his approval," Stephan continues. After Vincent's revelation, however, and the awful punishment, Stephan confronted the true source of his misery. "More and more, I was feeling justified in my stand against my father. I was no longer resentful of every human being."

Stephan's rebellion was soon obvious to everyone in the Temple, even though he tried to hide it. "I don't know why he hates me," Jones lamented to the congregation. "He's bigger than I am. He's better-looking than I am. I don't know why it bothers him that I can fuck better." The fact is, however, that his father's flamboyant sexual needs had completely squelched Stephan's own sexuality. "I got

EXIT
CRAWFORD

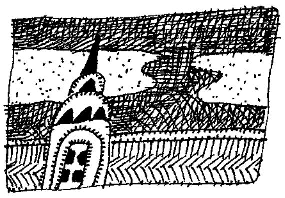
"I'm David and I'm a bean-counter."

sick and tired of every relationship being connected to and springing from his sexuality," he says. "I was extremely insecure in that area."

Jones would sit for hours in his cabin reading the news over the public-address system. At other times, he would lapse into a fugue in which, in a past life, he was Lenin fighting off the Trotskyites. Once, he was so far out of control that Carolyn Layton called Stephan to come and subdue him. Stephan recalls that he enjoyed the opportunity to knock his father around the room until he finally gave up the act.

One evening, Jones, in his Lenin role, ran off into the jungle, taking Stephan with him. It was Stephan's territory, a place that Jones himself feared and avoided, so this action can be seen as a madcap attempt to bridge the distance between them. "Somewhere, buried in his disturbed mind, was the loss of his son," Stephan now says. At the time, though, he was implacable. When they came to a swamp, he says, "I just let him walk right into it, relishing every moment. And as he sank down toward his knees and then was fast going toward his hips, he suddenly snapped out of it and asked me for help." Jones was completely trapped and helpless. Stephan could have left him there, to sink out of his life, but he pulled him up. "If anything kept me in check, it was the love for the father I had already lost," he says.

In December, the only person who might have been able to influence Jim Jones died. Lynetta Jones, his seventy-eight-year-old mother, had arrived from Georgetown by boat some months earlier. Because she was weakened by emphysema, the sea and river voyage to Port Kaituma nearly killed her. Lynetta was a peculiar woman—intelligent, ambitious, hard-bitten, but also mystical and romantic. She had determined that she would have one perfect child, a brown-eyed boy. Though she apparently parcelled out more attention than love to her son, and little enough of both in his early years, as he grew older she became the chronicler of the legend of "little Jimba": a boy apostle with a million pets, who wandered the roadsides on his tricycle rescuing abandoned dogs and kittens, taking in hoboes, and instructing his peers in backyard church services. In Jonestown, Lynetta was too ill to walk, so she lay in her bunk, staring out the window and begging Stephan for stories of his adventures in "the woods." Finally, he decided that she would have to experience the jungle, even if it killed her. He picked her up and carried her in his arms two miles into the bush, to a special place. "I saw her cry for the first time," he recalls. "She died three days later."



For the citizens of Jonestown, already shell-shocked by the ceaseless turmoil since their arrival, this was an ominous event. Hope began to drain out of the settlement. Nothing made this change more apparent than a change in Jones himself. He began an abrupt decline. His prostate problem was aggravated by the diet of pills he was ingesting for other problems, both real and imagined. His doctor diagnosed a fungal disease in his lungs, progressive coccidioidomycosis. Between 1977 and 1978, he lost thirty pounds. Taking amphetamines and Percodan alternately, he rocked in and out of reality. Injections of antidepressants such as Elavil left his mouth dry, and he developed a habit of constantly licking his lips. (Jimmy believes that his father may also have been injecting heroin during this period.)

Stephan thought constantly about killing his father. He again invokes his love for the father he lost, and says that it kept him from acting. "That, and fear of how the people in Jonestown would respond." The only person he trusted with his inner thoughts was his mother, and she still held on to the hope that her husband would regain his sanity. Perhaps, she suggested to Stephan, she could even persuade Jones to give up the drugs he was taking in ever increasing quantities. "Mom, you gotta get this in context," he argued. "You're talking about going to God and telling him he's a drug addict?" The truth was that Stephan regarded the drugs as his ally: soon enough, they were bound to kill his father, and then he would be free.

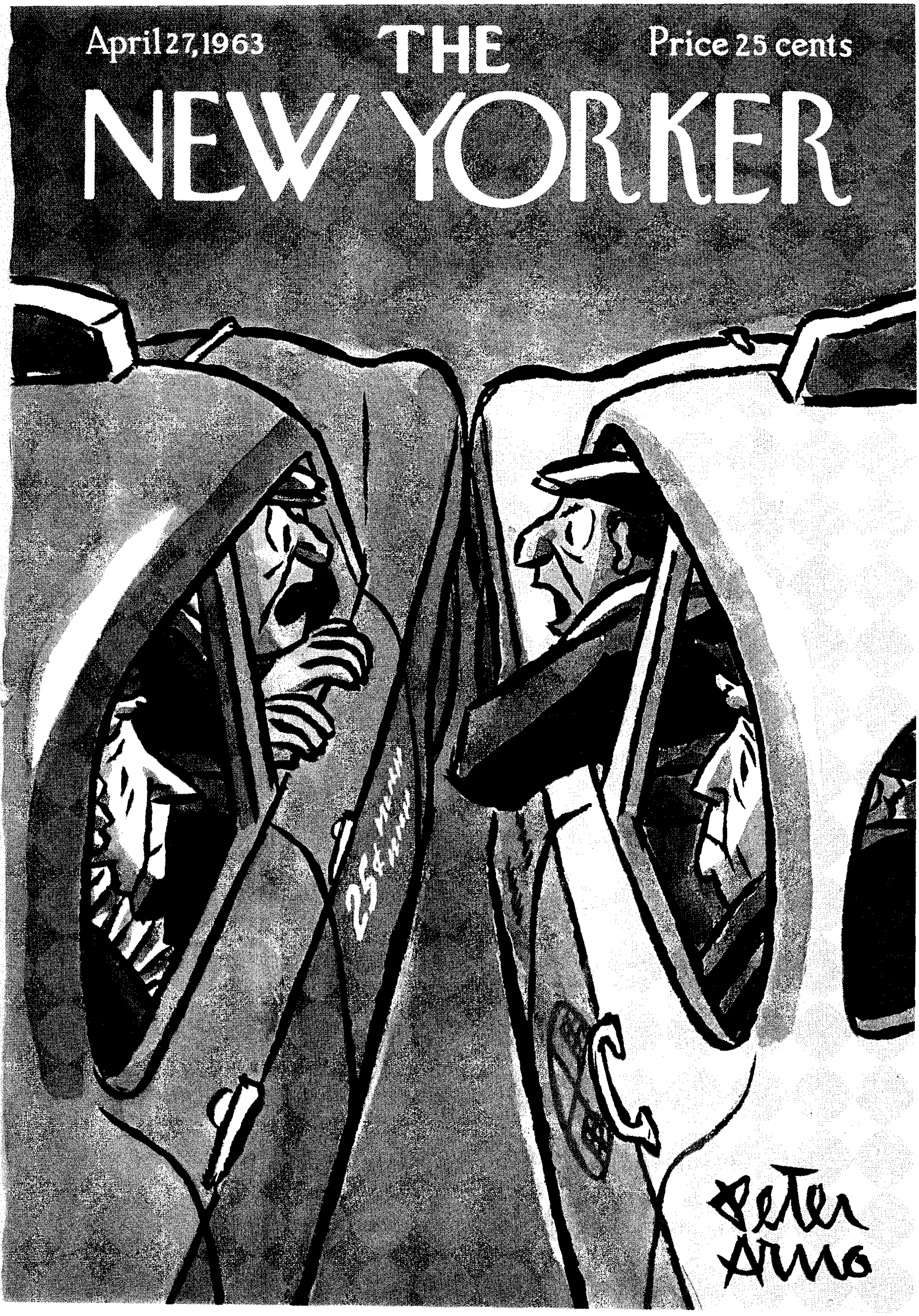
TIM'S job was to protect his father, but in practice he spent his time tending to Jones's nocturnal whims and fetching people whom he wanted to talk to. "A squire—I was like a squire," he says. He had learned to suspend judgment and not ask questions. "Tim had sworn an oath to my father," Stephan says. "I equate it with a military oath. The guy said, 'Look, I'm in. You're my *leader*. And with that I sacrifice some of my own thought processes and defer to you.' " Given Tim's loyalty to Jones, he and Stephan were bound to become antagonists. Once, Tim searched Stephan's gear, and discovered his passport and a secret bank account that Marceline had established for him, in case he should ever flee. That didn't surprise Tim; he expected her to favor Stephan. He dutifully turned the material over to Jones.

A former girlfriend of Tim's, Shanda James, was in Jonestown. Shanda was nineteen. She was pretty and joyful, and Tim still cared about her. Like many of the women in the Temple, she became an object of interest to Jones, even though, unlike his other lovers, she was black. Jones asked her to his cabin, ostensibly to counsel her for "suicidal tendencies" (a condition he frequently diagnosed). Anyone who was nearby could hear them making love; certainly Tim did. He vented his anger to Stephan. "That bitch—she's making Dad fuck her," Tim complained.

Stephan understood Tim's logic. "My father was capable of doing no wrong, so if something was inconsistent or wrong or rubbed against your grain—you focussed your anger on somebody else," he explains. To Tim he simply muttered, "He doesn't mind it *that* much." That was all he said. Within fifteen minutes, Stephan was called to the radio room and chewed out by his father. Tim had turned him in again.

Later, Tim happened to intercept a note from Shanda to his father. "Thank you for our time together," Shanda wrote, "but there's a young man I'm interested in." She mentioned the name of a black teen-ager. "She was basically breaking it off with Father God and going with this kid," Stephan says. Tim read the note, folded it back up, and gave it to his father. A few minutes later, Jones told him to go get Shanda, saying that she had threatened suicide again, and he wanted her put in the Extended Care Unit for treatment. The E.C.U. was where people were sent when Jones wanted them out of the way. Vincent Lopez was put there after he made an unsuccessful attempt to escape. The

THIRTY YEARS AGO IN THE NEW YORKER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pharmacy at Jonestown was well stocked with tranquillizers, such as Thorazine and Valium, and there were people who, though not sent to the E.C.U., were secretly drugged through their food. Tim had seen everything, but he had turned a blind eye—until Shanda. "That's what set me off," Tim says now. "He drugged her and he fucked her whenever he wanted to."

The next day, Stephan saw his father hobbling toward the pavilion. Jones asked his son to help him, and Stephan lent him an arm. He was struck by how frail and flabby his father was; once again, he told himself that it was only a matter of time until his father died. But he couldn't resist confronting him about Shanda. He demanded to know why Jones was having her drugged.

"I can't believe you're saying that—that I drugged Shanda," Jones replied angrily.

"You're a fucking liar!" Stephan cried.

"You're a fucking liar!" his father echoed, fecklessly, before turning away.

The scene had taken place in full view of the Peoples Temple assembly, who were waiting for Jones to address them in the pavilion.

Later, back in his cabin, Jones called Tim in. "Got to keep watching Stephan," he said. "Put your people on him. Shadow him." Instead, Tim walked out of Jones's office, went directly to his brother, and repeated what he had been told. They laughed about it.

But the air was charged in Jonestown. Soon after that confrontation with his father, Stephan began to believe that he, too, was being drugged. Some mornings, he could hardly get out of bed. He had bouts of hives. Twice, his body swelled up so badly that he felt he was suffocating and had to have shots of Adrenalin in order to breathe. Once, he noticed his father watching him with an expression that suggested he was surprised to see his son still walking around.

During a catharsis session, a nurse accused Tim of using too much Blistex. This was typical of the kind of petty indictment that could occupy hours of scrutiny in front of the entire community. Being blond and fair-skinned, Tim was always having problems as a result of sun exposure, but that wasn't the point. He knew that no one would dare assail him without his father's approval.

Jones tried to fan concern about his health by staging mock strokes and heart attacks. Stephan remembers being summoned one day and being told by his father that he was dying and wanted to say goodbye. Jones was lying in bed in his underwear but was still wearing his sunglasses and a black Mao hat. He asked everyone else to leave; he wanted to be alone with his son. Stephan looked at him with disdain, and nearly burst into laughter when Jones said, "You know, it's O.K. to cry." Stephan replied, "You know, I don't feel like crying." Later, when he heard people describe his father as an evil genius, he would remember this scene and find in its ludicrous childishness a far more accurate picture of his father's character.

THE unexpected effect of Jones's disintegration was to unite the other members of his family. As Tim turned away from his father, he became close to Marceline for the first time. "Marceline realized that I loved her, and I finally realized what an idiot her husband was," he says. "It was hard for her to respect me, because I was always around him, protecting him. I ran his errands. To her, it was as if I were blind to him." Meanwhile, Tim had rediscovered his birth family, the Tuppers. He was spending time with his sisters and little brother. Later, he was very grateful for those last months with his family and for the love he was finally able to feel for them. At the same time, he now took two guns to bed with him at night, and when he went for a shower he carried along a pistol in a plastic bag. He knew that there were still people in Jonestown who would kill for Jim Jones.

There was only one son left that Jones could count on. "He said the boys were turning against him," Jimmy recalls. "The only one he trusted was me." In September of 1978, Jones sent his enterprising black son to live in Georgetown, having realized that he would be effective at cultivating good relations between the Peoples Temple and Guyana's black political élite. On October 1st, Jimmy turned eighteen, and the next morning he and Yvette Louise Muldrow were married, in an A.M.E. church in Georgetown. It was a small wedding, attended by two witnesses. "We were nervous," he recalls. "Yvette wore this tank top, and in the church your shoulders had to be covered, so we took doilies from the pew and covered her shoulders and her head. I remember looking at her and being flabbergasted. Here I was, marrying my childhood sweetheart, the first person I ever really loved."

He and Yvette were planning to go to Cuba to college and then to medical school; they had already submitted their visa applications. And they were already starting a family: Yvette was pregnant. Everything was perfect. "It doesn't get any better than this," Jimmy remembers saying to himself. A few days later, he sent Yvette back to Jonestown, over her objections. At the time, it seemed like the selfless act of a committed socialist: back to work, no honeymoon. And, in fact, there was much work for him to do. The Concerned Relatives had stepped up their lobbying efforts. They had found an interested audience in Leo J. Ryan, the liberal representative from San Mateo. Ryan had a reputation as a maverick, the kind of politician who liked to experience things firsthand, such as teaching school in Watts after the riots, or spending a week in Folsom prison to investigate the conditions there. He was now talking of making a fact-finding tour of Jonestown on behalf of the Concerned Relatives.

ONE of the shipments of supplies from the United States had brought a basketball, and although there was no court at Jonestown, many of the young men began to go out in the fields and practice drills. Eventually, they erected a basket on the foundation of an unfinished building. There was scarcely enough room to play half-court, and the out-of-bounds mark was a four-foot drop-off, so going for a loose ball could be a bone-breaking adventure. In the evenings, the boys played until dark, and after they put up lights they played until all hours. Once, after a practice, Tim walked over to the radio hut and started imitating his father's voice over the P.A. system—slurred speech and all. People were agog: no one had ever mocked Father. Even more astonishing was the fact that nothing happened to Tim as a result. There was a sense of liberation—and also of uncertainty. People began to allow themselves to wonder what life in Jonestown would be like without Jones.

When, during a visit to Jonestown by a Guyana sports official, Tim successfully lobbied for an invitation to play a basketball tournament with the national team, Jones seemed to be too ill to put up any resistance. The basketball players ordered blue-and-white uniforms, and Ruby Carroll sewed on the numbers. Nothing had ever happened in Jonestown to generate such enthusiasm. Everyone cheered when the boys ran along the road and through the middle of the settlement on their training drills. Even Jones got caught up in the spirit. At a catharsis session before the team left for Georgetown, he went into a reverie about his own imagined days of basketball glory. "If I had my son's hands, I'd be a pro. I was a very good forward and played hard. But in the U.S. no one was kind. I quit basketball because I saw one black man treated wrong. . . . So, when they make a goal, clap for a few seconds," he instructed his sons. "Grab them between recesses and give them a hug."

"I don't know if they'll let me," Stephan objected.

"Well, then, shake hands," said Jones. "And if they don't want to shake hands that'll make them look like assholes."

On Monday, November 6, 1978, Stephan, Tim, six other team members, and their coach departed for Georgetown on the Cudjoe. Lew stayed behind; he hadn't even bothered to try out for the team. The entire town turned out to see them off. People were crying. Perhaps underneath their pride there was an element of fear. In Jonestown, every departure was momentous, and now their strongest members were leaving.

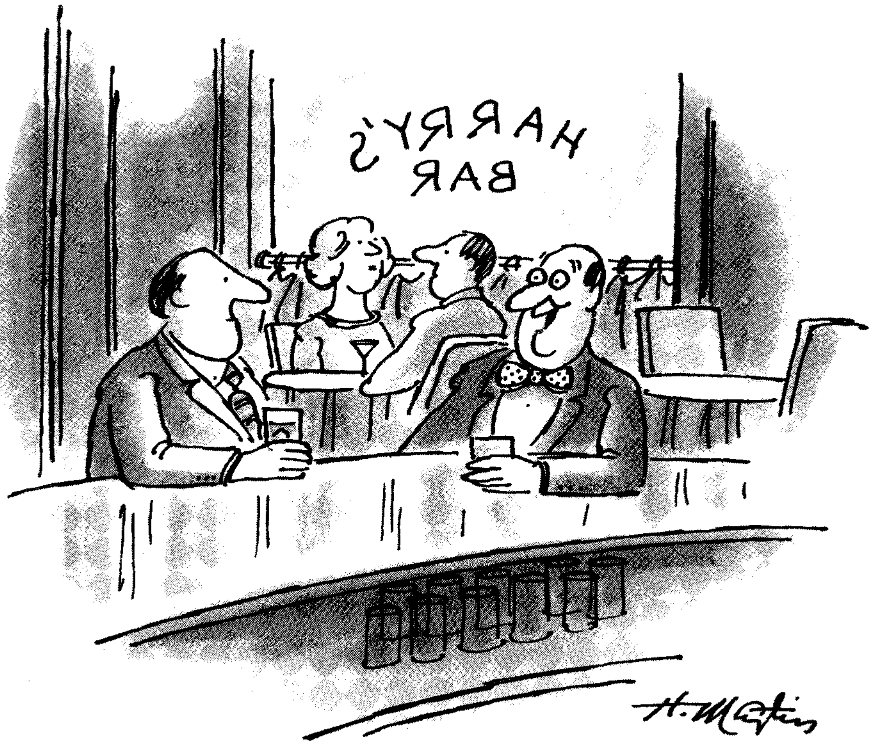
On November 7th, Jimmy accompanied the American consul on a visit to Jonestown. It had been a month since the wedding, and Jimmy was eager to see Yvette again. Also, he'd been worried that something was wrong. Yvette hadn't wanted to go back to Jonestown, and then when Jimmy tried to get her on the radio he wasn't allowed to talk to her. Maybe she had lost the baby. But when he arrived he found out that she was being punished: there had been some mechanical problems on the boat ride back to Jonestown, and Jones had decreed that Yvette created them by bringing "negativity" on board. "That was when my eyes started opening, because then it directly affected me," Jimmy says.

Jones was nowhere in sight when they arrived. Jimmy went to his father's cabin and found him in bed and so doped up that he was nearly comatose. "I dragged him into the shower, and stood there and held his dick so he could go pee," Jimmy recalls. "He was passing green pee—always stuck with me, it was green-bean-green pee. He was telling me how Marceline was trying to poison him." It took Jimmy an hour and a half to get his father ready to receive the consul—precious time that he had planned to spend with Yvette. After the meeting, Jimmy flew back to Georgetown with the diplomat. He never got to see his wife.

The Jonestown team, which had yet to practice on a full court, played three games against the Guyanese players. The first game took place on Monday, November 13th, in the National Sports Hall. The gym wasn't much larger than an American high-school facility, but the court had real wooden floors and acrylic backboards. Jimmy was the center; at six feet four, he was an inch shorter than Stephan, but he had longer arms. The Guyanese center, however, was six feet seven. Stephan was the power forward, and he was matched against the star of the home team. Tim was a guard and the most aggressive player on the Jonestown squad. As the Jonestown players had feared, the game was a complete blowout. They were quickly outmuscled, outrun, and thoroughly beaten up. They lost by thirty points.

On Wednesday, November 15th, Representative Ryan arrived in Georgetown with his entourage—two staffers, three reporters from San Francisco, a four-man NBC TV crew, a freelance writer, and fourteen Concerned Relatives, including Grace and Tim Stoen. (Tim Stoen had defected from the Temple in June, 1977, and was living in the United States.) Although the basketball players had been aware that the congressman was coming, they had given it practically no thought. After their miserable first game, they had gone into a frenzy of training, hoping to salvage some self-respect in the remainder of the tournament. To their dismay, Jones ordered them back to Jonestown soon after Ryan arrived. Speaking for the team, Stephan simply refused to go. He and his brothers are haunted by that decision still.

On Wednesday evening, Leo Ryan rang the bell at 41 Lamaha Gardens, a house where the Temple maintained lodgings. "I'm the bad guy," he said disarmingly. He was a handsome man, in a rumpled way, with limp gray hair and an easy smile. "Does anyone want to talk?" He said that he was on a fact-finding tour, that was all, and assured them that he had an open mind. Sharon Amos, who ran the public-relations staff of the Peoples Temple from Georgetown, was closemouthed and suspicious, so Ryan



"By day, I'm a gadfly. By night, I'm a barfly."

"Morgan has been converted from a Republican to a Yeltsin Democrat."

turned to the Jones boys. He asked how they liked living in Jonestown. "We're making a statement about human rights," Jimmy remembers telling him. "We're trying to build a new country for people who have been oppressed because of their race or sex." The boys felt that Ryan was impressed by their views, and they were surprised and angered when they heard Sharon, talking on the radio to Jonestown, report that Ryan had been hostile during the encounter.

In the second game, later that night, the Jonestown team suffered a lesser humiliation: it lost by twenty points. On Thursday afternoon, the players wandered around Georgetown, relaxing before their final game, the next evening. While they were walking on the seawall, they ran into Grace Stoen and a few other Concerned Relatives. When Grace saw Stephan, she impulsively hugged him. "Stephan, all I want to do is see my son," she said, bursting into tears. "Is that so wrong?"

"No," he said, holding her. "That's not wrong."

Ryan and the press left for Jonestown the next day, along with four Concerned Relatives and Peoples Temple lawyers Mark Lane and Charles Garry. Because of the limited number of seats on the tiny aircraft that was available, some of the relatives, including the Stoens, had to stay behind. At the compound, Ryan and the others were given an edgy reception, but the reporters were impressed by the fact that the people weren't starving, nor did they appear to be clamoring to leave. The Concerned Relatives had brought a long list of people who were supposedly imprisoned against their will, but most of the Jonestown residents claimed to be content and said they just wanted to be left alone. That evening, however, one Temple member slipped a note to a member of the NBC crew saying that he and a woman wanted help in getting out.

On Friday evening, the basketball heroes of Jonestown tried to redeem themselves. When they came out on the court, they were cheered by the sight of a couple of Concerned Relatives sitting in the otherwise empty visitors' section. It was a rough game from the beginning, but the Jonestown squad had nothing to lose, and for the first time they played fluidly, like a team. The Guyanese players seemed surprised but unthreatened. The Jonestown boys were elated. Jimmy felt that he was having the game of his life.

In Jonestown, Ryan and his group were treated to dinner and a show. Lew Jones played with the Jonestown band. Jim Jones himself answered the reporters' questions, and even produced John Victor Stoen. "We have the same teeth and face," Jones said, pointing the child toward the cameras and squeezing his chin to make him show his teeth. "John, do you want to go back to live with Grace?"

"No," said the child, who was now six years old.

"See?" Jones said. "It's not right to play with children's lives."

In the second half of the basketball game, the conditioning of the Guyanese team began to assert itself. They quickly regained the lead, and Jonestown had to struggle to stay with them. Jimmy's rebounding kept the score close, even though the Guyanese kept shuttling in fresh players. The boys from Jonestown were giving their all, and although they couldn't expect to win, the effort itself was exhilarating. They lost the game by ten points.

The defeat itself seemed irrelevant after the thrill of the game, and even the Guyanese were a little giddy when they came over to congratulate the Jonestown squad on its play. When the team got back to Lamaha Gardens, Stephan radioed the news to Jonestown, but Jones couldn't share in his joy at a narrow loss. "Our Jonestown basketball team just beat the national team by ten points!" someone announced at the pavilion, where the congressman and the reporters were still gathered.

On Saturday, November 18th, most of the players went to a movie, "Company of Killers." Jimmy decided not to go. He hung around Lamaha Gardens, and he was there in the afternoon when the first radio transmissions came from Jonestown. Jones was saying that something was going to happen to the congressman—that he had sent his "avenging angels" after Ryan to make sure that the persecution didn't continue. Then Jones asked to speak to Jimmy. "Where are your brothers?" he asked. When Jimmy told him, he said that they must be fetched at once. Someone was sent to the movie theatre. Before long, Stephan and Tim came into the radio room. By now, the avenging angels had done their work, at the Port Kaituma airstrip. Ryan was dead, his face blown away at close range by a shotgun. Three members of the press had been killed, and so had a woman who had joined a small group of defectors. Ten others were wounded. "We're going to see Mrs. Frazier" was the code that Jones used. It meant that the deaths were about to begin. Jones wanted to know if the Temple members in Georgetown had any poison. When he was told that they had none, he offered elliptical suggestions as to how they might kill themselves: they should use "things in a piano" or "stuff you take when you're sick" or "things you eat with."

Jimmy kept repeating, "Is this real? Is this real?" Stephan was trying to manage the situation, but an atmosphere of madness had taken over. Sharon Amos told Liane, one of her three children, that she might have to die and Liane responded immediately, "O.K., fine."

The brothers went to the Pegasus Hotel, hoping to get some information from the Concerned Relatives. They found Grace Stoen and the others there, but none of them knew anything. The boys then went to the American Embassy, but the door was barred to them. They were told that there had been a shooting at the airstrip and some people had been injured. It seemed unreal.

On the way back to Lamaha Gardens, Stephan noticed a small plane passing over Georgetown, and he prayed, "Please, be them! Please, be them!" When they got to the house, a woman ran outside and cried, "Sharon Amos killed herself and killed her children!"

They ran in and up the stairs. Tim and Stephan tried to open the bathroom door. They could hear agonal groans coming from inside, and were sure that someone was still alive and was calling for help. The door seemed to be locked, but when they pushed harder they saw that there was a body blocking it. Stephan squeezed inside. Blood covered the floor. He saw Liane raise herself on her elbows and then collapse to the floor. Sharon and the other two children were dead; apparently she had slit the throats of all three before turning the knife on herself.

The police came and took away the bodies. Stephan lay in a downstairs bedroom, staring at the ceiling, and soon the blood from the bathroom seeped through the plaster and began to drip into the room. He lay motionless and watched it.

It wasn't until the next day that Guyanese forces went into Jonestown; because they had expected combat, they'd waited until it was light. Soon reports came back. Initially, the body count was four hundred or so, and this news led the Jones boys to believe that hundreds of others had fled into the bush. Stephan pleaded with the authorities to let him go back to Jonestown to look for survivors, but he and his brothers were kept under house arrest in Lamaha Gardens. They waited for five days. Then the authorities took Tim and Johnny Cobb to Jonestown to help identify the dead. A short while later, Deputy Prime Minister Reid made a speech on the radio in which he spoke of the deaths of nine hundred people. "Did he say nine hundred?" Stephan asked, incredulous. Soon a list of names was being read out over the telephone from the United States. Stephan watched the names being written down: Vincent Lopez, Shanda James, Lew Jones, Agnes Jones, Carolyn Layton, John Victor Stoen. Eventually, it became clear to him that nearly everybody he knew was dead. In the end, nine hundred and fourteen people had died at Jones's behest, not including the five slain at the airstrip.

When Tim and Johnny came back, they couldn't speak.

THE remains of Jim and Marceline Jones and the other members of the Jones family were cremated and scattered over the Atlantic Ocean. About five hundred bodies were recovered by relatives. But the bodies of more than four hundred others were either not identified or not claimed. They were kept in storage for nearly six months at a military mortuary in Delaware. Then, Evergreen Cemetery, in Oakland, agreed to accept them. They now lie below a lone, undistinguished headstone set into a grassy hillside. The tablet reads, "In Memory of the Victims of the Jonestown Tragedy." Considering how obscure the spot is, it's odd to remember that Guyanese officials and, later, politicians in Delaware expressed fear that a mass-burial site might become a shrine for cultists. The scale of the burial project was carefully camouflaged: moving vans brought the remains across the country, fifty-two caskets per van, one van every three days, to avoid the appearance of a procession. Bulldozers razed the hillside to allow for the coffins, which were stacked there in orderly rows by forklifts. Then the hillside was reconfigured, grass was replanted, the headstone was erected, and the memory of Jonestown abruptly disappeared from the public mind, just as Jonestown itself was reclaimed by the jungle.

Many of the eighty-five Jonestown survivors returned to the Bay Area, where the Temple had originally found most of its recruits. Chris Hatcher, the trauma specialist, headed a crisis team to help the survivors readjust to society, but half his team quit in the first week, because they were unable to bear the stories they heard. The survivors still seem to feel that way about their own stories—that the burden is too great for others to tolerate—and, as a result, they tend to cling together, in a way that refugees from other cults rarely do. They have acquired a reputation as social isolates. James S. Gordon, a psychiatrist who interviewed a number of survivors over a period of ten years, was confounded by the fact that not one of them expressed regret over the time spent in the Temple. "They feel that the experience which altered the course of their lives ultimately helped them to discover who they really were all along," Gordon wrote in the Washington *Post*. One can explain this by saying that the survivors are still deluded or that they are rationalizing. But it is also possible that our own perceptions have been confined by myth and fears. What happened in Jonestown, nearly everyone believes, can be explained only as a mass act of insanity. Because of this, Jonestown has been placed on history's curiosity shelf, out of the memory of most Americans. Jones may have had a foreboding that this would happen. He placed a sign over the stage in the pavilion quoting George Santayana's famous words, "Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it." There is no way of knowing what Jones meant by this state-

DELIBOYS

Extra mayo? Them that's fightin' words!

The Corned-Beef Kid

Thin enough fer ya, Missus Santucci?

Provolone Slim

The Hole-in the-Bagel Gang

ment. There are, however, several lessons to be learned from Jonestown. The most obvious is that authorities should realize that people who have banded together in extreme religious environments must be handled with care and patience, so that their fears about the outside world do not have cause to flourish and leap out of control. But there is a larger lesson posed by that sign in the pavilion above the field of bodies; it has to do with the ecstatic human longing to submit, to be a part of something greater than oneself, no matter how barbarous or bizarre. The followers of Jim Jones gave up their power to a man who violated their families, their bodies, their ideals, and, finally, their will to live. The surrender of individual judgment is the source of the appeal of all charismatic movements, whether religious or political, and it is this that makes the carnage at Jonestown so threatening.

Each year, on November 18th, a few survivors and relatives gather at the gravesite to pay their respects in a brief service. Chris Hatcher makes a point of attending. The occasion is always marked by a struggle to find meaning in the tragedy. Last year, a remarkable event occurred. Without consulting each other, Stephan and Tim decided to attend, for the first time, although neither of them really intended to stay for the ceremony. When they appeared, there were signs of uneasiness among the others, some of whom still regarded the sons as their father's enforcers. Tim stayed only a minute or so. As he drove off, he rolled down his window and pointed a finger in the direction of Chris Hatcher. "I told you I was going to turn out all right!" he cried. It took Hatcher a moment to recognize Tim: he was burly and partly bald—far different from the skinny, curly-haired teen-ager with the armored expression who had returned from Guyana fourteen years before. Stephan Jones was easier to spot, as might be expected. He was still thin but no longer gawky, and, despite indications of nervousness, there was an air of self-possession about him that was unfamiliar to those who had known him in the past. He had brought to the cemetery a card that depicted African women dancing, and an arrangement of plants that reminded him of a miniature jungle. He set the card and the plants beside the gravestone. When he looked up, he saw the Reverend John Moore and his wife, Barbara—the parents of Carolyn Moore Layton, his father's principal mistress, and of Annie Moore, who may have shot Jim Jones. Stephan's eyes welled with tears. He walked over to them, and they all embraced. Grace Stoen had also decided to attend the service for the first time; John-John's body was never identified, and so he is presumed to be buried at Evergreen. Grace and Stephan embraced, and then, as people began delivering speeches, he walked to the back of the crowd and stood leaning against the wall of a mausoleum. He noticed a slender woman coming toward him, obviously seeking him out. She struck him as athletic and determined. "I heard you were here," she said. "I just wanted to introduce myself and meet you. I'm Pat Ryan, Leo Ryan's daughter."

Stephan was shocked, and couldn't respond for a moment. Then he said, "I'm so sorry for what my father did to your father."

"There's no need," Patricia Ryan assured him. "Your father did it, not you." But as she looked at Stephan it was hard for her not to notice his marked resemblance to Jim Jones. She spoke of it, and then said, "It must be awful for you to live with that, because, horrible as what happened to my father is, at least I have the benefit of having him revered and respected. You don't have that. You lost your friends and your family, and you have to live in shame."

After the service, many people went to a restaurant in Berkeley for lunch, and Stephan and Pat spent several hours talking. "It was one of the strangest and most moving experiences I've ever had," Ryan reports. "I remember his telling me how absolutely horrible it was at times being Jim Jones's son, but he kept saying that he's fine now, he's just fine—that life goes on."

JIM JONES, JR., went to a different cemetery last November 18th. He took his two sons—Robert, who was three years old, and Ryan, who was one—to visit the grave of Yvette, in a cemetery in Colma, to the south of San Francisco. Though he realized that the boys were too young to understand what this visit to his first wife's grave meant to him, he wanted them to know about Yvette; he also wanted to show them off to her. They went into the mausoleum containing Yvette's ashes. Jim put a bunch of silk flowers in a bud vase. Then he let the boys play in the hall of the mausoleum while he sat and thought about how unfair it was that his life was still going on, while Yvette's had ended. Still, he suspected that she would have been happy for the way his life had turned out.

I had met Jim in his office at a Bay Area hospital, where he is the director of the respiratory-therapy department. He lives a short distance away, on a suburban street of the kind that you see on family-oriented television shows—clean and supernormal. It seems interesting that he chose to live in Leo Ryan's former district. As it happens, Ryan's aide, Jackie Speier, who was severely wounded at the Port Kaituma airstrip, is now the district's representative in the California Assembly. Her husband is a doctor at the hospital, and Jim usually sees her at the Christmas party. Jim doesn't think it particularly significant that he named his second child Ryan.

A sign on the door to his office in the respiratory unit reads "Jim Jones," and that is the name he goes by now. "I never used to," he said. "My name was always James Warren Jones, and people never called me Jim—they called me Jimmy." For several years after he returned to California, he called himself James. He also thought about changing his name. "I almost went to Larry Warren"—a variation on his birth name, Larry Allen Knox—"and then I thought about Larry Jones." But when he took the job at the hospital he decided that the name on his door would be Jim Jones. "It was like coming home, in some ways," he said. "I'm Jim Jones. That's who I am."

Jones is a friendly man, with a quick smile and a well-deserved reputation for charm. He describes himself as a conservative and a registered Republican. He and his wife, Erin, who is a neonatal nurse, attend the Catholic Church, and their sons have been baptized in that faith. Jim is the steady one, the one who knows what he wants. He talked to me about how much he loves his work. "In some ways, the hospital is like a church to me," he said. He had finally got his life arranged the way he wanted it, so the drama in Waco had initially felt to him like an unfair intrusion. Everyone around him was in a frenzy of concern, but Jim was strangely unreachable. "So many people in the hospital were like 'Jim, you O.K.?' 'Yeah.' 'Jim, you O.K.?' 'Yeah, why?' " On television he saw the children riding in government vans out of Ranch Apocalypse, with those lost and apprehensive, but also familiar, expressions on their faces, but he did not consciously make a connection to his own experience. "I heard it, but I didn't hear it," he told me. Still, it was obvious to his wife that something was going on inside him. Erin noticed that he started drinking heavily, but when she tried to talk to him he clammed up. "I wish people would stop asking me how I'm doing!" he barked at a co-worker who expressed her concern once too often. When he came home that evening, Erin told him something that finally reached him: three-year-old Robert had been watching a news program about the Waco tragedy during which footage of Jonestown was shown. There was a shot of the bodies around the pavilion. "That's a place that's named after us," he had said to his mother. "Can we go there?" When Jim heard the story, he had a painful revelation. "It came through a door I wasn't prepared for," he says. He recalled the agonizing period of his own reëntry vividly: flying out of Guyana with Tim, under the guard of sky marshals, and landing at Kennedy Airport in December, still wearing tropical clothes; then being taken into a hangar filled with Winnebago trailers, where he and Tim were grilled, separately, for about ten hours by representatives of the Customs Service, the F.B.I., and the Secret Service; then being given lie-detector tests and, eventually, allowed to go. It was his first experience with what he calls being "leper-tized." That was what he thought of now when he recalled the faces of the children who were being driven out of the Branch Davidian compound; he worried that the same thing would be happening to them.

When Jimmy and Tim returned to San Francisco, they were treated like aliens. In early news reports of the Jonestown suicides, the media hadn't found many photographs of Temple members, and so they had run a number of pictures of the sons—particularly a shot of Tim inspecting the corpses in Jonestown, with his hat pressed over his face to block the odor. When the two boys went to a mall, people would point to them in horrified recognition. Cops followed them for months. "It was exactly what my father had told us would happen," Jim said. "I thought, Maybe he wasn't that far off his rocker."

He remembered that when he first returned from Guyana people had told him, "It'll get better in time." He had hated hearing it. "But, you know, they were right," he said. "It does go away." He said that he had even harbored a secret feeling of liberation following the catastrophe. "All of a sudden, we were cut off from every physical tie that we had—our wives, our kids, our future kids—and we were all given new leases on life, with nothing to hold us back," he said. "We were spared, so we could create anything we wanted to. We had been shaved of everything, left naked to stand on our own—except for each other." He pointed to himself and said, "I'm sitting here talking to you about Jonestown, and I'm not even upset." He admitted that he thinks about Jonestown every day. "But I don't focus on it," he said. Despite his rather unnerving dispassion, it was obvious to me that he was struggling to make sense of his loss and, at the same time, find something in his background that was worth redeeming. I asked him how the deaths affected his life now.

"I'm still defensive on the subject of Jonestown," he admitted. "Like, if I'm driving in the car and I have a childhood memory, it always ends with that person dying in Jonestown. It wiped everything clean. I don't have a past. The only past is the one I create. And when I think of it that way I get very depressed." He went on to say, "I think of the good things. Now, I'm sure I could tap into the memory banks of the negative torturing and abuse of people, but why? That's not what I want to share with you. We all know the negative part. I want to share— I want to share the positive pieces of Jonestown."

"What was positive about Jonestown?"

"It allowed me, as a black man, to

hold my head up high. It allowed me, as a human being, to want to look out for my fellowman."

I asked Jim how he felt about his father now.

"Gosh, I think he did a lot of good," he said. He pointed to the Temple's work among the poor and the elderly. "For all the negative things that he did, he was still my father," he added. "And, you know—look at me. I came out of an orphanage in Indiana. Where would I be? Where would I be?"

After returning to San Francisco, he had got a job as an orderly in a hospital—as if beginning to re-create his father's life and try to make it turn out right this time. He often worked twenty-four hours straight, and at the same time he began studying to become a respiratory therapist. In 1985, he met Erin, who was working in the neonatal unit of Kaiser Permanente Medical Center, where he was moonlighting. Like Marceline, Erin was a nurse; she was also white, stubborn, and liberal—all of which Jim associated with his mother. Erin had noticed him and thought he was cute, and friends pushed them together, almost literally: Jim was working by himself in the nursery, and Erin's friends shoved her in and closed the door. It was a funny, awkward moment. They talked. She was impressed by his charisma. "I thought, This guy's great! What's wrong with him?" she told me. He asked her out. They went to dinner and then for a walk on the beach, and later, as they were sitting in his car at two in the morning, he told her who his parents were. She got out of the car and ran down the street. It was January 9, 1985, Marceline's birthday. He and Erin were married in July, 1987.

Jim used to dream about Yvette. Even now, he said, he still can't escape the guilt of having sent her back to Jonestown, to her death—but how could he have known? In the dreams, he would catch glimpses of her and race after her, but she would be gone. Finally, he caught up with her. She was sitting on a park bench in Japantown, where they used to go together. He walked up to her. She looked up at him and said, "Goodbye, Jimmy," and he said, "Goodbye, honey." That was the last time he dreamed about Yvette.

Jim still dreams about Jim Jones. "I've had dreams of him coming after me," he said. He thought that this was probably because he was upset with his father. He discovered that "the less I spoke bad about him and just remembered the good things, the fewer times I had bad dreams about him." Jim seemed unaware of the terror buried in that statement.

I remarked that each of the sons had a unique and in some ways unbearable legacy from his father: Stephan was left the blood relation, Jim was left the name, and Tim was left the stench of Jonestown. "You know what the scariest part is?" Jim said. "If you take all of us together, we make Jim Jones." He became solemn. "You know, he *was* a monster! He became a monster. Maybe it was the drugs. Maybe it was the paranoia. Whatever it was, that's what he became. That's what he was. That's what he was when he died. And that's his legacy."

"I have a feeling that you're just now seeing that," I said.

"In some ways, I am," he said. "In some ways, I've always known it."

TIM JONES has the reputation of being the toughest of the Jones sons. He is not boastful, but he enjoys talking about his physical prowess: he can press a hundred pounds with either hand. The strong part of his golf game is his drives. "I can crush a golf ball," he told me proudly. Tim lives, with his wife, Lorna, their daughter, and Lorna's two children, in a development near San Francisco where all the streets are named after birds. He has created a successful furniture business in the Bay Area. In the Jonestown tragedy Tim lost not only his adoptive parents and an adoptive brother and sister but also his birth mother, Rita Tupper, and his three sisters and youngest brother; his wife, Sandy, and their adopted daughter, Monyell; and many nieces, nephews, and in-laws—twenty-six relatives altogether.

While it was apparent that the tragedy still haunted him, Tim was, like his brother, anxious to convey the message that his years in the Peoples Temple had had many positive aspects. "The only thing I regret from my life is the deaths, obviously—the catastrophe," he told me. "Other than that, I wouldn't change my life for a second, not for a second. Because I was exposed to things and around people who made me who I am." Of course, he has memories of and dreams about Jonestown, but he can live with them, he said. Occasionally, an image will float through his mind—his sister Mary's face, for instance—"and then it goes away like any other thought," he said. He hadn't paid much attention to the anniversaries until last year. He hadn't wanted to stay for the speeches. On his way out of the cemetery, he had called out to Chris Hatcher, and then he had gone back to work. He was fine for a couple of days. Then a disturbing thing happened. He was catching a morning flight up to Portland, Oregon, for a meeting. "I had just powered down twenty ounces of 7-Eleven coffee," he told me, laughing a bit at the memory. He was on the plane, reading the San Francisco *Chronicle's* sports section, and suddenly he started shaking. He yelled

WOMEN WHO LOVE BOWLING
W Miller

"Whoa!" and jumped up out of his seat.

"Sir, the plane's about to taxi," a flight attendant said.

"Maybe it's the coffee, but I'm having an anxiety attack, or something," Tim told her.

"Is it your first flight?" she asked.

"No! I've flown all over the world!"

The flight attendant took Tim to a seat at the back of the plane and gave him a muffin. He settled down. "I'm fine," he told her. "I feel better." But when the plane taxied out to the runway he panicked again, and said, "I can't go." The plane had to turn around and take him back to the gate.

Ever since, Tim has been unable to fly. His friends are sympathetic. They try to reassure him that planes are safe, but that's not Tim's problem. "I'm not scared that the plane is going to *drop!*" he told me. "It has nothing whatsoever to do with that. I just can't stand being where I can't get out."

His memory for the details of what happened is not very clear. His brothers think that since Tim returned from identifying the bodies at Jonestown he hasn't been the same. In fifteen years, Stephan has virtually never heard Tim talk about Jonestown. When Tim agreed to meet me at a restaurant, he asked if he could bring Lorna along, because she had never really heard his story, and he didn't intend to tell it again. When we sat down to talk, he immediately burst into tears. We drifted off to other subjects. Every once in a while, he would stumble on a blank spot in his memory, usually a name, and that would cause him to ignite in self-recrimination. "When someone asks me about someone I can't remember, and they died there, that just pisses me off beyond all means! It really pisses me off!" He is convinced that if he had been there he could have stopped the suicides.

"What would you have done?"

"I'd have killed the bastard!" he cried. A waiter who was headed toward the table veered away. "I swear on my life. I wouldn't do it now, because I don't have the balls anymore. Then I would have done it. I swear on my life. Do you think I would have let a girl, with cyanide being made with Kool-Aid . . . ? The jokes I hear! Would I have let people walk up and take that? Stephan wouldn't have. I wouldn't have. I'd have talked to Jimmy and he wouldn't have." The sons could have fought their father, he said. Yet Lew had been there, I pointed out, and he hadn't stopped the suicides. In fact, he had helped organize the deaths: it was Lew who made an announcement that everyone should gather at the pavilion, and it was Lew who went around the camp with a gun, to make sure everyone was dead.

"Roger has always been text-driven."

• •

"I don't want to hear about that," Tim said. "See, that wouldn't have happened if there had been someone there to say, 'Lew, come on!' " Tim clapped his hands loudly in front of my face, as if he were talking to his dead brother. "Lew! Jesus!"

Tim remembered seeing Jim Jones's body. "He shot himself or he had someone do it—he didn't drink Kool-Aid, that son of a bitch! I went and looked at the fucker!" Other things he couldn't remember. He couldn't remember the earlier suicide drills that he had been a part of. He couldn't remember helping to clean up the blood of Sharon Amos and her children at Lamaha Gardens. And for a moment he couldn't remember his dead daughter's name. He stared desperately into space. "Monyell," he said, finally.

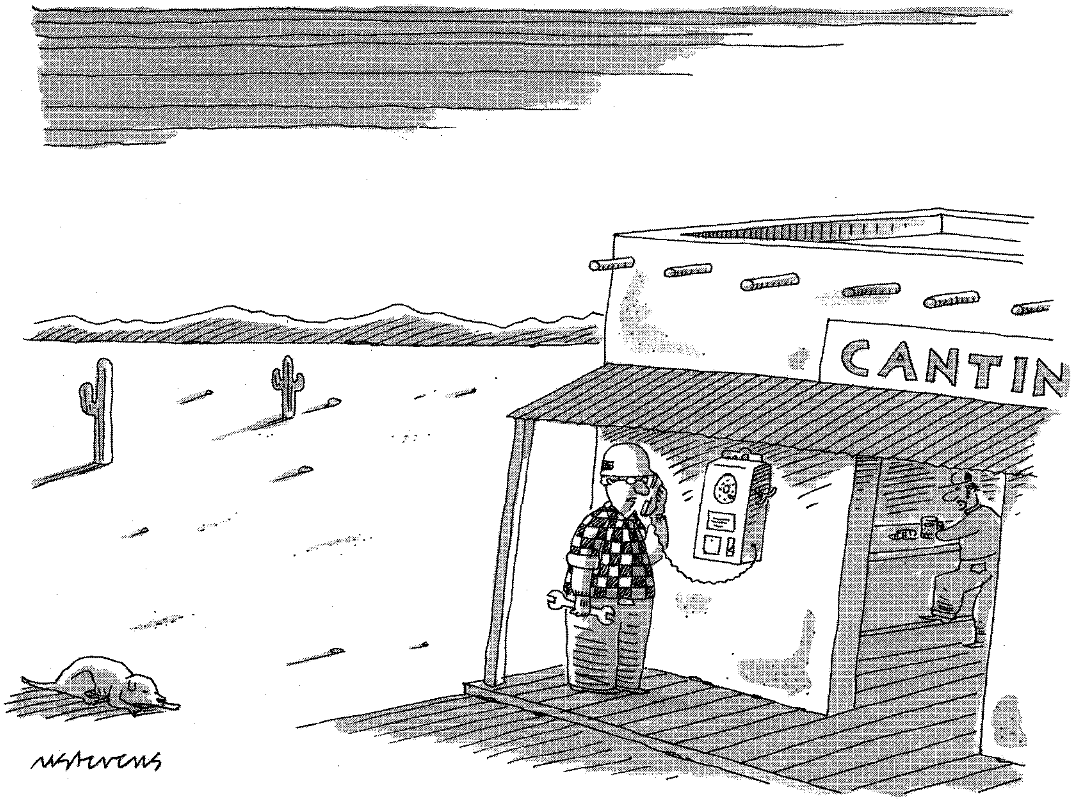
"Is that whose baby clothes you still have?" Lorna asked.

Yes, he said. He had bought them in Georgetown, during the basketball tournament; they were practically his only possessions when he left Guyana.

Finally, he began talking about the last trip to Jonestown. The Guyanese soldiers had flown him and his friend Johnny Cobb in by helicopter. They flew over the jungle canopy to the big, open clearing, which was perfectly groomed. Everything looked in order until the helicopter circled the pavilion. The bodies spilled out from there and radiated in a wide circle. Most of the corpses were too bloated to be recognizable. "We were identifying people by their clothes, because we had no other idea. You couldn't tell by their face or hands. And the flies! Shit!" The only living creature they saw was Johnny Cobb's dog: it came running and jumped up on them.

"Did you see your wife and child?"

"At this point, I don't remember. But I did." He could remember seeing his



"I don't know what the hell happened—one minute I'm at work in Flint, Michigan, then there's a giant sucking sound and suddenly here I am in Mexico."

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sisters and his little brother, he said. He began to cry again.

Back in San Francisco, he had driven a tow truck for a while, and then had begun helping out Stephan, who had started a business installing office furniture. Tim had met Lorna on a job. "He wouldn't leave me alone," she said, laughing. She looked at Tim with affectionate concern. "I was real curious about him," she continued. "And I was a little afraid of him."

"You were afraid of me?" Tim said, in surprise.

"Because of your past, babe. I think you need to be aware that a lot of people who don't know you, and only know your connection to the name, are intimidated, and afraid of you."

"I think that now it doesn't scare anybody, because it's over," Tim said.

"You're wrong," Lorna said.

Like Jimmy, Tim had thought of changing his name—in his case, of going back to Tupper. When he first broached the subject, Lorna asked him to do it before their daughter, Chelsea, was old enough to know. That struck Tim like a fist. "Honey, I'm not ashamed of myself," he told her. "She has to live with who I am. I'm going to make her secure in her life. I'm going to take care of her. But Chelsea is going to know who I am and where I came from."

"IF anybody could have stopped it, Tim would have," Stephan agreed. "I want him to let go of that. It's ripping his guts out."

Stephan is more ambivalent about what he himself might have done. He might have taken the poison—he's not sure. Loyalty to the community played a large part in the decision of the people to kill themselves, Stephan believes. On a tape recording from the last night, Jones makes this point explicitly: "Are you gonna separate yourself from whoever shot the congressman?" he asks his people. They respond, "No, no—hell, no." Stephan had the opportunity to talk to two of the Temple members who had escaped into the jungle. "Everybody was under the impression that we"—the brothers—"were already out exacting revenge on the enemies of the Temple, and were giving *our* lives in that effort," he said. "So it became a loyalty to *us*. And that's certainly where my mother's despair began. So there was a lot more involved than having Jim Jones standing in the pulpit saying, 'O.K., we're going to die now.' There was fatigue. I think everybody was defeated and tired. They wanted relief from the constant emotional roller coaster that my father put you through. I don't know. These are things I don't know. Not only did all these things contribute but the *weather* coöperated! It clouded over. The wind picked up. It was gray and black. It threatened rain. Everything contributed to set the scene for what happened. And I don't know. I just don't believe that I was stronger than some of the people who died down there.

"There were more than nine hundred people there, and one of them was Marceline Jones. I know what Marceline Jones was made of, and she didn't stop it. We were young and we were strong and we knew where the weapons were, and we knew who was holding them. But I also know the respect that people had for my mother, and I know that my mother did not sit blindly by and say, 'Yeah, let's take the poison.' " Stephan had heard later that Marceline had to be physically restrained while the babies were being killed. A young man named Gary Johnson, whom everybody called Pancho, had tried to protect her. But then Jim Jones ordered Pancho to take his own life.

The story of Pancho's intervention and death means a lot to Stephan, and not only because it tells him that his mother resisted. "What happened to Pancho is a wonderful example, no matter how misguided it was. He took the poison because my father told him to take it, O.K.? What a brave and devoted and *wonderful* act it was, in retrospect. If you set aside the loss, and the tragedy, and even the ridiculousness of what happened in that moment, and you just step inside the shoes of a young man with years and years ahead of him, who, on the one hand, is fighting against my father's orders out of devotion to someone he loves very much, and who, on the other hand, has the bravery to throw his shoulders back on the order of his leader and step up and take the poison—when you look at everything that went into that, my God! What a brave human being! I can't hold a candle to that. And I'm talking about— I could have stopped it? I don't know. I just don't know."

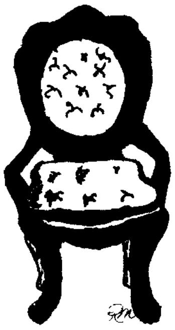
In a strange way, Stephan felt more loyalty to the Peoples Temple after everyone died. The police came to Lamaha Gardens to arrest Chuck Beikman, a former marine who was one of Jones's longtime followers, in the deaths of Sharon Amos and her children, and Stephan defended him, even though Beikman's role in those deaths was unclear. "I was protecting one of my own," Stephan said. "Chuck and I had no relationship to speak of, but he was one of us." Stephan spent three months in prison in Guyana while the prosecutor decided whether to bring him to trial as well. "It was one of the greatest things that have ever happened to me," he said. "Prison laid the foundation for what was to come."

He was placed in isolation. "It wasn't to punish me, it was to protect me," he said. The authorities wouldn't even give him a sheet to shield himself from cockroaches and mosquitoes. "They were afraid I would hang myself with it." And he was thinking, all the time, about suicide. "It was like, How much more of this can I take? What am I coming out to? What is left? There's nothing." Despairing as he felt, though, he never succumbed entirely. "I've said many times that my father kind of prepared us for what happened," he told me. "He ran us through the wringer and played so many mind games that when it finally came down we were kind of used to it."

By the time Stephan was released from prison, he had made the decision not to die, yet he had no particular inclination to live. Like Jimmy and Tim, he was drawn back to the Bay Area. He became a heavy cocaine user. He was oblivious of his surroundings. "For years, I was content sitting, facing a wall, just in my head. Completely isolated and comfortable with that." Very little touched him except when some token or remembrance caught him by surprise: "When I would smell somebody that smelled like my mom, then I would lose it."

He married a black woman who had been in the Temple. They were together for eleven years, but it was not a happy relationship. For one thing, Stephan was still sexually blocked. His wife coudn't reach him emotionally, either. "She used to talk about how, no matter when she rolled over, no matter when she opened her eyes, if she looked at me my eyes were always wide open." When his marriage ended, he began a relationship with another black woman, whom he met through his furniture-installation business, and they were married in 1992. When I visited them, at their home in Marin County, his wife, Kristi, was in her ninth month of pregnancy with their first child.

A persistent question in Stephan's life since Jonestown has been why people surrender their authority to people like his father. It affects him strongly, because he detects the same manipulative power in himself. "I've said many times that I'm glad my dad lived before me. Because I myself have experienced it. There's a willingness, on the part of many people in my life who have come and gone, to turn everything over to me—because of their own insecurity and my ability to fake confidence and strength." Stephan says that he has a way of holding himself apart from people, out of fear that he will become too powerful in their lives, the way his father did. As he struggles to keep people from idealizing him, however, he has to fight against a part of himself that would like to be idolized. "Not that there would have been another Jonestown or another Peoples Temple, or anything like that, but I have to catch myself," he said. "There are warning signs, signs of recognition—'That's what Dad did.' "



Like his brothers, Stephan has gone through the remains of Jonestown many times in his dreams. "I spent years dreaming every night, searching for dead people," he said. As the years passed, the people in the dreams aged along with Stephan. "It was a progression. I went from catching glimpses of someone who had died in Jonestown—a lover or a friend—and having them stare at me with anger and then disappear from view. I'd run to the corner where I'd seen them and turn the corner and they were no longer there. The next step was to hear that they were alive—my mother, for example. People telling me that they were alive. And really believing that, finally being convinced of that, only to awaken and mourn all over again." When he catches up with someone in his dreams, it's a good feeling, because there's a sense of peace, he said. "We exchange warmth and love and best wishes, and there's forgiveness for me, forgiveness of me in those dreams. And that happened with many, many people." And yet, with all the searching he has done in his dreams, he said, "I never, ever, ever found my mother."

At first, his father was only an evil figure in his dreams—"the enemy, the adversary, the manipulator, the controller," he told me. "Then it went from that to where he was the bumbler, the inept, the ridiculous bad guy, and from that he went to almost a neutral figure, just kind of a figure in the background with no influence."

Then came the last dream of his father, a couple of years ago. "I was in this beautiful wooded area. It was in a time well into the future, but it was of the past. It was unspoiled, very lush, and I'm standing on top of an elevation, the highest elevation in this wooded area. I'm looking down this path that works its way down the hill. I can see a group of people walking toward me, and there's this figure in this white—all-white—robe, long white hair, and a walking stick. It's clear that this is good. These are good people. I'm drawn to these people, but I wait for them. The leader is this man in white. The people love him and he loves them, and he's of them. He's one of them. They're all around him. They make their way up the path and when they finally get upon me I see my father as an old man. He's a man that can be trusted. He's wise and loving."

No words passed between them, or any gesture, he recalled, "except for the love and security that I felt from the time that I saw that group, and his eyes met mine, and I woke up."

A week after my visit with Stephan, Jim Jones's granddaughter was born. Stephan and Kristi named her Kali, after the Hindu goddess of creation, preservation, and destruction. ♦

THE SPORTING SCENE

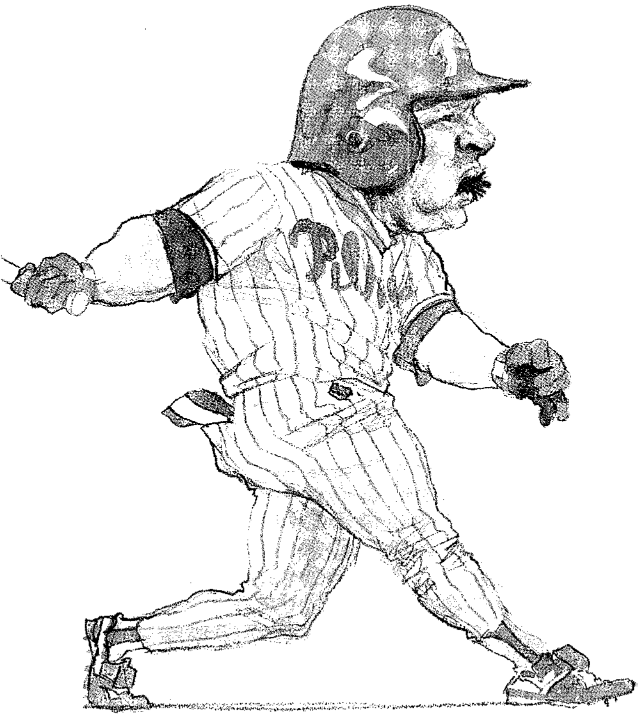
OH, WHAT A LOVELY WAR

The pitching was abominable and the rain-soaked games nearly interminable, but, thanks to some thunderous hitting and a rare assemblage of heroes and character actors, the World Series provided a lively farewell chapter to this particular baseball era.

BY ROGER ANGELL

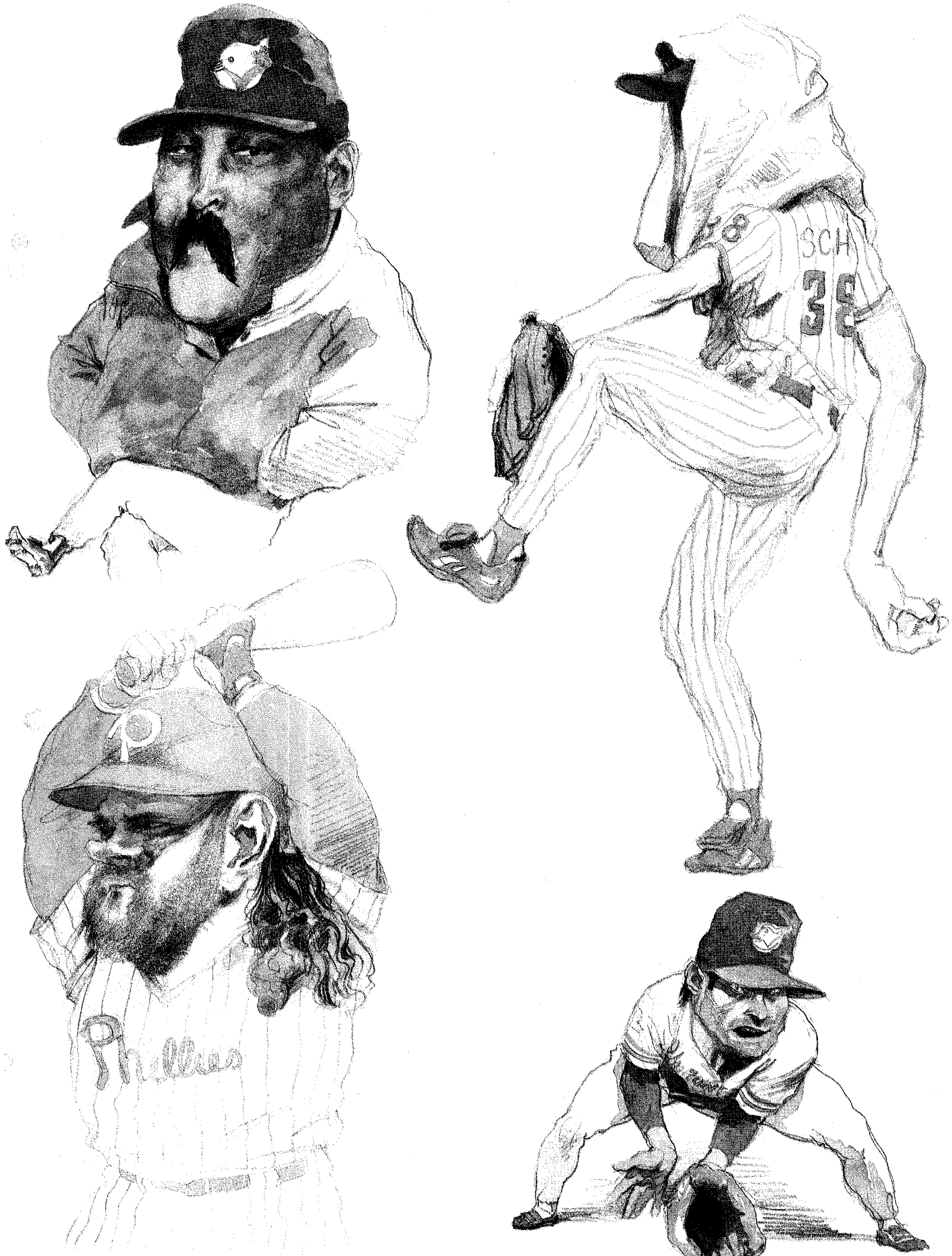
THE ball, catching a late flight, soared briefly and perhaps eagerly westward and disappeared over the blue left-field fence—the last excessive act in an excessive and astounding World Series, unless we count the deportment of the batter turned base runner, Joe Carter, who now imitated an Olympic hop-step-and-jump competitor, then a mid-veldt springbok, then a manic May Day solidarity demonstrator as he circled the bases and threw himself at last into the arms of his clustered and joyful teammates back at home plate. His fireworks-igniting ninth-inning three-run Game Six homer, which defeated the Phillies, 8–6, and captured the World Championship for the Blue Jays for a second consecutive year, was only the second Series-ending round-tripper in the long history of the classic; its predecessor, Bill Mazeroski's 1960 clout at Forbes Field, brought the Pirates an unexpected Game Seven victory over the Yankees in a Series also replete with swollen innings, high scores, and horrified pitchers. This one was *more* replete. Carter's blow, for one thing, brought his team from behind in the game (the Phillies were up, 6–5, with one out), while the Mazeroski poke settled a 9–9 tie. The Blue Jays' final three-run cluster at the SkyDome perfectly typified a week of thrilling and ghastly ball, during which the two clubs had demonstrated a shared propensity for blown leads; grisly or glorious bat-around innings; huge (in both senses of the word) homers or multiple, scary extra-base hits; games that dragged and drooped and then blew hot and breathless; and some pitching that one watched with horrid anticipation or else, hiding one's head in a towel, dared not watch at all. There were two games that, for good reason or bad, we just might remember forever.

Game Four, played at Philadelphia's Veterans Stadium in a relentless rain and won at last by the Blue Jays, 15–14, after their six-run rally in the eighth, proved to be (let us hope) like no other, establishing several genuine, if not previously coveted, Series records—most runs, most runs by a losing team, and longest nine-inning game (four hours, fourteen minutes)—along with a hatful of records tied, including the teams' combined thirty-two hits and the four first-inning bases on balls given up by the Blue Jays starter, Todd Stottlemyre. During one of the mid-inning truces for a change of pitchers, the Toronto outfielders Rickey Henderson, Devon White, and Joe Carter gathered in a murmurous confab out in center, like witnesses at a neighborhood street accident. "We were saying, 'Man, I never saw anything like *this* before,' " Henderson explained later. Carter, for his part, said, "You can't put it in words, you can't describe it—it's baseball."



This Series will linger in mind not just for its immoderate events but for its panoply of featured players and character actors—a double touring company seemingly assembled by Hogarth or Fellini. The Phillies, as we kept hearing, took pride in their raunchy looks and reputation ("We're a bunch of gypsies, tramps, and thieves," Mitch Williams pronounced during the summer), though in truth their clubhouse, when visited, felt about as threatening as a boys' tree house next door. But the Phils' hulk and hair, their tics and twitches, and all that mouthing and chomping and spitting were a trip and a half. We won't soon forget the amazingly bulked-up Lenny Dykstra in the batter's box, settling his helmet with a delicate touch of his inside wrist, twiddling his white-gloved fingers on the bat (I think he twiddled more when he was a Met), or, between pitches, executing that stalking little half knee bend, like an arthritic bullfrog. Or John Kruk—his mild eyes almost subverting the whole grungy-helmet, biker's-beard, bad-body getup—with his vertical, high-held bat sometimes making him look like a surveyor's assistant just up the highway. Or Mitch Williams apparently *gnawing* the ball behind his upraised shoulder before his

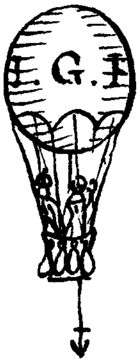
DRAWINGS BY DAVID LEVINE



While manager Cito Gaston brooded and Curt Schilling tried to hide from his own bullpen, Paul Molitor (here with a glove, of all things) and Lenny Dykstra (opposite) and Hulkman John Kruk battled toward an abrupt conclusion.

next sprawling, unaccountable delivery. Or Curt Schilling peeping over the top of his outthrust mitt for the sign; the dusty and towering Darren Daulton wearily extending a tree-limb arm to pick up his scarlet helmet; Jim Eisenreich squinching his nose. And so on.

We knew the Blue Jays better. Because they were here in the finals as defending champions and long-term October principals (this was their fourth matriculation into the post-season in the past five years), their decorous looks and ways felt more ominous than the Phillies' sideshow, and we studied them with apprehension: Rickey Henderson's anxiety-squeezed face and his tilted, sweeping stroke, which makes you think he is attacking the pitch from below; Robby Alomar's detached, still-water gaze, suggesting a private time clock nothing like our own; Dave Stewart's glare of pure ill will exuding from under that cowling-like cap brim; and the hat-rack Olerud unfurling from nowhere his oiled and elegant swing. (The SkyDome has become a lively gallery for fan-banners, and my favorite this year, up on the first-base side, was a black-on-white "JOHN: .363"—not a Biblical verse this time but Olerud's league-leading final batting average.) All this and of course the presiding Cito Gaston, massively inert on the bench, with only his restless eyes to tell us how much was going on inside the manager and inside the game.



This Series, for all its excesses, fulfilled a classic function by producing at its end a pair of heroes who had previously failed to win the full measure of attention that their distinguished careers deserved. Joe Carter's Series-winning homer was described by him in the post-game tumult as a dream and a miracle, but it was entirely in character. Carter is agreeable, calm, intelligent, durable, and effective—the consummate major-leaguer. In ten seasons, he has hit more than thirty home runs five times, and has driven in more than a hundred runs seven times; he leads all hitters, in both leagues, in these categories over the past nine years. It would not do to think of him as a machine, however, since he has hit three homers in a single game on five different occasions—an American League record, which means better than Reggie, better than Gehrig, better than the Babe. (Johnny Mize, with five National League and one American League three-homer games, leads all comers here.) Now, like Mazeroski and Bobby Thomson, he has a baseball feat that will always bear his name: the Carter homer.

The Blue Jays lost eight players to free agency after attaining their championship last year, and it's worth noticing that their general manager, Pat Gillick, while allowing the likes of Dave Winfield, David Cone, and bullpen ace Tom Henke to slip away, made it a point to re-ink Joe Carter (at a salary of five million for three years, plus a ten-million-dollar signing bonus) on December 8, 1992, and on the same day to sign Paul Molitor (thirteen million, over three years), who had reluctantly taken his leave from the Milwaukee Brewers after fifteen seasons. Molitor, although six times voted into the All-Star Game, had always played a little in the shadow of Robin Yount, and this summer, at thirty-seven, he flourished up across the border, batting .332 as the Jays' designated hitter and establishing career-high totals for games played, home runs, and runs batted in. To my way of thinking, it was his presence down there in the Toronto batting order—he batted sixth against right-handers and third against lefties—that made that lineup such a daunting, no-hope prospectus for opposing pitchers late this season. "With that bunch, you can't *breathe* between pitches," White Sox shortstop Ozzie Guillen said during the A.L. playoffs.

Molitor batted at a .391 clip against the Sox in those games, and then surpassed himself in the Series with a .500, twelve-for-twenty-four outburst, which featured two doubles, two triples, two homers, and eight runs driven home. He simply killed the ball, and, after rocketing line drives throughout the week (including some line-drive outs), delivered at the end the telling little ninth-inning, one-out single to center that turned Joe Carter's ensuing at-bat into such an intolerable muddle for Mitch Williams. During the mid-Series games, down in Philadelphia, he had stayed calm through the vast media fuss about which infield position he would occupy when the local no-d.h. rule deprived him of his normal spot in the lineup; he took over first base for a game, then third for two more, and came through without incident. Molitor, who is thin and pale, with a body that looks metallic beneath the skin, is matter-of-fact in the workplace, and his tearful embrace with Cito Gaston after the last game and then his dazed and damp acceptance of his Most Valuable Player award were a fresh reminder that it is pride and the need to win that drive the pro in the end, sometimes taking him a distance that he has almost stopped imagining as the years and seasons run down.

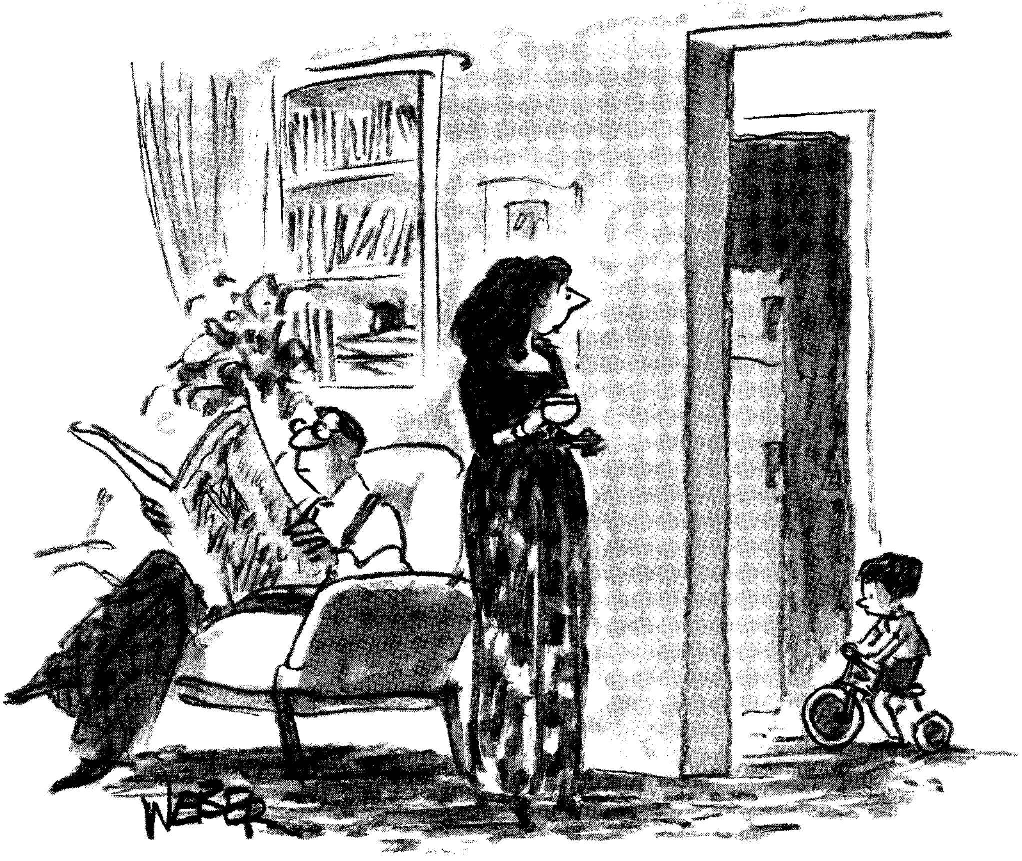
All this profligate hitting and high scoring (what Tony La Russa calls "crooked numbers") by the two teams had its other side, and I suspect that even the happiest Toronto fans might agree now that the frightful pitching we saw in the Series should keep it from ranking at the topmost level of these championships. Something is absent from the occasion when both starting pitchers are gone from a game after the third inning, having surrendered thirteen runs between them (as happened in Game Four); something feels amiss when the arrival of an ace bullpen closer is greeted by cheers and happy applause from the other team's fans (as happened at the SkyDome when Wild Thing Mitch Williams was announced in the last game); and something like pity is not quite the emotion one wants when watching the departure and arrival of further exhausted and clearly overmatched midgame relievers (as happened repeatedly when the Phillies were out there). It could be argued that the Phillies' 7.57 earned-run average and the Blue Jays' 5.77 were just further proof that this had been a tough year for pitchers right along.

THE bull market in offense that so altered the look of things in both leagues this season (there were almost a thousand more home runs than in 1992, and better than thirty-five hundred more runs scored, not to mention 1,428 additional bases on balls) was sometimes attributed to the attrition of pitching staffs brought about by the draft that stocked the expansionist Florida Marlins and Colorado Rockies in the National League, but, like other cynics, I also suspect that the ball was juiced. This can be debated, but what we may be sure of is that worn-down and ineffective pitching will be a commonplace in the World Series from now on, thanks to the addition of a third tier of post-season games next year.

Baseball's new look, come 1994, will feature three divisions in each league, and an opening round of post-season eliminations, which will include the winners plus a "wild card" fourth team to fill out the last slot—a team, that is, that will have already proved itself inferior after a hundred-and-sixty-two-game season. This skewing will not only do away with the happy seriousness of day-to-day play in the old game—an essential part of its attraction, of course—but will give another chance to a sometimes interesting or rising additional club or, much more often, to one that is clearly undeserving. At the playoffs and the World Series last month, one heard owners and league functionaries hyping their coming plan by pointing out that the vivid Giants, who fell short of the Braves on the very last day of the season in the National League West this year, would have been wild-card participants in a three-tier playoff. Well, yes, but a quick backward look at the standings in both leagues over the previous few seasons tells us that much more commonly the finalists would have included, either as the wild card or as a top finisher in one of the new minidivisions, a weak-sister entry that would have finished six or eight or ten games behind a division winner under the old system. Or worse: in 1992, the opening round would have included the wild-card Reds, who wound up eight games behind the Braves in the N.L. West, and the Padres (as redesignated Western Champs), who finished sixteen games behind in real time. Or would we prefer 1991, when the ten-games-back Rangers and the eight-games-back White Sox would have filled up half the American League first round, while the ten-back Padres or the fourteen-back Cardinals (each with an 84–78 record) would be in on the N.L. excitement, depending on the outcome of their season's games against each other? (I could look that up, but never mind.) Whoever the survivors turn out to be in the season just ahead, the pitchers will have to gird their arms and hearts for thirty or forty additional innings of critical October ball, and a post-season, given a rainout or two, that just might bring us a concluding game (let's speculate) played in Montreal during a brisk November snowstorm.

All this may perk up baseball's late-season ratings (that's what the new format is *for*), but, curiously, the commissionerless owners have agreed to a new television partnership with NBC and ABC that will often make it impossible for a fan to see the best playoff game on tap on a given evening. The playoffs will be "regionalized," as will most of the twelve in-season network telecasts, which means that a better game in a different time zone will not appear on your screen. (There is a promise that the directors will cut away to give us "highlights" of the action elsewhere, but highlights are not the name of this particular sport.) One might almost suspect that the owners have planned, not quite by accident, to blur the low quality of their own clubs in this exigent and meritocratic business, but maybe only "purists" (as long-term fans and writers are now called) would think such a thing.

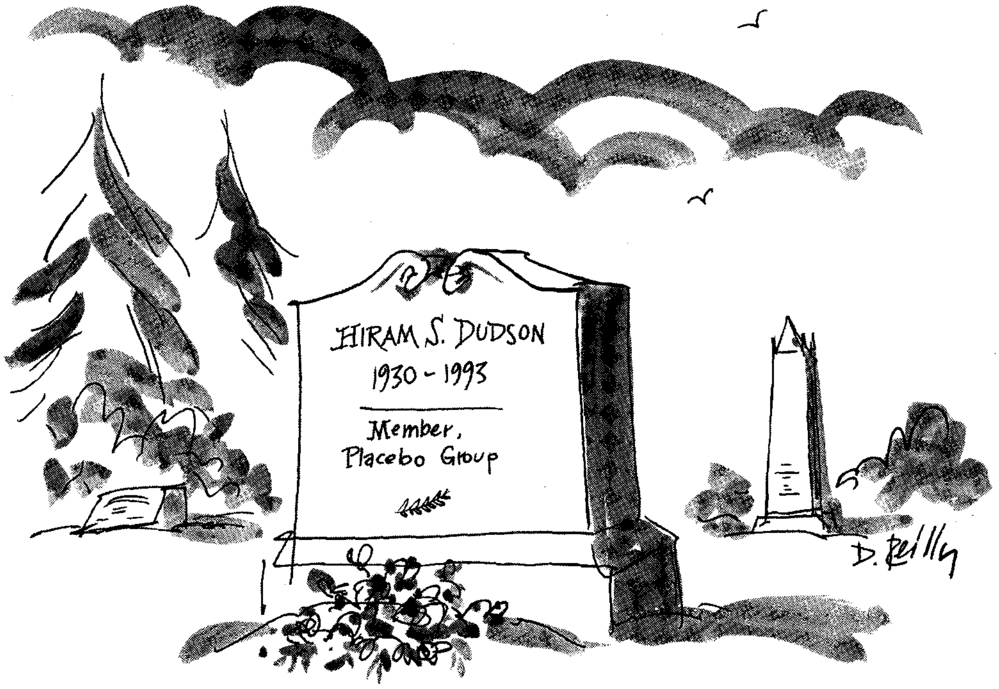
The last pure pennant race required both the far-separated Braves and Giants, tied up at 103–58 in the National League West, to win on the final Sunday of their season—a task that the Braves pulled off by sweeping the Colorado Rockies, not just in their little closing series but over their full, thirteen-game 1993 schedule, while the Giants, given the much more difficult proposition of beating the Dodgers four straight times at Chavez Ravine, fell on that last afternoon, losing by 12–1 to their ancient rivals. Much more could be said about these two outstanding clubs, who had by turns looked so dominant early (the Giants) and late (the Braves) in the year, but a summary of this season, the last of its era, will not be undertaken here, beyond a paraleiptic murmuring about some of its ingredients: the inspired slugging and fielding of the Giants' three-time-M.V.P. superstar Barry Bonds, for instance; and the arrival of an exceptional rookie catcher, Mike Piazza, with the Dodgers; and the departures (until Hall of Fame Induction Day in 1999) of the almost perpetual Carlton Fisk, Nolan Ryan, and George Brett. Somewhere in here, one might have also found something to say about a brisk evening's work by Cardinal outfielder Mark Whiten,



"I've been thinking—it might be good for Andrew if he could see you cry once in a while."

who whacked four home runs in a September game against the Reds, while driving in twelve runs; and about the 4,483,350 fans who this summer decided to drive over—sometimes across a couple of state lines—to catch a Colorado Rockies game. Nor would one want to omit Nolan's Stand—the day when the selfsame, forty-six-year-old Nolan Ryan, the Clint Eastwood of our game, imperturbably awaited an infuriated charging of the mound by a twenty-six-year-old batter, Robin Ventura, seized him in a headlock, and noogied him into submission. Locally, one would wish to dwell happily on Jim Abbott's no-hitter against the Indians, up at the Stadium in early September, and on Jimmy Key's pitching and Mike Stanley's catching and hitting, and to recall Don Mattingly's game-winning homer, miraculously snatched out of the hand of a waiting Oriole outfielder by a fan—catch of the year!—in the right-field grandstand. Anything, that is, to keep from thinking about the later collapse of the Yankees' pitching and the drying up of their offense as the team relentlessly slid out of contention. State-of-the-game curators would certainly expect a word about this year's All-Star Game, down at Camden Yards, where the presence and performances of an assemblage of new-generation stars—Barry Bonds, Gary Sheffield, Robby Alomar, Carlos Baerga, Frank Thomas, Juan Gonzalez, Ken Griffey, Jr., and some others—had fans and writers and executives all buzzing and beaming about the future of their game. If that (and more) goes unsaid this time around, at least it allows one mercifully to say nothing—*nada*, *rien*, *nichts*, naught, zip, zilch!—about the 1993 New York Mets.

THE White Sox, who had not qualified for the post-season playoffs in a decade, fashioned a special niche for themselves in the annals by presenting, as their playoff began, a celebrity tosser of the ceremonial first pitch who then made more news during the game than anyone out on the field. The first word of Michael Jordan's retirement, which seeped out of Jerry Reinsdorf's Comiskey Park skybox in the middle innings—Reinsdorf is the chairman of the Sox and also of the N.B.A.-champion Chicago Bulls—half emptied the baseball press box, and the news dominated the Chicago front pages and sports pages (and most of the pages in between) the next morning. The ballgame actually finished a distant third in the next day's ratings, since the Cubs had thoughtfully picked the date to announce the firing of their manager, Jim Lefebvre, but perhaps it was better that way, given a game in which the Pale Hose managed to strand thirteen batters in the course of a 7–3 trouncing, and in which the Toronto starter, Juan Guzman, cobbled together a win after he had walked eight batters, plunked another, and thrown three wild pitches. The Chisox fared no better the next day, when bumblings by the right side of their infield and the glowering presence of Dave Stewart out on the mound produced a doleful 3–1 loss—and some epochal postgame sulking and whining by resident sluggers Bo Jackson and George Bell, who had not yet seen action. To the Jays' surprise, perhaps—and certainly to mine—Chicago now evened the playoff with successive 6–1 and 7–4 wins back at the SkyDome, with their poised and talented twenty-three-year-old left-hander Wilson Alvarez bemusing the Toronto order as he picked up the essential first win.



The Blue Jays' deep strategic plan in this series, one could see, was to treat the White Sox first baseman Frank Thomas with the utmost sweetness. Thomas, who hit forty-one homers this year, goes a Dumpster-wide six feet five and is a prime-force slugger in this new era of offense; and during his early at-bats the Toronto pitchers gave us a perfect kiddie vid of the sickly-smiling Sylvester Pussycat encountering a bulldog in his back yard: "A base on balls, sir? . . . *Here* you go!" "Another walk, perhaps? . . . Nothing to it!" "Ah, there's a lovely little single—nicely done, sir!" This couldn't last forever, to be sure, and Thomas's Game Four blast into the distant center-field second deck at the SkyDome looked like an F-18 Hornet catapulting off a carrier, and helped build a three-run inning that pretty well wrapped up the evening. But in the end this particular championship came down to the pitching—pitching, of all things. Black Jack McDowell, Chicago's Cy Young Award winner, could not get his forkball working in two starts, and the Chicagos now ran into Guzman and then Stewart once again, who together closed down their hopes and their season over the next two games. Guzman's slider practically undressed Frank Thomas this time around, while Stewart's win, which ran his A.L.C.S. record to 8–0, included a strikeout of Big Frank that almost—well, not quite—made Stew lighten up for a moment. The White Sox, in defeat, ran out three impressive baby pitching stars for our inspection—the aforementioned Alvarez, twenty-four-year-old Alex Fernandez, and Jason Bere, who is twenty-two. Bere (it's pronounced like the hat) didn't last long, but what with his top-quality fastball and curve and changeup, and a sullen, thick-faced stare that reminded me of the boy assassin Bob Feller, I think he may be the one we'll be hearing most about in the summers just ahead. (Bo Jackson, by the way, *did* get to play: oh for ten in his Nikes, with six strikeouts.)

"Ignore him. He's the guy who's writing that unauthorized biography of me."

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THE Atlanta Braves batted around twice in the second game of their National League playoff against the Phillies, putting up six runs in the third inning and then four more in the eighth, and then more or less repeated themselves in the next meeting, with a five-run sixth and a four-run seventh. (Although not a famous offensive club, they had shown a proclivity for runaway innings, as evidenced by an eight-game stretch back in July in which they scored eighty-one runs.) The second laugher was more appreciated than the first, being played on the winners' home ground, and, at some point during the inane mass woo-wooing and air-chopping that accompanied each Atlanta line drive or bingle or base on balls, I found myself thinking back with sad gratitude to the unique bijou entertainment that the overmatched Phillies had given us in Game One, up at the Vet, where I'd watched their madcap reliever Mitch Williams cough up a scrimped-together 3–2 lead in the top of the ninth, with the assistance of an odious throwing error by Kim Batiste, a defensive substitute at third base. Batiste then saved the day (actually, it was almost the next day by this time) with a game-winning single in the bottom of the ensuing stanza. But the experienced and workmanlike Braves, I could see, would now wrap up this playoff without much difficulty, to bring about their foreordained, if not all that interesting, repeat matchup with the Blue Jays in the Series—and with it, perhaps, the World Championship that they had thought about every day and inning since it slipped away last fall. We old baseball guys have a feeling for these things.

Well, O.K., I was wrong—wrong again, but this time with the over-the-top, hilarious sort of wrongness that makes one stop studying baseball and start smiling and yelling over it once again. Who among us fans, I wonder, did not feel something of this sort during the rest of these playoff games—with the exception, of course, of those rubber-tomahawk wavers and of the Braves themselves? Their manager, the calm and estimable Bobby Cox, could be seen on our sets in extended extremis, again and again turning his gaze from the field or giving a miserable, barely perceptible shake of his head over the events and turns of events that now did in his club. Fifteen strikeouts of Philadelphia batters went by the board in Game Four when a most unlikely catch by Milt Thompson at the left-field wall and then a burning Williams-to-Batiste sac-into-force-play at third saved a 2–1 win for the Phils. The vaudeville resumed late the next evening, when the Komedy Klowns executed a subtle variation of their socko midnight caper—a fumble by Batiste, and three singles and a sacrifice surrendered by Wild Thing—thus permitting the Braves to tie up matters at 3–3, and Lenny Dykstra to untie them with his game-winning solo shot in the tenth. Gala goofs and loud sudden sounds lose a little something in the retelling, and I will finish this part of our tale with a mere reminder that Mitch Williams, brought forth again in Game Six to hold a lead, blew away the last three Atlanta batters for the save, the game, and the pennant. The Braves, in any case—who had been badly let down by their bullpen and had often seemed to bat into bad luck in these games—will have an earlier chance to prove the comparative worth of these two clubs next year, when they will both be playing in the reconformed National League East.

THE unexpected World Series matchup presented some team differences that ran deeper than clothes and haircuts. The Phillies, last-place finishers in their division a year ago, made a swift bolt from the blocks this season and were never out of first place after April 10th, but their cruise was not exactly boring. In an early home stand, they picked up a 9–8 extra-inning win over the Giants after spotting them to an early 8–0 lead. On July 2nd and 3rd, they split a rain-interrupted twi-night home doubleheader against the Padres, in which the nightcap began at one-thirty in the morning and ended at four-forty, with a tenth-inning game-winning Mitch Williams single; less than a week later, they staggered through a six-hours-plus standoff with the Dodgers, which was finally won with Lenny Dykstra's bases-loaded double in the twentieth inning. For all the Phillies' grunge and growl, their true team style seemed to come down from manager Jim Fregosi, who is patient and matter-of-fact. Like Philadelphia's general manager, Lee Thomas, he is an alumnus of the early and celebrated Los Angeles (later California) Angels, and a great admirer of the heart-of-oak, play-it-by-the-book skipper, Gene Mauch, who succeeded Fregosi at the Angels' helm in 1981. The Phils' startling eight hundred and seventy-seven runs this season, the most in their league in thirty-one years, were fashioned not just on slugging but on the homely base on balls. Their lead-off man, the incomparable Dykstra, wound up first in the league in hits, runs, at-bats, and walks (the at-bats-and-walks combination looks bizarre, and tells us what a tough out he was), while his colleagues John Kruk and Darren Daulton figured among the league's top ten in walks and on-base percentage. Totals like these, along with those late, hard games won, suggest an old-school baseball philosophy: get on base and then we'll think of something. The new faces in the dugout this year did not run much to celebrity free agents, but careful shopping by Lee Thomas produced mid-priced long-term pros like outfielders Pete Incaviglia, Milt Thompson, and Jim Eisenreich; a tough old starter, Danny Jackson; and a much-travelled forty-year-old mid-reliever, Larry Andersen. The twenty-three-year-old rookie shortstop, Kevin Stocker, was thrown into the difficult position early in July, straight up from Scranton, and made the grade, while batting a neat .324. The team's starting pitching was adequate, the middle pitching middling, and the defense frequently in need of late-inning reshingling. Everyone got to play, which is a great morale builder—almost as good as wincing and groaning and shuddering together during the latest Wild Thing episode.

The Toronto look was bankerish and reassuring: the same faces behind the same desks, day after day—now and then reinforced by the addition of a reputable, high-salaried executive from some other firm. Rickey Henderson, a guaranteed Hall of Famer, came over from the Athletics in midsummer (he was a disappointment, it turned out), and Tony Fernandez came home again to play shortstop, after a three-year hiatus, and performed splendidly. The Blue Jays remind me more and more of the old Yankees—a club that constantly changes personnel while appearing to look exactly the same, because it wins. The Jays felt imperious, in fact, even when they were faltering. Although never out of first place in their division after July 25th, they fell into a tie for first on five different occasions, for a total of thirteen days, briefly encouraging undue hopes in the Red Sox, the Orioles, and the Yankees. Six losses in a row dropped the Jays back even with the Yanks again on September 9th, whereupon the outlanders ripped off nine straight wins, and sixteen victories in eighteen games, and disappeared over the horizon. They motored away, just as we knew they would. Next year's Blue Jays will be remodelled, too, and their fifty-million-dollar salary costs pared a bit, but I think we can be assured that that deep engine hum and the satisfying, heavy-sounding door slam will survive.

THANKSGIVING ON GHOST RANCH

We had no sage, so I flavored the bird
with *chimaja*, a desert herb the antelope eat.
It is good with eggs, in soup.

I was interested in the hardening green
of the leaves as I slit the skin and squeezed
them beneath the fat—mineral, opaque.

Roasting a turkey is predictable.
Skin dries, pulls away from the flesh,
tissue condenses to inanimate white.

But there are unexpected chemical reactions:
scorched in the oven, coated with grease,
the scent of the desert herb is trapped and withers

to a putrid stink—the smell of meat
that has found time to rot luxuriously
where bones are clean and bleached before dark.

The guests were on their way from Española.
There was no other food. So we packed up the car,
drove to the Black Place, cleared the snow and slept.

I wanted to paint this landscape
but did not know how until, back in New York,
I filled a cow's skull with calico roses.

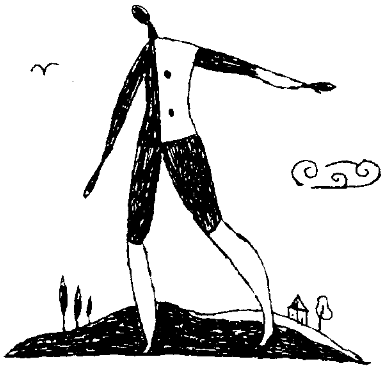
—Lavinia Greenlaw

TORONTO won the Series opener, at the SkyDome, in convincing, though hardly Rolls-Roycean, fashion. In fact, the game, which wound up at 8–5 for the home side, established a grotesque, gothic tone that was to prevail right through these meetings. Four errors, twenty-one hits, innumerable deep counts (Guzman's fifth inning of work against the Phils, in which he surrendered a lone run, required forty-three pitches), and further pauses for commercials and batting-glove readjustments made the announced game time of three hours and twenty-seven minutes—the longest Series opener ever—feel almost too swift, as if our watches had stopped somewhere along the way. The Phillies looked glum and wan when it was over, perhaps because their starter, Curt Schilling, had given back three separate and distinct leads in the game, or because so many different Blue Jays had had a hand in the outcome: homers by Devon White and Olerud; a pair of instant killer doubles against reliever David West in the seventh; and two earlier scintillant, blanketing infield plays by Robby Alomar, which took away two runs, at the least.

Local bars had been allowed to postpone their closing time for an extra hour for the Series, but the necessity for a further legislative reprieve became clear the following evening, when a 6–4 Philadelphia victory was consummated in three hours thirty minutes and change. I minded the time-lapse-photography effect less in this game, for some reason, and gave myself more cheerfully to the show and the sideshows: Pete Incaviglia lurching for White's double and splatting into the left-field padding like a Sunday *Times* hitting the porch; John Kruk's amicable back-fence chats with each visiting Toronto base runner at his corner ("WHO'S THE KRUK DRIVER ON FIRST?" one banner asked); Jim Eisenreich's surprise three-run homer against Dave Stewart in the third (Stew couldn't *believe* it); a fine going-away catch by Dykstra, against White, and then an incomparably better one, out at the deepest rim of center field, against Alomar. Lenny's own lead-off shot, *over* the wall in the seventh, just about put the game out of reach for the Jays, but then Mitch Williams and Kim Batiste (who came into the game—*bwonggg*—on the very stroke of midnight) once again almost made us think otherwise. Dykstra, in the postgame debriefing, stuck up for Mitch and, modestly, for Lenny: "If I do say so myself, I made a couple of big plays." Asked to sum up his club, he said, "The later it gets, the better we play."

The games moved south by east to the charmless Vet, and any catch-up sleeping we fans and players and writers got in during the one-day hiatus was wasted at once, thanks to a seventy-two-minute rain delay before the first pitch. The Phillies fans, in their scarlet team-gear and plastic-sheeting ponchos, were patient and upbeat about the wait, but they found little fun in the evening thereafter, thanks to a three-run opening at-bat by the visitors (a specialty of theirs in this Series) and a brisk, no-nonsense performance by the tough-looking young Toronto starter, Pat Hentgen, who took nineteen games for the Jays this summer and was the 10–3 winner here. The Philadelphia starter, Danny Jackson, had come through with a stubborn and courageous win over the Braves in his last outing, but he couldn't solve Molitor, who nailed him for a two-run triple and then a home run in his first two times up. Molitor, without his d.h. passport, was deployed at first base, and his useful evening's work at the plate saved his manager from the possibility of some murderous second-guessing, since the player he had benched was Olerud, the American League batting champion. Molitor reported that he and Olerud and third baseman Ed Sprague had discussed the strategy during one of their regular clubhouse bridge games, and that Olerud had said, "It's what *I* would do." Me, too, John.

GAME FOUR was not only the longest and loudest of any regular-distance Series game but one of the more notorious events in the whole raggedy history of the pastime. "It was a war," Dave Stewart said when it was over, and I suspect that we can only try to bring it back now with brief visits to some of its shattered salients. The smoking 15–14, thirty-two-hit morass looks no better on one's scorecard, which yields up dripping, sanguinary slices whether read vertically or across: the Phillies' six-hit, two-homer bat-around in the fifth, which had put them ahead by an unassailable (we thought) 12–7; the Jays' twenty-one batters over the first three innings; and of course their still impossible-looking turnabout six-run eighth. White and Fernandez, Dykstra and Milt Thompson came up with three hits apiece in the game, and among them drove in eighteen runs. Dykstra's evening's work produced two homers and a double whanged off the center-field wall which missed going out by a bare couple of feet. The casualties were pitiable. Phillies starter Tommy Greene, apparently undone by nerves, could manage only a cramped, shrivelled sort of delivery during his brief stint, and later television closeups of his opposite number, Todd Stottlemyre, on the bench, showed a white-faced, empty-eyed shock victim, with a bloody chin—the result of a baserunning misadventure. These are professionals, to be sure, but games like this can leave deep scars on a career. The shelling seemed to numb the managers a little, too. Cito Gaston, with his club behind by 13–9, allowed his pitcher, Castillo, to bat for himself leading off the seventh (he struck out), while Jim Fregosi, on the other side of the same score, failed to insert the customary Batiste at third base for defensive reasons, only to see a Molitor double bounced past that corner in the middle of the great Blue Jays uprising.



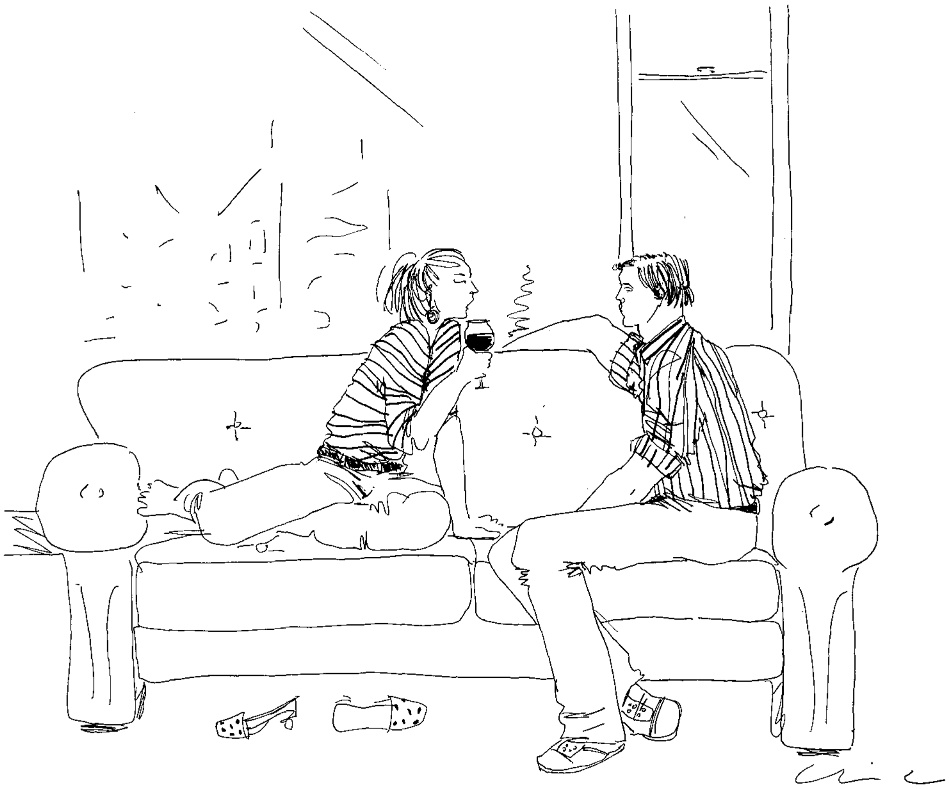
A drizzling rain fell steadily during the proceedings, turning to a downpour only during the Phillies' big fifth, when the local fans didn't give a damn. "*Whoot*—there it is!" they screeched again and again (it's a mystic local counterpart to the tomahawk), battering each other happily about the head and shoulders, while the slime-green Phillie Phanatic mascot did his victory belly-shimmy on the roof of the home dugout. They grew quieter later on—dead silent, in fact—when the weather of the game began to turn sour, and sheltered themselves under towels, like penitents. This sports mode had been popularized during the playoffs by Curt Schilling, who had found it impossible to keep watching the Phillies relievers from his dugout seat as they recklessly handed back the precious leads he had given into their care, and began to veil his eyes in disbelief. This time, the whole Phillies bench was doing it. As the 14–9 Philadelphia lead began to come apart during that Toronto eighth—single, walk, Molitor's double down the third-base line, single, *another* walk—common sense and common baseball wisdom continued to say that the upsurge would stop and that it would not be enough. Mitch Williams was in again by this time, flinging himself like a windup toy across and down the mound with each pitch, and now the debacle speeded up—a two-out, two-run single by Rickey Henderson (Dykstra, playing very deep on the worn, rain-slick stadium carpet, could not close on the ball), and then, in a twinkling, White's sliced two-run triple into the right-center-field gap, which flipped the lead and at last, it turned out, concluded the torture.

I had come into this post-season with no particular passion for either team, but I was distressed when the Phillies began to slip away in the Series, because I liked them so much by now and wanted to qualify as one of their fans. I had missed out on their midsummer clubhouse, with its flying insults and cacophonous tape decks, the shaving-cream pies smushed into the faces of teammates in mid-interview (even Jim Fregosi got one), and the postgame beer-and-pizza busts, when the clubhouse rats stayed late and talked baseball, but even now, in the media crush surrounding the October games, these boyish men didn't sound much like the money-haunted, image-conscious whisperers one finds in so many clubhouses nowadays. Mitch Williams, in a warm-up shirt with ripped-off sleeves and a headband with "Fear" (yes, but *whose* fear?) inked across the brow, was an early visitor to the dugout on game days, where he sprayed sunflower-seed shells and candor while he talked about his adventurous outings. Jim Eisenreich, who doesn't much resemble your average muscled-up, down-country outfielder—he suffers from Tourette's syndrome, which he manages with a careful regimen of drugs—admitted one day that he wasn't exactly thrilled at being called Jeffrey Dahmer by his teammates (a nickname bestowed for some fancied resemblance to the mass murderer), but he looked tickled about it just the same. "We have a great camaraderie," he said. "I don't smoke or drink beer, but I'm right in the middle of this team." Darren Daulton, the towering, beat-up, movie-handsome catcher, was in the middle, too—all the Phillies said so—and so was the pitching coach, Johnny Podres, and so were Lenny Dykstra, the wry and comic John Kruk, and others. "We're pretty happy everyone turned out today," Kruk said on the afternoon after the scarifying Game Four loss. "The schedule indicated we had to play." At another point, earlier in the season, he had said, "People pay to come and see *me* play? What is our society coming to?"

Seeing them play was a treat. Daulton, who has had seven knee operations, was a powerful presence for his pitchers, and helped by throwing out seven enemy base runners in the post-season; and Kruk, chomping down on that ten-stick wad of bubble gum, batted and fielded and ran the bases like a teen-ager. All this and Lenny, too. His at-bats have become one of the prime long-running shows in the game. Standing in there—with bulging arms and upper body, bulging hip pockets, and bulging cheeks, and with that gargoylish mouth and stare—he presents a picturesque but uncomic prospect for the pitcher. His stance, so open at the outset that he appears to be considering a stroll out to the mound, closes suddenly and dangerously, while the back foot clomps backward and across into the dirt directly behind home plate, so that he appears to overpower the strike zone even before he launches his violent cut at the ball. He knows how to foul off outside pitches with a flick of the bat, thus converting many of his at-bats into lengthy constructions, of diminishing promise for the pitcher. He can also crank up, apparently whenever the game demands it, which is the mark of a rare hitter at his peak: the Brett-stamp. Lenny, of course, was mine—or *ours*—when he played for the Mets, in happier times, but I don't think that anyone expected back then that the brattish jock would become the impressive figure that he is today. It doesn't bear thinking about. When Dykstra launched his game-winning tenth-inning home run in the playoffs, down in Atlanta (I was watching at home), my wife threw up her arms and cried, "Lenny, marry me!" This had a familiar ring, and, when I asked, she reminded me that she had been sitting in the upper deck at Shea Stadium in 1986, on the afternoon when Dykstra had hit a killer home run against the Astros in that playoff, and a fan next to her had jumped up with that immortal yell—a man, as it happened.

Dykstra's three-run blast against Dave Stewart in the seventh inning of the sixth, and soon to be final, game, back at the SkyDome, was the centerpiece of a marvellous five-run rally: the last happy moment for the Phillies and for their old and their brand-new, arriviste fans. The team had survived in the Series and qualified for further play a couple of nights before, in an austere, nervous-making 2–0 shutout thrown by Curt Schilling, which was nothing at all like the previous games; still, I don't think many of us really believed that they could beat the Blue Jays twice and go all the way to a championship, even after they knocked out Stewart here and held a one-run lead. What we did want, though, was more baseball. I was watching at home, and felt an intimate kinship with every Phillies fan in the land—and a shared conviction that the bullpen would not be up to the job. The tattered, charity-ward appearance of the Philadelphia relief corps at this juncture calls out for sympathy and perhaps a line or two of explanation. Because there is no designated hitter in the National League, starting pitchers tend to quit the scene more often than their opposite numbers in the other circuit, and relief men to come on earlier. Game appearances and innings pitched, in any case, don't tell us everything about the true condition of the relievers' arms and psyches as a season progresses, since middle men can be up and throwing three or four different times in the pen before they are actually beckoned into action. With a high-scoring, comeback-oriented team like the Phillies, these unseen innings of work became an accruing and intractable problem.

The problem now, of course, was the inexorably recurring presence of the top-of-the-order Toronto hitters, who had done such damage right along (the second through fifth Blue Jay hitters batted .375 in the Series, it turned out) and had won the unwinnable fourth game. In the eighth inning, Jim Fregosi still had a chance to close out their last at-bats, but his unvarying, mystifying game strategy worked the other way. Ignoring the almost impeccable work of his tall, right-handed middle reliever Roger Mason (a rare bright spot in the pen, he had given up a lone run so far, in four games, and had just struck out two batters in the last two innings), he called in the ineffable West, who walked a man and departed, and then the worn-down Larry Andersen, who, working with painful care and courage—his arm was hamburger, he confessed afterward—got through the inning without damage, but only after walking another batter and hitting a third. These bottom-of-the-order base



"If you really cared about me, you would dump me."

• •

runners were the clicking, dropping-down tumblers inside the mechanism, which now produced Henderson to lead off the ninth, and Mitch Williams, inevitably, to walk him. Fregosi pointed out after the game that this was the bullpen pattern that had brought his club all this distance, but I don't think we should repress a severe second guess about this, given the state of those waiting arms and the cool, up-to-the-occasion performance of Mason. Sometimes you have to take a chance. Fregosi may still hold himself blameless, I suppose, but he who lives by the book can also die by the book.

Williams' four balls to Rickey were wild-high, nowhere near the plate, and, although he got rid of White after a lengthy at-bat (he flied to shallow left), it was clear that Mitch had nothing left. The Molitor single and Carter's magnificent, end-it-all home run came very quickly, and, for all the yelling and the glory, did not wholly surprise anyone. Mitch stood up under the postgame grilling in extraordinary fashion, taking all the questions and all the blame, but good character, even in a Christy Mathewson, is not the very first thing one wants when pitching in the pinch.

Closing pitchers, to my way of thinking, should aspire toward a deadly anonymity—a tax inspector would be the ideal—and we should remind ourselves that Duane Ward, the Toronto stopper, was the winner of this last game, and picked up two uncolorful Series saves as well, surrendering a lone earned run in his four appearances. Nothing to it. Winning always looks easy in retrospect, and winning a World Championship two years running, as the Blue Jays have now done, only deepens the same unfair perception. No club had pulled off this double since the Yankees turned the trick in 1977 and '78, while twelve different teams won the Series in that fifteen-year stretch—an instability with several causes, not the least of which is fierce competition. The Blue Jays may be back again in 1994, as I have suggested, but before we find them wholly boring we might aim a few last cheers in their direction for such a class act.

QUITE a game and quite a Series, but let us take our leave with a doubling back to its predecessor, that 2–0 Phillies squeaker. Without that lean, hard contest—if the Series had ended, let's say, with Game Four and then something like the free-hitting, high-scoring Game Six next in turn—this championship would have been dismissed as burlesque, a noisy freak show that had failed to produce much evidence of the range and difficulty of the sport. There was very little to that fifth game beyond the pitching: Guzman and Schilling, each at the peak of his form. The Phillies picked up a lone run in the first and another in the second, and were then closed down by the droopy-eyed, imperturbable Toronto ace and his down-slipping slider. Schilling, in a fever of excitement, threw hard and then harder, understandably unwilling on this night to find himself back on the bench and once again reaching for that towel. As pitching duels often do, the contest threw the home crowd into a tizzy of anxious silences, interrupted by little bursts of relieved or pleading, horribly worried clappings ("Come on, you guys! *C'mon!*"), and a swiftly unrolling succession of snapshots and glances and moments: Guzman's little mini-ducktail above that dour, Presbyterian Toronto uniform; Daulton shooting down Alomar with another great peg, inches above his arriving foot at second base; and John Kruk, his hair flying, joyfully pouncing on Guzman's bunt to begin a super, fist-pumping 3-6-4 double play.

Schilling, his fastball waning, hung on grimly, sustained by visits from his counsellor catcher. "Looks like our oxygen tank is on low," Daulton told him at one point. Then he reminded Schilling that he wouldn't have to pitch again until next year. The batterymates pulled off the game's critical play, in the top of the eighth, when, with Blue Jay runners at first and third and no outs, Schilling knocked down Henderson's rap to the mound, found the ball behind his feet, and flung it to the catcher in time for a rundown putout of the front man—and a releasing, 62,706-tonsil scream. Encouraged by the noise (he said later) and by the realization that nobody at all was warming up in the Phillies bullpen, Schilling now struck out Devon White with a brilliant back-door slider, which, all things considered, nailed down the shutout and our quick visit to the better half of the game. As Jim Fregosi said afterward, this is what baseball is all about. ♦

FICTION

I COULDN'T SEE A THING

BY JULIE HECHT

FOR three years, I'd been trying to photograph the world-renowned reproductive surgeon Dr. Arnold Loquesto. After benefitting from his surgical skills, I'd followed him around New England and New York to conferences and hospitals where he lectured. I'd met and photographed everyone in his family and in his office. But it turned out that the surgeon couldn't stay still long enough for the right photograph to be taken. I began to think of these trips as a form of research, after reading in an antique photography book in the chapter on small mammals, "Know your subject. Otherwise many opportunities will be entirely lost."

The first time I travelled from East Hampton to the Berkshires for a photograph, I found the surgeon sitting on a little swivel chair in front of a screen where he was arranging some slides. He didn't even swivel around to acknowledge my arrival, but said to the screen, "What's new?" I got the idea of taking a picture of the back of his neck and head, but I thought it would have a surreal, Magritte look I wasn't aiming for.

"What's on the slides?" I asked.

"Weddings and bar mitzvahs. I'm starting a band and renting it out to make extra money at big events."

I looked at the screen and saw some surgical shots.

"Endometriosis. You love this kind of thing," he said.

As he prepared his slides for a lecture he was going to give in New York, he sat on the chair and described the bar-mitzvah celebrations of three of his four sons. "One was an Egyptian feast," he said, still staring at the screen as I tried to photograph him with the endometriomas lit up dark-red on the white screen before him.

"Is that appropriate?" I asked.

"Everybody loved it," he said. "Except for one man, a dermatologist whose specialty is suspicious-looking lesions."

"Could I get an appointment with him?" I asked. "I always think I have the most dangerous kind."

"You're not a candidate for melanoma," he said. "Because you're so pale."

"I thought that's what makes a candidate," I said.

"You never go in the sun," he said.

"It's sun from the past," I told him. He didn't understand. Because the surgeon, I had diagnosed, had a kind of dyslexia of his thought patterns which made him think in reverse. Based on my observations of his mental processes and also on a patient's telling me that he had written her instructions backward, I decided to ask him, "By the way, do you have dyslexia?"

He had moved over to his large desk. He was reading some mail and wasn't paying attention to the question but answered, "Huh? Yes. I think I do. Why?" That gave me the courage to start preparing the other question I'd been wanting to ask.

"Has your wife ever had shock therapy?" That, I figured, might make him look up from his mail and say, "Why?"

Then all I could say would be, "Just wondering."

But I knew I had to wait a while longer to ask that. I had to wait for the right moment. Actually, I didn't want to know the answer. I might never ask. Because the more I saw of the surgeon the more I understood that his behavior alone would have been enough to cause the strange expression his wife had sometimes.

At the end of the day a resident met us outside to drive us to a meeting of doctors who were going to discuss articles from medical textbooks. The surgeon sat alone in the back of the car and I sat next to the resident in the front. "I hope they started without us. They probably didn't—the idiots," the surgeon said.

I turned around to look at him. He was wearing a light-blue-and-yellow Argyle vest, which seemed to take up the whole back seat. The diamonds were stretched out of shape by his abdominal area. He had a Humpty-Dumpty look about him.

"When did you develop your contempt for mankind?" I asked him.

"Very early," the surgeon said.

"Thirteen?" I asked.

"Earlier."

"Seven?"

"Earlier."

"Five?"

"Yes. Five," he said.

As we passed a neighborhood of old mansions the surgeon said, "I want to live here." I'd been hoping to photograph him in front of the Frick museum sometime, because he'd once said he wished he could live there, too. This was to be part of a series of photographs of people with houses they wished they could live in. "The Frick is better than these houses," I said. "But it costs six million dollars for an apartment overlooking the Frick museum."

"I can handle it," he said. "I'll do a few D. and C.s."

"You mean a few hundred thousand," I said.

"As many as I have to in order to pay the rent."

"What's your favorite surgery?" I asked.

"Hysterectomy!" he yelled.

"What's the reason?" I asked.

"Cut out the uterus. Throw it in a pot."

"What kind of pot do they throw it into?"

"A big bucket," the surgeon said in a deep, low voice.

Something had put him into the mood to make fun of critics of his profession, even though he was admired by them for his new surgical techniques, and his low fees, too.

THE next month I attended the lecture and slide show that Dr. Loquesto had been preparing. It was at the hospital I knew to be one of the two cruellest in New York. The kind of camera I needed to photograph in the dark auditorium wasn't allowed in there. I remembered the advice in the photography book in the chapter on larger animals: "No pursuit contains more disappointments and none requires a greater amount of patience. It is no unusual thing to work a whole day, to be forced to quit at nightfall with no results to show."

I'd learned from my past experience with the hospital that all the male doctors had white hair and anti-Semitic red faces. Little did they know that the very slides they'd assembled to watch had been prepared during a description of something Hebrew. They wore white coats and resembled the German-style butchers from Yorkville who sell knockwurst and other kinds of wurst. One of the white-haired, white-coated doctors practiced his golf swing in the large auditorium as he sat in an aisle seat and ignored the lecture. After a few swings with his imaginary golf club, he and the doctors around him passed rolls of colored LifeSavers back and forth. Probably they'd muttered anti-Semitic comments about Dr. Loquesto before the lecture or would do so after it. But the surgeon's Italian name might have confused the doctors and kept them from knowing which kind of slur to make.

MY next trip took place on a perfect day in June. I left a garden where I'd been photographing "Moonbeam" roses and travelled across Long Island to a highway restaurant where the surgeon was giving another slide show for a hundred doctors. It had been difficult to get permission to photograph the surgeon at this event. "They're a strange group," he said.

I'd had to describe my purposes by telephone to a secretary who sounded like Little Richard. As I was telling her my plans she suddenly said, "Ooooh!" I wondered how she could be that impressed. Then she said, "Oooh! oooh! oooh!" and added, "The reason I'm saying 'oooh' like that is because a big hornet just flew in the window."

When I arrived at the restaurant, which was at an exit off the Long Island Expressway, the doctors were standing around talking to each other and drinking soda. None of them had met Dr. Loquesto before. The surgeon stood around by himself for a few minutes, and then decided to arrange the slides. He put his briefcase down on the fake bricks of a giant fake hearth, opened it up, and sat down next to it. He looked the way Fuller Brush men used to look when they came into houses and had to take out their samples wherever they could.

As I was trying to take a photograph of this sight, the Little Richard secretary came over to me and said, "This isn't the kind of picture we thought you wanted to take."

"I don't mind," the surgeon said without looking up.

After the lecture was over and linguine had been served as a first course, the surgeon said he couldn't wait around much longer. "Three more minutes," he said, looking at his watch. The president of the doctors said, "You don't have to wait for the second course."

The surgeon was still staring at his watch. "That's it!" he said and jumped out of his seat. He grabbed his briefcase from the hearth and ran up the stairs. I followed him out to the parking lot, where a long white limousine was waiting. It was part of my plan to photograph the surgeon in front of an airport hotel where he had to meet forty other doctors who were spending the night before flying off to another meeting. I'd been told by the secretary that the car was for Dr. Loquesto and I was forbidden to ride with him. But when I told him this, he said, "What do they care? Just get in."

On the way to the airport Dr. Loquesto announced that he was moving to a hospital near Boston.

"I wish you had told me the news more gradually," I said.

"Why? All my patients are free to follow me there."

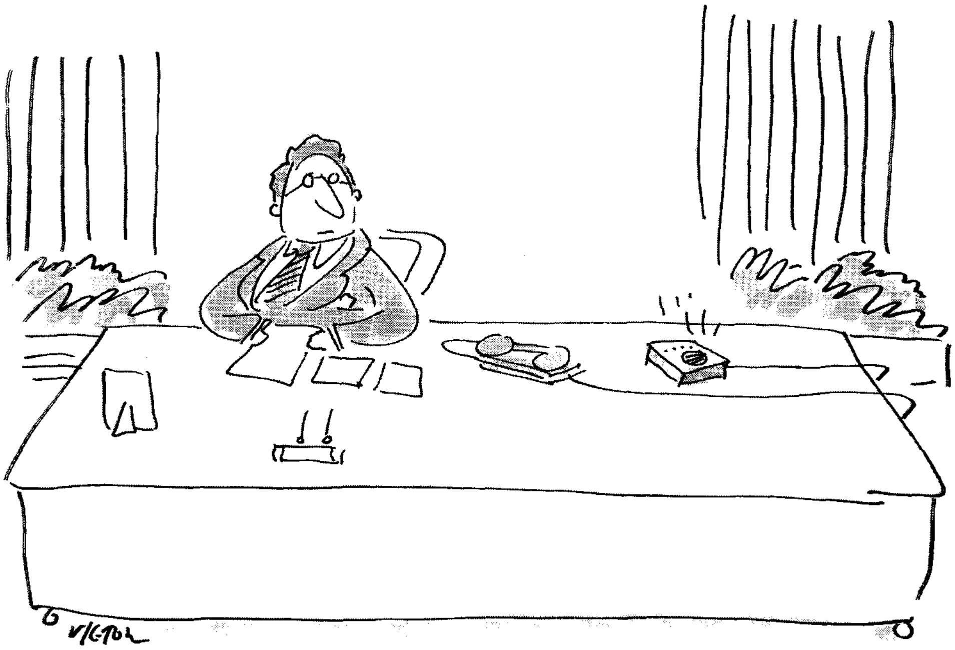
I didn't know whether to believe him, because two of his favorite jokes were: "I have all the nut cases here" and "All our patients are neurotic."

The limousine driver got lost on the Long Island Expressway. I kept calling directions to him, "Grand Central to LaGuardia," but the limousine was so long that he couldn't hear anything. By the time we arrived, the forty doctors had gone to their forty rooms. Instead of asking them to come down, I took a photograph of the surgeon checking in alone in the lobby.

THE week after the restaurant slide show, the surgeon broke the news that he was moving to a wooded suburb near Concord. The first thing I thought of was that Anne Sexton had lived right nearby. Because after reading her poems and her biography, all I wanted to do was stare at and photograph her houses. I didn't see how poems could be written in suburbs. When I read the descriptions of her houses, I tried to picture her in them. I wondered how anyone could turn into a poet under the circumstances of her life.

That was how I got the brainstorm: when I'm in Massachusetts to photograph the surgeon, I'll photograph Anne Sexton's houses, too! First the home of her early childhood, in Wellesley, next the home of her teen-age years, in Weston, and finally a second house in Weston, where she lived when she was a poet. I decided to skip her house in Newton, because I'd been to Newton and knew that it was filled with dentists and lawyers.

One of her houses had tall windows



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and a sunporch. There were trees and gardens. Another had seven bathrooms, a playroom, and a library. How could you be mentally disturbed in houses like that, I wondered stupidly. People were lucky to have lived in bygone eras, I thought, even though they're dead now.

I told the surgeon's twelve-year-old son about my plan. I'd gotten to know him on the occasions when the surgeon would try to foist off the photography sessions on his son. "Take his picture today instead," he'd say. I gave the boy the addresses of the houses and asked him to go by when he was in the neighborhood and give me a report. "I know where Thoreau's house is," he said. Then I told the surgeon that Anne Sexton's houses were near his new home.

"That's the first thing I've heard to make me glad I'm moving there," he said. "I wanted to live in Beacon Hill."

But he hadn't read any of her poems, and knew nothing about her life except for a few salacious bits that he liked to yell out whenever her name was mentioned. I sent him the volume that included an ode to the uterus, because I once heard him shout to a patient, "No more uterine questions!" as he boarded a hospital elevator filled with a bunch of medical people. I thought that when he read the poem he'd prefer the questions.

"What if Anne Sexton had been your patient?" I asked him after I pointed out the ode. He never replied.

A FEW months went by. In the fall, Dr. Loquesto moved to the suburb. Every time I went to photograph him at his new hospital that winter, I'd think about how close I was to the three houses and to Walden Pond. But I could never fit the surgeon and the houses and Pond into the same day; I'd get involved watching the surgeon's many activities. I'd read in the photography book, "One cannot afford to miss the details that go to make a truthful whole in depicting incidents in the everyday lives of birds and beasts."

Then, just when I was making plans to photograph the surgeon standing next to a special telescope he liked to use, he suggested that I come up for a medical procedure with the telescope. Immediately I thought of combining the medical appointment with the plan to photograph Anne Sexton's houses. I decided to go to Boston in June in spite of what could happen with the greenhouse effect.

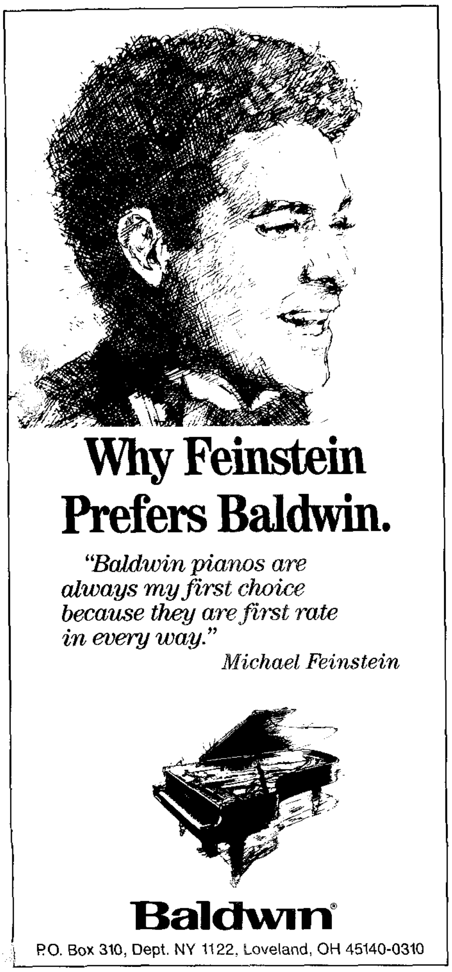
The night before the trip I lay in bed reviewing my plan. I was happy. But there was no reason for it. I thought over my situation in a quick way: I had electrodes on my chest to monitor a fluttering heartbeat; the portable monitor was on the floor on a pile of books near the bed; in the pile were Nietzsche, Keats, and Raymond Carver. This combination could cause an arrhythmia.

On the bedside table there was half a cup of chamomile tea with a teaspoon of valerian-root tincture mixed in. The table was as cluttered with bottles, cups, and glasses as Marilyn Monroe's bedside table at the time of her suspicious death. But I had no immediate plans to commit suicide. Nor did I have a fear of being murdered by Mafia hit men sent by any of the remaining Kennedys. Although maybe my past travels to Massachusetts to photograph Dr. Loquesto did seem professionally suicidal.

I'd take the three ferries to New London. The hotel driver would meet me and drive the two hours to Boston. It was a professional expenditure and a once-in-a-lifetime occurrence. I'd get out of the air-conditioned car and go right into the air-conditioned hotel. Quickly, I'd be in a room overlooking the Public Garden. The next day, just before the medical procedure, I'd take a Demerol and a Xanax. Afterward, it wouldn't be a good idea to get right back onto the highway and the three ferries, so I'd recover at the hotel, and then—off to the three houses. On the way there, I could stop by and see how the surgeon's house looked in daylight. In a photograph I'd seen of his house, it looked like the Guggenheim Museum. It was made of white stone, and faced a big pond.

In fact, when I got through with the series of the surgeon and of Anne Sexton's houses I planned to return to nature—to ponds in particular. I'd never even been to Walden Pond. An antique postcard of a pond in Nantucket—"Sunset over Sesachacha Pond"—had led to my fascination with ponds. I wanted to see this pond at all hours and photograph it in every kind of light. Then one pond led to another.

After ponds, I was going to move on to bogs and heathlands. If there were any left. Maybe the photographs could be connected at the end—the surgeon standing at his pond outside his big house, then his youngest son at Walden



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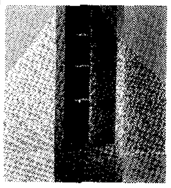

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Pond saying, "I know where Thoreau's house is." First the people, then the ponds, then the people with the ponds. The boy was planning to start a conservative Republican club at his school, and he was against preservation, ecology, and environmental talk. He didn't know that the Republicans had cornered for themselves the most beautiful, best-preserved parts of America, with golf courses included. Or maybe he did.

In the past, after weeks of studying ponds in Southampton, East Hampton, and Nantucket, I'd think of the surgeon and his family. They'd pop into my mind as a diversion, the way my doll house would during my childhood. The surgeon's wife looked like the mother in the doll-house family. Their kitchen cabinets held the same groceries as the miniatures in the doll house—cans of things like La Choy Chop Suey and bottles of Wish-Bone salad dressing. Their favorite dressing was white and was made by mixing two kinds of supermarket dressings together. But there was no doll in the doll-house collection that resembled the surgeon.

My plan still seemed like a great idea the next day as I took the two five-minute ferries to get to the one-and-a-half-hour ferry that crossed Long Island Sound. I remembered reading that Anne Sexton herself had taken the big ferry in the opposite direction to get to a poetry conference in Montauk. But her trips were more fun than mine, always combining love affairs and drinking bouts with whatever work she was doing. Actually, it didn't sound like fun when I thought about it.

I arrived at the hotel late at night. It was my favorite hotel in Boston and the hotel where Anne had hung out—in the bar, naturally—with her friends, other intoxicated poets. I remembered staying in the hotel room before, with my husband, waiting for the right day to meet Dr. Loquesto in his laboratory when he first moved there. I saw how desolate it was to be alone in a hotel room in a strange city, even though the hotel had been built in 1927 and had a view of the Public Garden and gave out free Mountain Valley water in green glass bottles.

I lay down on the hotel bed and turned on CNN. I lined up my herbal sleeping tinctures and teas, and took out my noise-blocking sound machine. Then I unpacked some clothes and put them on chairs around the room. The room

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didn't get any cheerier. Hotel rooms don't grow cheery just because your belongings are strewn about. I thought of Dr. Loquesto's skills in packing and travelling. "I pack brown or I pack blue," he'd told me when I first met him and asked how he managed all the packing for his medical forays around the world.

I thought of the surgeon unpacking his brown or blue garments and putting them away in neat stacks in his hotel dresser drawers. His wife had once invited me up to see their accommodations in a city I travelled to in order to photograph a dinner dance of ninety-five reproductive surgeons. "How do you know what's been in those drawers?" I asked him. "I have to unpack—what can I do?" he said. He took out his toiletry kit. All it contained was a beat-up black plastic razor, a small black comb missing half its plastic teeth, a tiny squeezed-out tube of toothpaste, and a small worn-out toothbrush. I watched the surgeon take out and line up the items of his kit, and I thought he might have a moment of recognition of the sadness of these things as he gazed at them with a forlorn stare. Maybe I could send him a new shaving kit as a present for some occasion. Patients and other people were always sending presents to the surgeon. In his basement I'd seen hundreds of champagne and wine bottles covered with dust in their places on shelves.

The spell of the sadness of the surgeon's toiletry kit was broken by his wife's saying, "Let's go see the different kinds of marble they used in the shower."

INSTEAD of dreading the medical procedure with Dr. Loquesto, I was looking forward to it as I watched CNN in my hotel room. Because I still hoped that someday I could photograph him with the special telescope he used, but so far I was afraid to see what it looked like. Usually I was so distracted by the surgeon's behavior that I forgot about whatever procedure he was doing. Some patients told me that they chose to do without medication or anesthesia. Others said they were never offered any. In the recovery room after real surgery, when nurses suggested drugs like morphine, the surgeon would yell, "No! All they need is Tylenol!"

The next day I took the two drugs. I quickly found that I couldn't walk right. It was hard to open the door. In the elevator I had to lean on the back wall. I wondered why people liked being drug addicts.

The first taxi in the line in front of the hotel was driven by a man I thought was a Libyan terrorist. On top of that, he needed directions to get to the medical building, which was ten blocks away. But, even in a fully conscious state, I can't give directions in strange cities. This caused a delay.

"Dr. Loquesto just left," the nurse said. "As you arrived in one elevator, he left in the other one."

"I'm only five minutes late."

"Usually we're all waiting for him. I'll go call him," she said.

She pointed me to a waiting room filled with inappropriate magazines about decorating. In order to avoid this room, I told her about my drugged state.

"O.K.," she said. "Better wait in a real room."

After I'd waited awhile in a room filled with medical equipment, she called me to the phone.

"What do you want?" Dr. Loquesto shouted into the phone. "You stayed over—how could you be late?"

I explained how.

"Today I was there on time," he said. I could hear dragon-style breathing on the phone. I imagined the smoke that pours out of dragons' heads in cartoons.

"I can come back later," I said.

"I'm busy later. This isn't a necessary test anyway. I only do it when patients are neurotic."

"But you said they were all neurotic."

"That's right. Those are the ones who get this test. I'll be over there when I can."

When the surgeon arrived in another hour, the high point of the drug combination had worn off. As he prepared the telescope and talked in a loud voice about his ruined schedule, I tried to think myself back to the drugged feeling. I was listening to "The Magic Flute" on my Walkman, and it seemed wrong for the occasion. But the sound of the magic bells in Act I and the thought of finally getting to photograph Anne Sexton's houses, combined with the background of the doctor's angry muttering, had a transcendental effect.

What did it matter how the surgeon behaved? The three houses were all that mattered. Then I got the idea that the surgeon could play the part of Papageno in an all-surgeon production of "The Magic Flute." I'd read that the librettist, Emanuel

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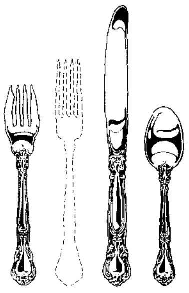

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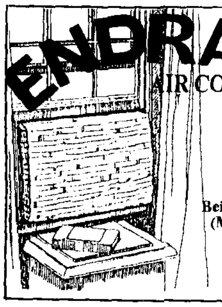

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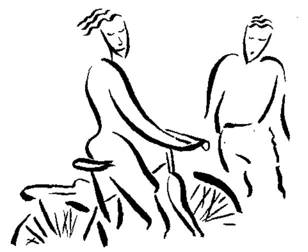
Schikaneder, was the first Papageno. At one performance, Mozart himself played the offstage glockenspiel, and as a joke he hit the notes at the wrong times. Schikaneder became confused and shouted "Shut up!" to the magic bells he was pretending to be playing—"much to the audience's delight." A perfect role for the surgeon! Why hadn't I thought of this before? Perhaps Dr. Loquesto was a descendant of Emanuel Schikaneder, who died in 1812 after ten years of insanity.

When I got back to the hotel, I lay down on the bed and looked out the window at the Public Garden and the ruined skyline in the background. I was beginning to feel that this room was my home. The hotel staff was nicer to me than anyone in any home I'd ever lived in. The idea, I understood in what remained of my state of drug-expanded consciousness, was this: People could be paid to be kind to you.

I called the surgeon's wife to tell her I would be passing by her neighborhood. Summer vacation had started at the school where she taught a course in musicals of the nineteen-fifties. She had said she wanted to go along to see the houses, but it turned out that she was imagining the kinds of houses featured on the show "Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous." After I gave a brief description, she said that she had to wait for an ottoman to be delivered. "Why don't you stop by and see our house instead?" she said. "Maybe the ottoman will be here, and you can see that, too."

The concierge arranged for a car to come and drive me to the three houses. The clean blond driver acted as though anyone who would pay for this service should be treated with courtesy and respect. I wasn't used to that. He jumped out of the car and opened the door for me. I didn't know what to do. I got in. The air-conditioner was going. Immediately I started to have fun. I forgot my troubles. It was possible that I had some remaining euphoria from the Demerol. Maybe I could take a permanent room at this hotel. The surgeon's wife had told me that a count lived there.

Dr. Loquesto's wife and dog greeted me at the door. The dog started that jumping thing he does. When the jumping got out of control, I heard the surgeon's wife use a curse word. Not that I blamed her. It was certainly called for



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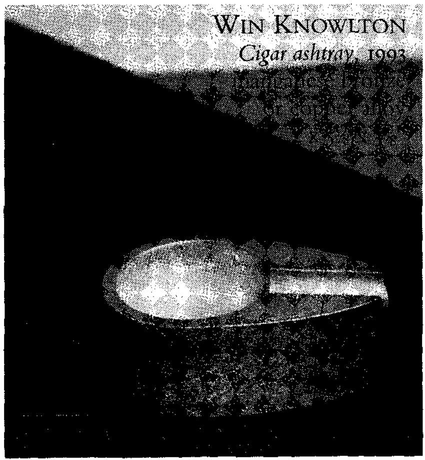

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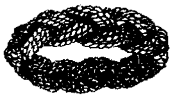

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by the situation. But she was looking like that doll from my doll house, so the word didn't fit.

The surgeon's eighteen-year-old son was there. As usual, the twelve-year-old boy was wandering around his large house, from one odd pursuit to another. He was reading a catalogue for wealthy middle-aged men and planning to order a few things.

We went outside and sat down on some new lawn furniture. I looked around the property and got some landscaping ideas. But then I noticed that the surgeon's wife was wearing nylon stockings. You couldn't garden in those. With a garden, you had to be ready to rush into it at any time to deadhead a flower or pull out a weed.

The dog had joined us and was sitting down.

"What's wrong with him?" the older son asked his mother.

"He ate some poison. That's why he's drooling. The vet did something, but it didn't work."

"Maybe he needs to go back."

"This is why we don't have a dog," I said.

"Why?" the son said. "You get them cured, and then it's fun again."

I'd never thought of that. I forgot that things can get better. I thought things could only get worse. This is why it's important to go out into the world and not stay alone with ponds. People tell you things.

"I'll go call the vet again," the surgeon's wife said and went into the house.

"I should be going," I said to the son. "I don't want your father to come home and find me here. I was five minutes late for an appointment today."

"Whatever happened, he's forgotten it by now," he said.

"But if he sees me he might remember."

"What do you think it feels like to be one of his children?" he asked.

"You must feel the way Kafka felt," I said.

"How did he feel?"

"He had that situation with his father. I don't think he had a dog."

"Oh, now I remember. I didn't connect it with my own life."

I took off my sunglasses as we went into the house. The dog followed us and started his jumping again. "He's licking my glasses," I said.

"He licks everything," the surgeon's wife said, looking at the animal with a blank expression.

THE driver was taking in the early-evening air. He walked around to open the car door for me.

As we drove through hundreds of trees heavy with hanging branches of green leaves, I began to wonder what it was like to live around there. Maybe it was no better than Scarsdale—trees and woods and big old houses. Maybe there was that feeling of nothingness in all suburbs. Emptiness and nothingness. Everything you wanted to go to was somewhere else. The driver stopped in front of a detour marked off with a wooden barricade. "Just when I think I have the answer, obstacles are put in my path," he said.

It wasn't that light out anymore. At last some numbers appeared. "This is it," the driver said. I looked out toward a small hill. The house looked new. It could have been built in 1973. I saw some modern windows and modern curtains. I couldn't see the screened veranda or the playroom with a garden entrance I'd read about. The place didn't look big enough to have seven bathrooms. I thought it might be the wrong house.

It was easier to find the childhood house in Wellesley. At least it looked old. Maybe it was for sale. I saw myself *moving in and living the rest* of my life in the tree-filled town. Until that day, I had loved trees. I was like Joyce Kilmer in this respect. But I loved trees where you could see the rest of what's around—sky, clouds, birds, and beyond. Flat, with lots of trees at the edges of the flatness. It was getting dark out, and leaves and branches were everywhere. Out the car window to the left I could see a room with tall windows. Maybe it was Anne's childhood bedroom. But there wasn't enough light to take a photograph.

We drove off into the disappearing light to get back to Weston. "O.K.—Black Oak Road," the driver said, driving right up the road. I couldn't [illegible] a thing. It was just a black road with some ranch houses. I felt sorrier for Anne than ever. I had an even higher opinion of her. Not that anyone cared what my opinion of Anne Sexton was, or what her houses looked like, either. I looked at the house, a two-story ranch house with black shutters. "There's the pool," the driver said. This couldn't be one of the pools Anne was criticized for building with her poetry earnings. It was a tiny pool. I didn't want to think of her swimming in this sad-looking pool or living in this house. How could you write a poem in such a house? How could you do anything but go crazy? I felt that I was going to go crazy just looking at it.

THE next morning, the surgeon's wife called to say that she was going to a meeting near the hotel and could come up for a minute to see the room. Seeing each other's hotel rooms had got to be part of the project.

As soon as she came in I led her to the window to see the Public Garden.

"What a view," she said. Then she looked at the flowers and fruit the hotel staff had put in the room. "Really lovely," she said.

"Why don't you take it all?" I said. "I can't drag fruit and flowers on three ferries."

We loaded up a plastic hotel bag with the fruit. We put the flowers—big pink peonies—into another bag.

"How about the soap and shampoo and all that stuff?" I asked. I had my own all-vegetable soap and shampoo.

"If you don't want it," she said. We put it in with the flowers. She said the surgeon brought soap from hotels around the world.

"That's thoughtful of him," I said.

"He's just trying to save money," she said.

We went out to the street to wait for her car to come from the hotel garage. A breeze was blowing, even though it was June. Then she asked, "Did you accomplish everything?"

"Some of the things. I shouldn't combine medical appointments with photography projects."

"Not when you have this doctor," she said, staring straight ahead.

"I wish I understood his personality. What's the key?" I said. There was a chance that if I waited with her and missed the ferry I'd find out the secret. I remembered asking her twelve-year-old son how to understand the surgeon's behavior. "No one knows" was the answer.

We stood and watched the hotel guests coming and going. Every now and then we'd look at each other when an important sentence came up. Looking at the surgeon's wife when she said a sentence about him was as hard as looking at the last house Anne Sexton had lived in. To look at her face and try to take in any information gave me that feeling of going insane again. How anyone could live with the surgeon and how Anne Sexton could have written any poems in that house were two questions I couldn't get out of my head.

"He's a count," she said out of nowhere. She had a beatific expression on her face as she said the words.

"A count?" I said. Maybe she meant the surgeon thought he was like nobility. But from her expression I knew she couldn't be speaking about her husband.

"That man," she said. "That man getting out of the limousine. That's the count who lives at the hotel."

I looked across the street and saw a white-haired man who looked like a waiter in an Italian restaurant. She seemed happy to be seeing the count. She must have just liked the idea of nobility. As a break from her suburban, wooded domain she must have liked to think there was another kind of life, free of drooling, poisoned dogs who needed to be driven to vets, a life free of dinner dances with reproductive surgeons, free of mixing together two kinds of bottled salad dressings, and packing brown or blue for the temperamental surgeon who brought home tiny bars of hotel soap from around the world.

At last the car came. It was a black Alfa-Romeo. We loaded in the bags of fruit, flowers, and soap. "Bye," the surgeon's wife called. It sounded like a voice on a machine.

I ran into the lobby to ask the desk clerk to get my bill ready. She was busy talking to the white-haired man. "Here's your mail, Count," she said, with a bit of impatience. Why didn't she say Count Something? Maybe his name couldn't be pronounced, so they settled on simply "Count." If you lived there the staff might lose patience after a while. What life did the count have just hanging around Boston in that hotel? I didn't want to know.

I KNEW I'd have to come back up there one more time. I thought that after the leaves fell I'd be able to see the houses better. Maybe the surgeon's house and pond, too. But if I went in winter I'd have to time it just right. Because I wouldn't want to leave East Hampton if there was a full moon and the ponds were frozen and snow fell on the frozen ponds. I'd want to stay and photograph them. I'd be torn between this pond and that. And I still hadn't been to Walden Pond. I couldn't be everywhere at once. ◆

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THE CRITICS

THE SKY LINE

KNIGHT IN GLASS ARMOR

BY BRENDAN GILL

THE Austrian Cultural Institute, at 11 East Fifty-second Street, announced last year an architectural competition for the design of a new building—one to be constructed on the site of the present Institute building, which will be demolished. Invited to enter the competition were natives of Austria living anywhere in the world, whether or not they had become citizens of other nations. A first prize was offered in the amount of two hundred thousand Austrian schillings—in American currency, about twenty thousand dollars. Second prize was a hundred and fifty thousand schillings and third prize a hundred thousand schillings, with three fifty-thousand-schilling "special mention" consolation prizes. Two hundred and twenty architects submitted entries.

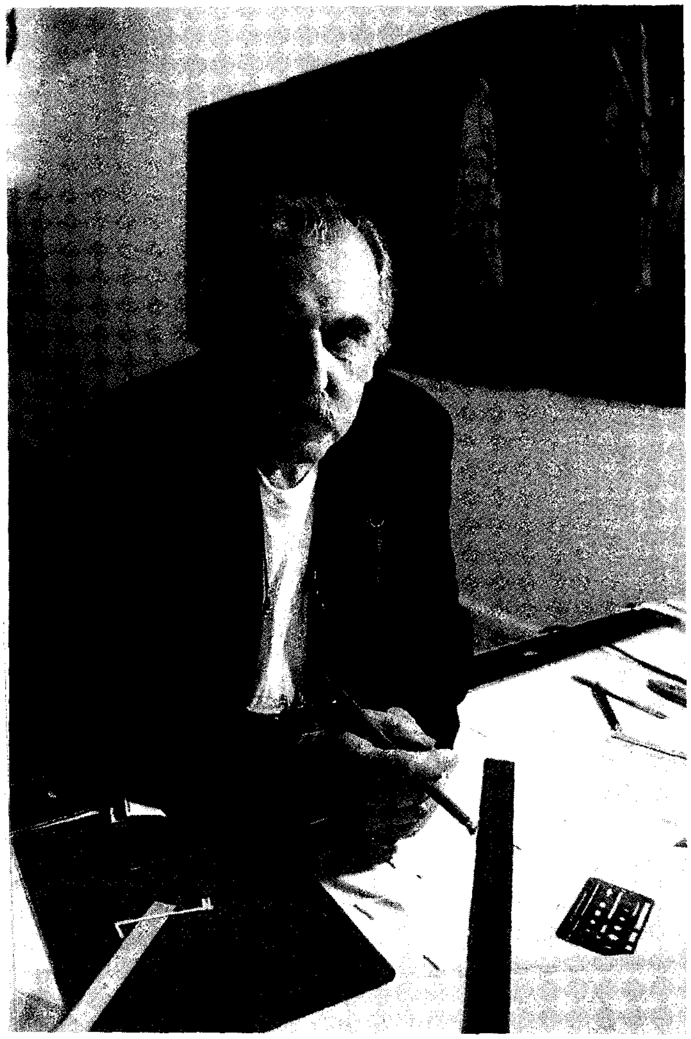
First prize was won by Raimund Abraham, an Austrian native who has lived in this country since the sixties and has been a resident of New York City since 1971. He has taught at the Rhode Island School of Design, Harvard, Yale, and Pratt Institute; for twenty years, he has been on the architecture faculty of Cooper Union. Second prize in the competition went to the preëminent Viennese architect of the day, Hans Hollein, who is a friend and an almost exact contemporary of Abraham's. (Abraham is sixty, Hollein a year younger.) Hollein, a frequent visitor to New York, in 1969 designed for the art dealer Richard Feigen a gallery on East Seventy-ninth Street, now the Hanae Mori boutique. In 1985, he was the recipient of the Pritzker Prize for Architecture. Third prize went to Georg Pendl and Elisabeth Senn, of Innsbruck.

Earlier this month, the Austrian Institute opened an exhibit of Abraham's winning design, accompanied by fifty other entries in the competition, and New Yorkers now have an opportunity to see what is in store for them on East Fifty-second Street—an astounding sliver of a structure, twenty-five feet wide and more than ten times as high, which has been described as a thunderbolt hurled earthward into a section of midtown hitherto contentedly unacquainted with thunderbolts. Having a humorous turn of mind and a gift for vivid images, Abraham himself considers "thunderbolt" a mild and by no means unfriendly metaphor for his design; indeed, he has said that his building may make an impression on pedestrians strolling past of an immense glass guillotine blade suspended, mid-fall, above them.

Any jury that awards first prize in a competition to a startling design is suspected of harboring a motive not purely architectural in nature—that is, of going out of its way to avoid being seen as having made a tiresomely conventional choice. Competitions tempt juries to respond in this fashion because the opposite temptation, which is to bestow first prize on whatever design proves least offensive to the greatest number of jurors, has long been a routine and much criticized practice. Frank Lloyd Wright used to say that he never entered competitions, because "the lowest common denominator always wins, and the lowest common denominator is bound to be a mediocrity." The fact is, though, that Wright did enter a couple of competitions in his youth, and he wound up among the losers. Those defeats may have helped to shape his low opinion of competitions; nevertheless, it is an opinion that innumerable other architects have voiced throughout the history of architectural competitions—a history that is said to go back at least to the fifth century B.C., when the governing council of Athens asked local architects to prepare designs for a war memorial on the Acropolis.

In the course of centuries of competitions, one result can be counted on: winners are pleased, losers are more or less openly disgruntled. An example that comes to mind is the competition that was held in 1564 for the design of a catafalque for the funeral of Michelangelo, which took place in Florence. Benvenuto Cellini got into an altercation with the Academy of Fine Arts over his role in the competition and withdrew, and refused to attend the obsequies, giving the conventional sore loser's excuse that he was suffering from "a slight indisposition." In 1792, Washington and Jefferson, both ardent gentleman architects, arranged for a competition to design a Capitol building for Congress. First prize was won by Dr. William Thornton, a resident of Tortola, in the British Virgin Islands. In a parallel competition for the design of a President's House, Jefferson submitted an entry, under the peculiar pseudonym of Abraham Faw, and was chagrined to have it passed over in favor of a design, by the Irish-born architect James Hoban, that was freely lifted from the Duke of Leinster's country house outside Dublin. Nevertheless, Jefferson joined cheerfully enough with Hoban in modifying the design of the President's House, and also with Thornton in modifying the Capitol design.

Among the members of the jury in the Institute competition were three Austrian architects, an Austrian artist (one mostly engaged in moviemaking), a couple of Austrian government officials concerned with cultural matters, and three Americans—the architects Richard Meier and Charles Gwathmey and the architectural historian Kenneth Frampton, who teaches at Columbia. Frampton's fellow jury members elected him to serve as chairman of their deliberations. Given the ratio of architects to laymen on the jury, it is unlikely that its decisions reflected the temptation I've mentioned: to reward chance-taking instead of a perceived excellence. Indeed, the citations accompanying the prizes bespeak conviction, though the language employed is the usual jury jargon. The jury found Abraham's design to possess "a strong formal resolution and to convey at the same time a powerful sense of institutional form." Hollein's design was termed by the jury "an elegant, sculptural, and delicate design," while the third prize was simultaneously praised for being "an audacious minimalist composition" and damned for the "undue grandeur" of its lobby.



Raimund Abraham: "I am not the creator of a style. I am a solver of problems."

NATHALIE SCHÜLLER

MEETING Abraham in his studio, a bleak loft on a dishevelled industrial side street close to Cooper Union, I first congratulated him upon winning the competition and then confessed that, to judge from the drawings of his design which I saw affixed in profusion to the walls all around us, I thought his proposed building totally unsuited to the street and neighborhood of which it was intended to become a part. All architects grow accustomed to being congratulated and rebuked in a single breath (and perhaps still more accustomed to being rebuked without congratulations), and Abraham was no exception. A stocky man with lively brown eyes and a drooping mustache, he smilingly thanked me for my compliments and no less smilingly challenged the grounds of my rebuke. "In your opinion, is the present Institute building *more* appropriate?" he asked, and he had me there, for the building is a former private house, in a late French Renaissance style, that was erected shortly after the turn of the century, and onto whose dormered roof a couple of extra stories had at some point been grotesquely piggybacked.

When I countered by suggesting that only a short while ago architects were busily preaching the doctrine of contextualism and respect for the street wall, and that his proposed building was certainly far from manifesting those virtues, Abraham was again ready with a question. In a mischievous, pedagogico-Socratic fashion, he asked, "What is contextual about New York? The Institute has a nondescript postwar skyscraper on one side of it and a no less nondescript prewar hotel building on the other side. People like to call the city a collage, but I don't find that word any more accurate than 'contextual.' 'Collage' implies forethought, does it not? What, in fact, *is* New York? An anarchic unpredictability. My colleague Hollein thinks of design as producing what we call architecture. I think that what produces architecture is the problem solved. I am not the creator of a style. I am a solver of problems."

Raimund Abraham is one of those architects who are commonly characterized by the umbrella word "visionary." This is by way of indicating that he has conceived many a project of a pioneering nature but, in a career that extends well over thirty years, has seen only a negligible number of them built. (His only major work here is the remodelling of an abandoned and decaying city courthouse on lower Second Avenue into a museum for the Anthology Film Archives.) The disparity between built and unbuilt troubles Abraham not at all. Indeed, there is a long and honorable tradition in architecture of setting down on paper certain projects that may never attain consummation in bricks and mortar but end by proving highly influential. One recalls the French architects Boullée, Ledoux, and Lequeu in the eighteenth century and, in the twentieth century, in New York, that merry gnome of an architect Frederick Kiesler—still another Austrian—who earned fame as the designer and champion of an all-purpose, "endless" vermiform structure that many people admired but none would build. Abraham has won a number of competitions for structures that for one reason or another have not been built, but no matter—they have acquired a fame of their own and have had their effect in the world. In honor of his two decades of teaching at Cooper Union, an exhibition was held there in 1991 bearing the title, in both German and English, "Ungebaut / Unbuilt." In that super-

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latively blunt reiteration, the words amounted to a boast.

Professor Frampton, who has long been an admirer of Abraham, summed up the intellectual credo that lies behind Abraham's deliberately oversimple "I am a solver of problems" in a catalogue for an earlier exhibition of Abraham's work, in Italy. Frampton wrote that for Abraham "a history is an irreversible unfolding, and no culture worthy of its name can be predicated on historicism or any of its more surreptitious derivatives." So much for such fugitive contemporary fads as classicism and postmodernism! Frampton went on to say, "On the other hand, unlike the avant-garde of the heroic period, he has no use whatsoever for the myth of progress. For him . . . there remains only the unchanging archetypal condition of man, from which a valid culture of architecture remains to be derived."

As a spellbinder, Abraham is worthy of a place beside the Grand Pandrums of architectural salesmanship: Ralph Adams Cram, Frank Lloyd Wright, Philip Johnson. Striding back and forth in his shabby studio—"All I care about is space"—he is eager to convert my doubts about the new Institute building into admiration. "Let us look at the problem we were instructed to solve," he says. "Frontage of the property on Fifty-second Street, twenty-five feet. Depth of lot, eighty-one feet four and a quarter inches. Permissible height of structure inside the legal zoning envelope, two hundred and eighty feet. And, within that envelope, the Institute required us to fit several exhibition galleries, a small theatre, offices for the director and staff, offices to be used by the Austrian government, several small apartments for visiting artists, writers, and other dignitaries, and, at the top of the building, a sizable apartment for the director. Add to that what our strict city building code demands—things like elevators and toilet facilities able to accommodate the handicapped, and two sets of fire stairs from top to bottom. Impossible for so small a building to contain so much? At first glance, *mein Gott*, yes! At second glance, hold on! Surely something can be done. Start with the ground. No, start with underground. Start with digging a hole a couple of stories deep. Good! Now we are making our way up out of Mother Earth. Now we are beginning to practice architecture."

Abraham is unabashedly anthropo-

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morphic in his approach to design. On occasion, he dares to be didactic as well. One of his unbuilt projects of a decade ago was a church to be put up at—and partly above—the Berlin Wall. In his exquisite drawings of the project, the church resembles in elevation a helmeted medieval knight; the shadow it casts resembles a crucified man. A building could scarcely utter more loudly the cry "Beware! Beware!" In a similar vein, Abraham describes the Institute building as having vertebrae (the fire stairs scissoring up the rear of the building), a heart (the structural tower, serving the galleries, offices, and apartments), and a mask (the façade that drops in tiers of laminated glass to an entrance canopy on the ground floor). Is the building, then, another knight? Another portent? Abraham shrugs. "Let us forget the knight, let us forget the guillotine as well. Think of my building as one of those Easter Island figures, smiling and lifting its face to the sky. It drinks in the sun at its topmost part, in a solar collector that is intended—for, if I am a visionary, at least I am a practical one—to heat water for the entire building."

Like any spellbinder, Abraham defies the laws of physics by gaining energy in the course of expending it. From Easter Island he is eager to leap to the mountainous countryside of the Tirol, where he was born. "My family has always owned vineyards in the South Tirol, and we have vineyards there today. From our grapes comes a red wine that you might drink in Cortina d'Ampezzo, or even in Venice, but not in Manhattan. Some would say I have taken a long time as an architect to reach the point of actually building—after all, I am sixty, and am a father of grown children—but to my mind I am right on schedule. An architect has nothing to fear from age and much to gain. In my youth, I played with ideas, and now I can put them to work." Beyond Abraham's studio windows, the light is beginning to fade. The sketches pinned to his walls, dark to begin with, are losing definition. So, too, is Abraham; uncannily, he is assuming the shape of an Easter Island figure, though not its necessary silence. In a voice of undiminished vigor, he says, "I think of my friend Lou Kahn, coming into his own in his sixties and seventies, gouging those great works of his out of the ruins of ancient Rome. One has only to take the precaution not to die, isn't it so? And that precaution is one that we share, do we not, with day-old babies? I respect it, and so here I am." ♦

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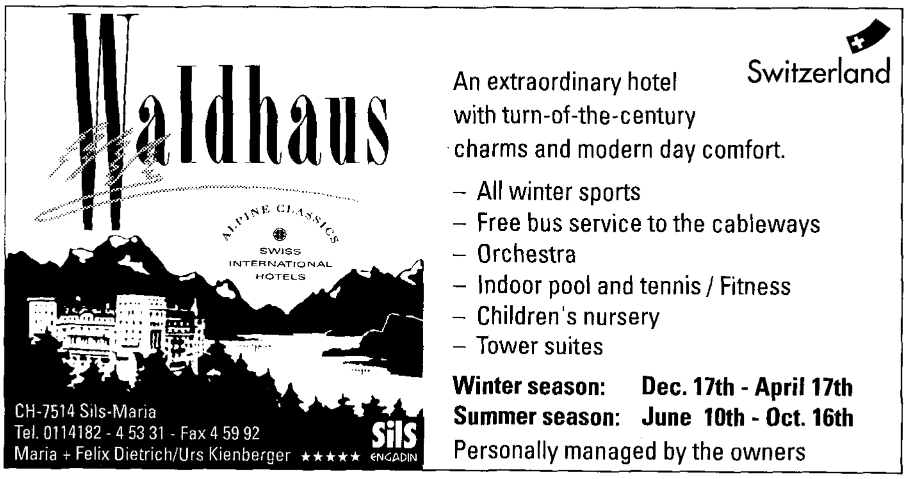

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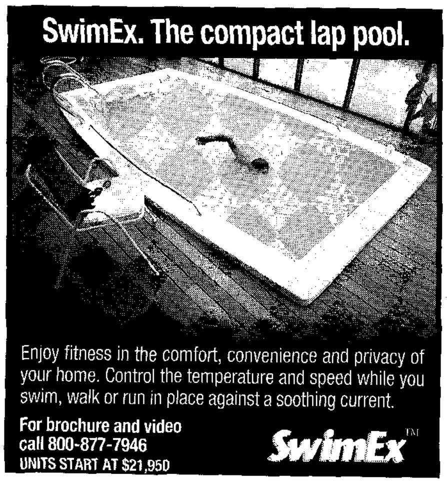

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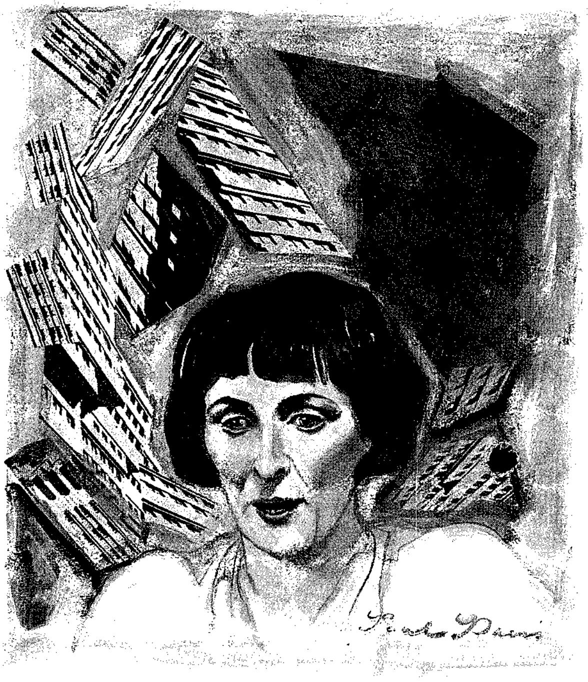
THE THEATRE

THE VIRGIN AND THE DYNAMO

BY JOHN LAHR

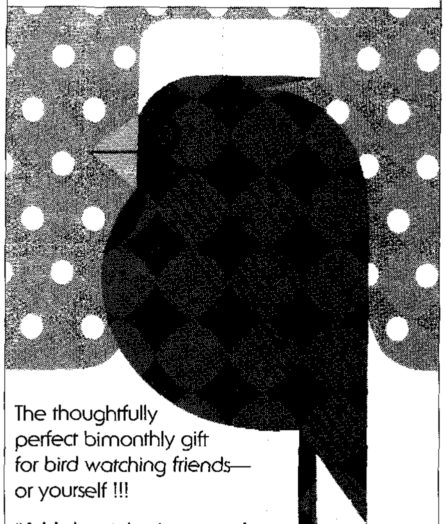
THE Royal National Theatre's production of Sophie Treadwell's 1928 Broadway succès d'estime "Machinal" (which was also revived at the Public Theatre in 1990) brings together two awesome theatrical phenomena: the hydraulic system of London's Lyttelton Theatre and Fiona Shaw. "I'm not controlling the evening. It's a new thing for me," Shaw said in the actors' bar after the show. Even so, Shaw, one of the genuinely great actresses in the British Isles, battles Ian MacNeil's extraordinary set to a draw. In the set's corner, weighing eight tons and costing twenty-six thousand pounds, is a behemoth cast-iron ceiling. It hovers, drops, tilts, opens, clangs—and does virtually everything but take a bow. Against the oppressive gravity of this enormous grille, often draped with workers who shower the stage with welding sparks, Shaw pits her pale, nervy sensibility, which has its own acute inner fire. This is the battleground on which Treadwell's character, an Everywoman called Miss A., fights for her life in nine scenes without intermission. "The woman is essentially soft, tender, and the life around her is essentially hard, mechanized," Treadwell wrote in her stage directions. "Business, home, marriage, having a child, seeking pleasure—all are difficult for her—mechanical, nerve nagging."



Fiona Shaw in Sophie Treadwell's "Machinal."

PAUL DAVIS

The production is directed by Stephen Daldry, whose staging of J.B. Priestley's "An Inspector Calls" comes to Broadway in April, and it begins with the echo of hammer blows and immediately immerses the audience in industrial sound—the wheezing, whistling, hissing, grinding noise of twentieth-century American power asserting its freedom. Amid the din, the safety curtain opens to reveal Shaw standing upstage, almost at the back wall of the mammoth theatre. Her first expression is a hyperventilating gasp: she stands paralyzed in the hubbub, trying to suck in life from the fetid air. Her panic and her isolation are as glaring as the bank of lights that is being winched up the back wall. No other contemporary actress can take an audience so articulately to the dark outer reaches of emotional experience. "I'm often bored by the theatre," Shaw told me. "As actors, it's our duty to push the envelope, to go farther faster. It's a bit like the Olympics. You've got to decrease your lap time with each performance or stagecraft will get stuck. If you're complacent or too comfortable, I don't think much gets communicated." Shaw's daring is mesmerizing. Even before we know Miss A.'s problems, we witness a character at the crossroads of her life. "The day a play starts, something cataclysmic has already occurred," Shaw explains. "Miss A. is going to work in dread. She can barely walk, because there's a man who's going to ask to marry her." Shaw is expert at engaging her character's frustra-



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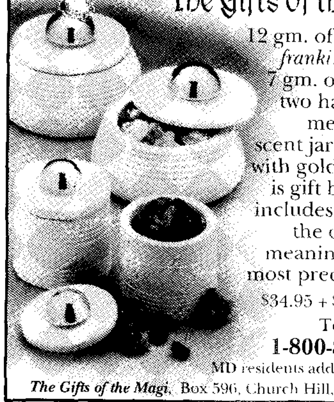

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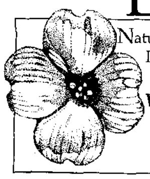

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tion and magnifying it to the point where, as she says, "domestic frustration and the universal intersect and where suicide dwells in cottages and council houses." Miss A. is a female victim of the new century's alternately punishing and exhilarating industrial momentum. "Prosperity never before imagined, power never yet wielded by man, speed never reached by anything but a meteor, had made the world irritable, nervous, querulous, unreasonable and afraid" is how Henry Adams memorably characterized this mutation of consciousness in "The Education of Henry Adams." "All New York was demanding new men, and all the new forces, condensed into corporations, were demanding a new type of man—a man with ten times the endurance, energy, will and mind of the old type—for whom they were ready to pay millions at sight."

Treadwell, who graduated from Berkeley in 1906, came of age with the century's industrial boom. An actress, journalist, and feminist, and the author of four novels and more than thirty plays, six of which were mounted on Broadway, she seems to have reflected, as well as chronicled, the era's restless obsession with productivity. In "Machinal," the heroine is not a corporate highflier but a young, poorly educated stenographer who is swept up in the slipstream of the century's velocity, where she cannot find "any place, any peace." (Neither, really, could men, although, as the Adams quotation indicates, men built this world, which then trapped them in a different kind of alienation.) In "Machinal," which is French for "mechanical," the city is the antagonist, and its inhabitants are merely cogs in the inexorable drama of production. From the play's first beat, Daldry brilliantly submerges Miss A. in the stench and shadows of the metropolis. Never before has the oppression of industrial capitalism looked so beautifully brutal. Prior to Treadwell's expressionist solution, the numbing mechanization of modern life had been addressed in the theatre for more than a decade, both in the dreamwalkers of its scripted comedies ("Merton of the Movies," "Beggar on Horseback," "The Show-Off") and in the high jinks of its low comedians. Treadwell's play calls for "the variety and quick changingness of its scenes" to conjure a sense of the new momentum, which found its truest and most sensational theatrical metaphor in the prat-

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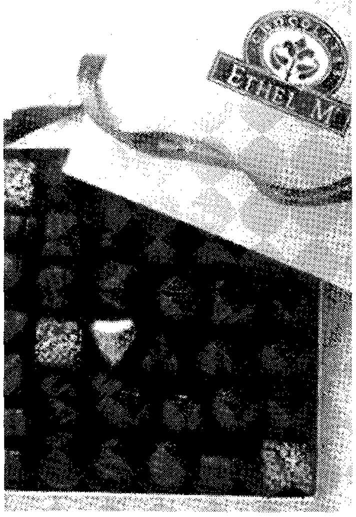

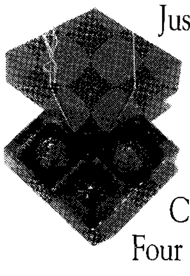

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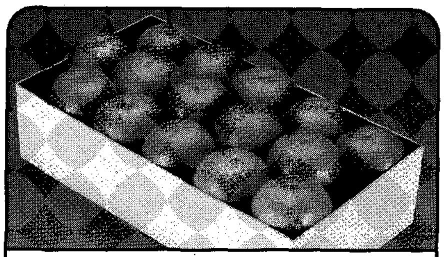

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fall. In this one resilient, low-comic image, panic and promise coalesced in a way that matched a new rhythm with a new kind of laughter. The clowns were parodies of the new corporate man and the new energy. "I was alien to this slick tempo," Charlie Chaplin wrote, in "My Autobiography," of his first visit to New York, in 1910, and he immediately worked the city's speed and violence into his American brand of comedy. "Even the owner of the smallest enterprise acts with alacrity. The shoeshine boy flips his polishing rag with alacrity, the bartender serves a beer with alacrity. . . . The soda clerk, when serving an egg malted milk, performs like a hopped up juggler." At a certain speed, all things disintegrate, and the low comedians made a spectacle of this collapse, turning the citizen's dazed survival into a form of delight.

Treadwell's goal, although bold, is theatrically more sombre and highfalutin than the funnymen's. In Daldry's production, it's the set, not the society, that does most of the collapsing. Miss A., as her name implies, is a generality, an idea in search of an interpretation. And Treadwell imposes one. Miss A. is a model of alienated labor, a victim of economic necessity, whose life factors out neatly in a Marxist equation, which explains the long and successful run of "Machinal" in the U.S.S.R. The murderous energies of capitalism, in which all life is dedicated to "making a killing," are transmuted into a numbed female heart. "The plot is the story of a woman who murders her husband," Treadwell wrote in her first stage direction, "an ordinary young woman, any woman."

Miss A., like Hedda Gabler, whom Shaw recently played in a production that was generally agreed to be the best in living British memory, finds herself with—and pregnant by—the wrong man. "Hedda knows she's a coward and can't do anything about it—that's the tragedy of her life," Shaw says. "Miss A., on the other hand, has no ability to connect with her inner life. She's entirely emotional. That's why I was interested in playing her. In my private life, I'm on a high frequency. My mind goes too fast. I sometimes get swamped by problems. That's why I find Miss A. hard to play."

With the expert help of Quinny Sacks, who orchestrated the movement, Daldry builds the oppressive rhythms of office life and the badinage of office talk into a symphony of generalities, which becomes the music of the group's homogenized, unreflective shared experience. Language as well as life undergoes a mutation. Not emotion but productivity is what is stressed in talk. "American language heads for the nouns," Shaw observed. "The fact. The concrete things. Not the verbs and adverbs that discriminate." The office badinage is of a very special, ritualized kind, demanding a response but no connection:

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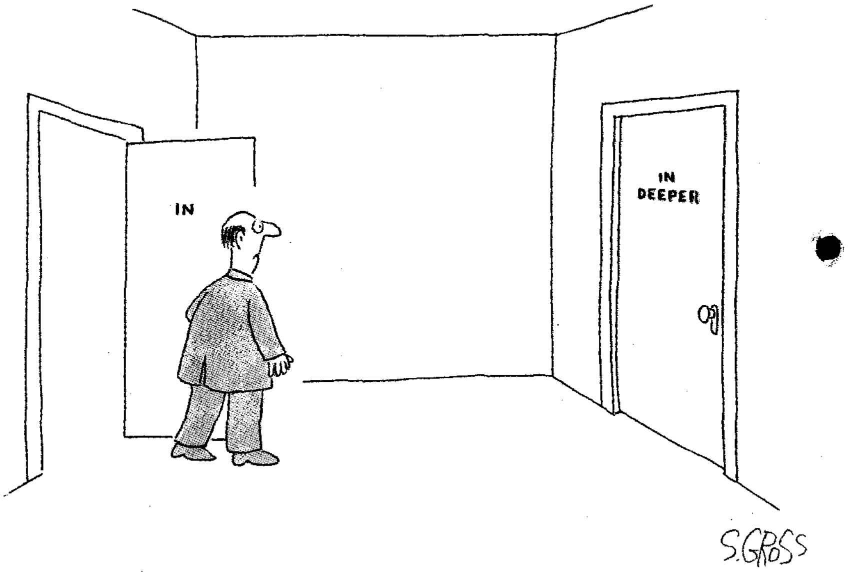
FILING CLERK: Hot dog.

Treadwell has been praised by some American critics as a precursor of the vernacular discoveries of Odets and



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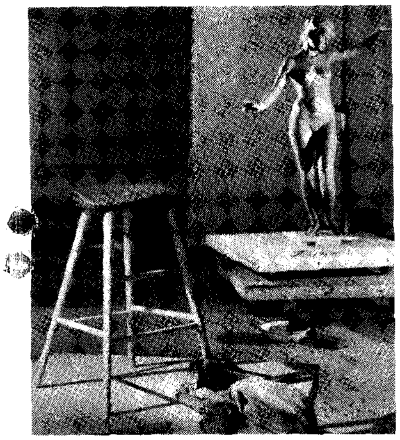

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Mamet. This is stretching it. She catches in city speech what she describes as "its brassy sound, its trick of repetition." She does not, however, hear the poetry in its sludge, or plumb the drama in its defensive swagger. Miss A., like the other office workers, can't think. When she finally speaks, in the first scene, struggling to cope with the advances of her boss, Mr. Jones, what we hear is the atomized speech of a mind fragmented beyond reason by the new industrial rhythm.

> YOUNG WOMAN (Miss A.): George H. Jones—straight—thin—bald—don't touch me—please—no—can't—must—somebody—something—no rest—must rest—no rest—must rest—no rest—late today—yesterday—before—late—subway—air—pressing—bodies pressing—bodies—trembling—air—stop—air—late—job—no job—fired—late—alarm clock—alarm clock—alarm clock—hurry—job—ma—nag—nag—nag—ma—hurry—job—no job—no money—installments due—no money—money—George H. Jones—money—Mrs. George H. Jones—money—no work—no worry—free!—rest—. . .

Miss A. marries Mr. Jones—played by the svelte and boutonnièred John Woodvine, who manages somehow to convey bewildered humanity behind an oafish chauvinism. On their honeymoon, she cowers in the bathroom, flummoxed by disgust and terror, which she vainly tries to disguise as shyness. Outside, the husband counts down the seconds. "I want somebody," she sobs when she finally comes out. Mr. Jones says, "You've got me, haven't you?" Miss A. can't find any authentic emotional connection. "Somebody! Somebod—" are the last words on her lips as she is electrocuted for his murder. Miss A. has been steered by Treadwell through the frustration of parental misunderstanding, the ambivalence of childbirth, the loneliness of cohabitation, the thrill of a brief affair, and the final liberation of murder. "Is nothing mine?" she says, protesting as prison barbers shave her head for the execution. "The very hair on my head—" The feminist point is starkly made: nothing *is* hers. Treadwell at this point imposes her own idiom on the character. "I will not be submitted!—this indignity!" Miss A. says, trying to employ a vocabulary of outrage quite beyond the parameters of her personality. She has been reduced to an object in the marketplace and treated like a possession in the home. Her only gesture of autonomy in a lifetime of submission to other people's authority is

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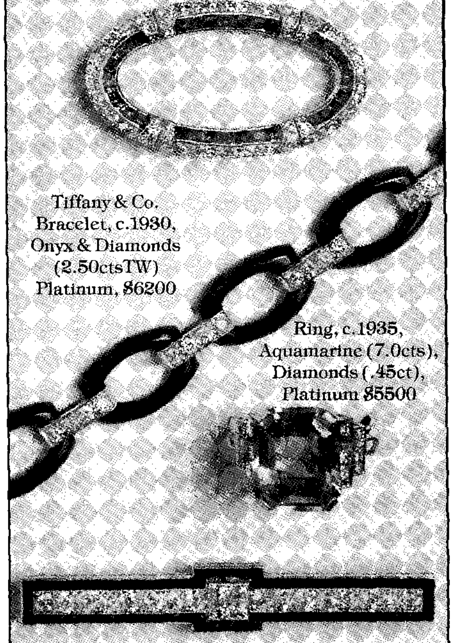

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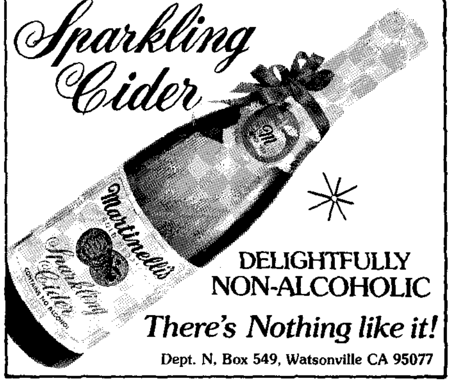

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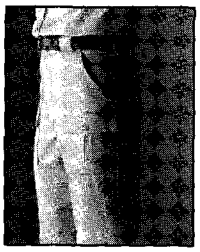

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the act of murder. "Why?" the Judge asks, after the bullying prosecutor (excellently played by Colin Stinton) gets her to confess to the deed under cross-examination. "To be free," she answers. But if you wanted freedom, you could have divorced him, the Judge says. "Oh I couldn't do that!!" Miss A. says, in a stunning line that exposes her primitive, unexamined inner life. "I couldn't hurt him like that!"

In the end, the voltage that runs the industrial dynamo runs directly through Miss A. She ends as she began—gasping for air. As she recedes from view, convulsing before our eyes in the electric chair, the audience is left with the sound of sizzling and the sight of smoke. It's an apt image both of Miss A.'s waste and of Treadwell's fury. In dramatizing an anonymous woman, Treadwell brazenly took her argument beyond psychology to ideology. She was ahead of her time, and certainly ahead of the debate that most theatre then was having about family, male authority, and women's rights. (The show ran for ninety-one performances on Broadway). But Daldry, who has pulled out all the scenic stops and has used the Lyttelton stage as it has never been used before, gives the production a significance that the text, finally, can't bear. This won't please some of the admirers of "Machinal," like the literary scholar Judith E. Barlow, who bemoans its having been "erased" from the cultural history of its time. "The obscurity into which she and her play fell obviously has much to do with her gender," she writes in the program note. I don't think so. There are good plays that are not important, and important plays that are not good. "Machinal" falls into the latter category. Even this outstanding revival will not put "Machinal" in the canon of American dramatic literature. The failure is due not to sexual politics but to writing. "Machinal" provides no substantial character development for its heroine and only one dimension for the subsidiary characters, who remain stick figures. Even Fiona Shaw, who invests Miss A. with a magnificent vulnerability, admitted that "the play is legless," and said, "It's like fighting with one hand behind your back." Daldry's pyrotechnics pump up "Machinal" with scenic steroids to make it look like a heavyweight contender, but the enormous effort betrays a suspicion that the text is lightweight. ♦

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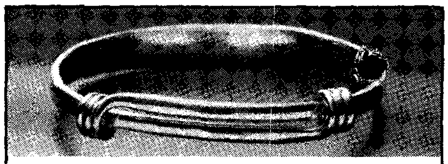

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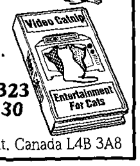

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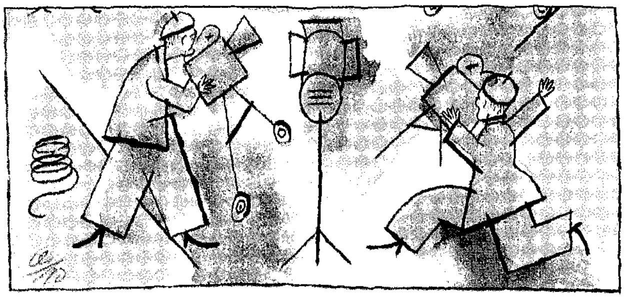
THE CURRENT CINEMA

DYING BREED

BY TERRENCE RAFFERTY

THE story that Brian De Palma tells in his new gangster movie, "Carlito's Way," is the simple and familiar one about a crook who wants to go straight but can't. The screenplay—adapted by David Koepp from two novels by Edwin Torres—doesn't miss a single trick of the genre. Koepp gives us a hero, Carlito Brigante (Al Pacino), who seems to have stepped right out of a Warners crime drama from the thirties. Like the doomed bootlegger played by James Cagney in Raoul Walsh's "The Roaring Twenties," Carlito is a romantic, honorable hoodlum—an essentially decent sort, whose violent behavior, we're given to understand, is the product of a harsh and unforgiving urban environment. Most of this picture's action takes place in 1975, when Carlito, released from prison after a five-year stretch, returns to the streets of his old neighborhood, East Harlem, determined to make enough honest money to buy into a small business on Paradise Island and leave the evil city forever. In Hollywood movies, the bad man who dreams of innocence is a perennial favorite, especially when he can also be designated as the last of a breed, the lonely upholder of a vanishing code. As Carlito surveys the scene in East Harlem, he's repelled by crude, flashy thugs, like Benny Blanco (John Leguizamo), who have succeeded him in the top rank of the drug trade. And even his trusted longtime associates—his lawyer Dave Kleinfeld (Sean Penn), and his bodyguard, Pachanga (Luis Guzman)—are less dependable than they were. In Carlito's absence, the streets have turned so treacherous and so sleazy that he now looks like a paragon of integrity. He's the only standup guy left—a man's man in a world of weasels.


ALAIN PILON

Carlito is, of course, dead meat, and De Palma, to his credit, doesn't try to pretend that we don't know it. "Carlito's Way" starts with a hallucinatory slow-motion sequence of the hero getting shot at close range; the rest of the picture is a flashback—the hero's memories of his life as he lies on a gurney, surrounded by grim-faced cops and obviously dying. The idea of beginning with the ending is, no doubt, to give the story an aura of tragic inevitability, and De Palma's direction in this opening sequence is so gravely beautiful that you start preparing yourself for the exhausting, cathartic emotional experience of a genuine tragedy. But as the movie goes along it becomes clear that "Carlito's Way" isn't in the same class as De Palma's masterpieces, "Blow Out" and "Casualties of War"; like "The Untouchables," this picture is a conventional genre piece embellished by a thrillingly imaginative visual style. "Carlito's Way," like much of De Palma's work, has a handful of brilliant, unnervingly powerful sequences that seem to detach themselves from the whole—to float up from the mundane narrative and take us, for a while, into some freer, higher air. When he brings off one of his daredevil set pieces, you can forgive him almost anything, even his clunky storytelling, because it's evident that his real interest lies in expanding the possibilities of visual expression. And, although his stylistic flourishes sometimes seem to come out of nowhere, they're never merely decorative; he's always trying to make the audience see more, and more clearly.

It's fascinating to watch a complex, restless artist like De Palma working on material that's meant to evoke direct, uncomplicated responses from a large popular audience. De Palma's technique

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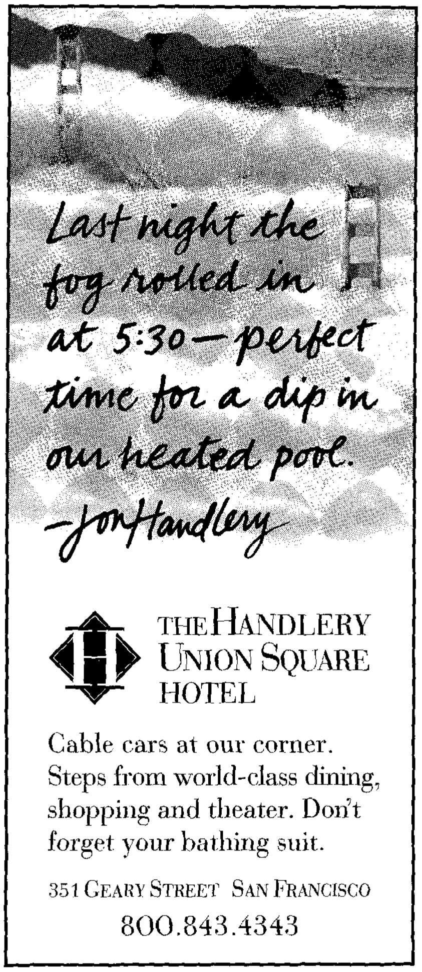
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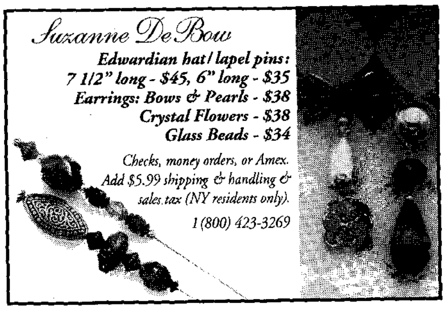
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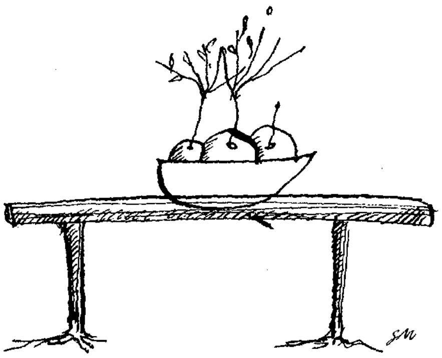
is far too sophisticated for this schematic, entirely predictable story, so he just lets himself run wild, like Art Tatum filling the rigid form of a simple blues with unassimilably dense clusters of notes played at impossible speeds. Early in the picture, Carlito reluctantly accompanies his young cousin to a seedy social club for a drug pickup, and De Palma turns this straightforward action sequence into a tense, superbly edited exploration of a tight and dangerous space. As Carlito waits for the deal to go down, he notices everything that his naïve cousin doesn't—a door that isn't quite shut, quick looks exchanged by apparently indifferent bystanders—and by the time trouble starts he has analyzed this small piece of the world so thoroughly that he's able to react with dazzling speed. Like the motel-room sequence with the chain saw in "Scarface," the scene builds very slowly and precisely, ticking off every tiny detail of the charged environment, so that when the situation explodes in violence and chaos we know exactly what we're looking at: the horror hits us fast and hard, but it's not a blur. Virtually all De Palma's most memorable sequences work this way—as painstaking anatomies of threat—and what makes them so exhilarating is that they give us the unaccustomed sense of understanding the sort of atrocity we usually experience as something random, absurd, incomprehensible.

The long chase that concludes "Carlito's Way" is one of the most astonishing sequences De Palma has ever done. The action moves from the uptown disco where the hero works to the subway, then to the Pan Am Building, on to the vast concourse of Grand Central Terminal, and, finally, to a narrow station platform, where Carlito suddenly runs out of luck and time; and the whole phenomenally intricate sequence unfolds as fluidly as if it had been filmed in a



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single take. And, in fact, the scene incorporates several extremely long tracking shots; one of them—in which Carlito circles the Pan Am Building escalators and tries to figure out how to get past his pursuers, who seem to have every angle covered—is so daring and so beautifully sustained that you feel like cheering when it's finished.

The rope-stretched-taut construction of this climactic sequence should make sense of the entire story: De Palma has found the ideal visual technique to express the straight-line inexorability of tragedy. But by this point we've had to endure too many gangster-picture clichés: the girlfriend (Penelope Ann Miller, miscast) who doesn't understand Carlito's code; the "one last job" that fouls up the hero's chance to change his life. Although Pacino's charisma helps carry us past some of the script's bumpy spots, there's really no way to think of this picture as a unified, coherent work, and De Palma's visual gift ultimately functions—as it often does—as a subversive element, undermining the coarse, commercial material by outclassing it. The great passages in "Carlito's Way" are like dreams of another, better movie. They're proof, at least, that Brian De Palma hasn't abandoned his own stubborn code, even though in this picture he seems to be playing by Hollywood's rules. He's a chronic offender against moviemaking convention; he couldn't go completely straight if he tried, and "Carlito's Way," both at its best and at its worst, provides heartening evidence that he isn't trying very hard.

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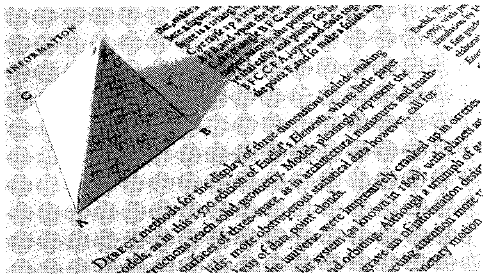

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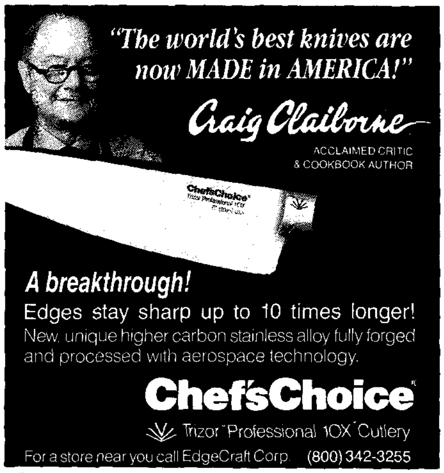

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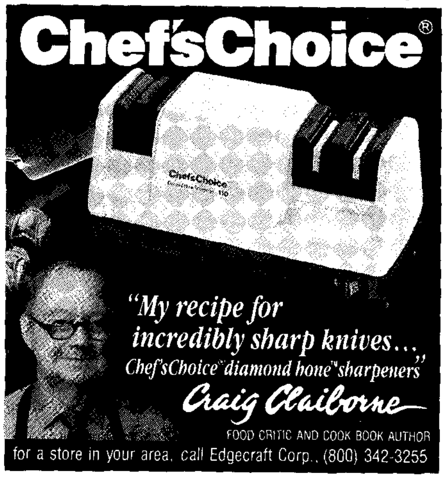

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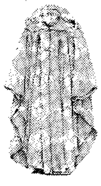

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of a business colleague, who suggests that poor Bob has led a superficial, unexamined life. So, of course, he examines it. He identifies and faces down his worst fears (riding on a roller coaster is apparently the most deep-seated), forgives his immigrant parents for not having been sufficiently responsive to his childhood dreams, and survives long enough to witness the birth of his son and to deliver to the sleeping infant a pearl of wisdom: "Dying is a really hard way to learn about living."

Receiving spiritual education from big-budget studio movies is no day at the beach, either. For Rubin, the screenwriter of "Ghost" and "Jacob's Ladder," mortality has turned out to be great shtick—a trademark, like the sixties for Oliver Stone. "My Life," which is Rubin's first film as a director, seems intended to clinch his reputation as Hollywood's ranking metaphysician. The script is designed to take the hero, and the audience, through Elisabeth Kübler-Ross's famous five stages of grief: denial, anger, bargaining, depression, and acceptance. Most viewers sitting in attendance at this picture's excruciatingly slow expiration—which begins in the very first sequence, showing the hero as a boy wishing (on a star) for a circus to appear in his back yard—probably won't get any further than Stage Four; I stalled at Two, and counted myself lucky. What's infuriating about "My Life" is that Rubin seems to be looking us straight in the eye and telling us that this is our life, *everybody's* life. The hero doesn't have a single quality that doesn't feel generic, and you can't help suspecting that you're being conned, sold something. Rubin's genius is that he has identified a new, gigantic, and readily exploitable movie market: people who know that they're going to die (sooner or later) and feel pretty lousy about it. And "My Life"—released by Columbia, which is owned by Sony—offers solace: immortality through home videotaping. In the movie's last scene, Bob's wife and son sit contentedly in front of the television, enjoying the images he has left them, and at that point you wouldn't be surprised to see 1-800 CAMCORD printed across the bottom of the movie screen. After nearly two hours of angst and homilies, "My Life" turns out to be just the longest, cruellest infomercial you've ever seen. ♦

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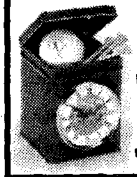

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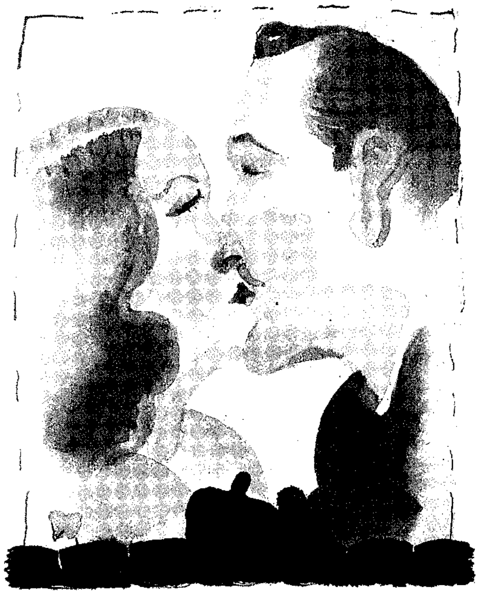
BY LOUIS MENAND

THE movies are an encyclopedia of gestures. They fix indelibly the look of things—a woman throwing her drink in a man's face, someone being shot through the head, a swimmer wrestling a crocodile, a police car flying off the side of the road and executing a slow half twist before landing on its roof—that, if you are halfway lucky, you can pass a lifetime without seeing anywhere except in the movies. But the movies make these things familiar. They can even, through endless repetition, make them boring. If you have seen a swimmer wrestling a crocodile twice, you may choose the third occasion to go out for popcorn.



BARRY BLITT

Some movie-made gestures never become boring, of course. They're returned to again and again, and are even incorporated into your own repertoire. One of the important social services the movies have performed over the years, for example, is the instruction of generations of interested pre-adolescents in the mechanics of kissing—from the early-movie manner, in which the man rather suddenly and violently mashes his face onto the woman's and grinds slowly against it (are both mouths wide open, or only his?), to more recent representations, in which sheer face-swallowing is less emphasized and a good deal of nibbling and tongue work are indicated. It's not that you would never have figured out how to kiss (or to perform related activities, since kissing in the movies is usually a synecdoche for intimacies that cannot be shown: as above, so below) if you hadn't had Gary Cooper or Ellen Barkin to help you out. It's that it is impossible to say what in your knowledge of kissing comes from kissing and what comes from movies of people kissing.

And does it matter? Is the knowledge you get from movies knowledge you would be happier without? Some of it is useless enough—how to fire a pistol while riding a horse at full gallop, for instance, or how to form a makeshift cross, using a knife and fork, to repulse a vampire encountered unexpectedly in your fiancée's bedroom. But some of it seems fairly indispensable. You know how to brood because you have seen "Rebel Without a Cause." What better model does the world offer? You know how to ruin your life because you have seen "Shampoo." You know how to win because you have seen "The Verdict"; you know how not to win because you have seen "Top Gun." You know how to walk down the sidewalk carrying a can of paint because you have seen "Saturday Night Fever."

This invasion of life by cinema is the subject of Geoffrey O'Brien's ingenious and idiosyncratic new book, "The Phantom Empire" (Norton; $20)—a work that somehow manages to be both a prose poem about the pleasures and distractions of movie-watching and an extremely compact history of the cinema. O'Brien's idea is that in the hundred years since movies were first shown to a paying audience the world has been transformed into "an immense nickelodeon, an enclosed area delimited by walls of screens—movie screens, television screens, computer screens—on which the action never stops." The consequence, he thinks, is that there is no

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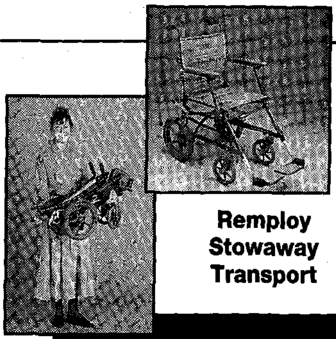

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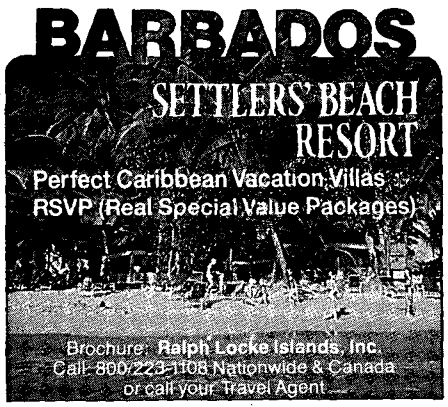

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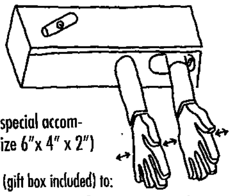

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longer any reliable distinction between experience and manufactured images of experience: "The films get their hooks into you by propping up memory, or perhaps more accurately by substituting for memory." And though the "memories" feel as if they belonged to you, they're absolutely identical to the memories of the millions of other people around the world who have seen the same movies. "If being a spectator has taught you anything," O'Brien says, "it is how to be precisely the same spectator as the others—the Zero with a Thousand Faces." It's as though your mind had been turned inside out and become a public thing—had become, in effect, a movie screen.

Crammed into a nutshell of this size, the argument sounds like a postmodernist cliché, one of those grimly overtheorized descriptions—of contemporary life as a manufactured spectacle, of consciousness as a mere residuum of signs—that are largely responsible for the stupefying predictability of most academic analysis of popular culture. So the first thing to be said about "The Phantom Empire" is that it is not a theoretical account, or a predictable one, at all. It's an ambitiously literary attempt to write the history of the movies as the biography of a moviegoer—to record the evolution of the medium as though it were a dream the author had just awakened from. The language is entirely personal and experiential. The word "hegemony" does not appear.

The book is, as a result, pretty much a high-wire act. The elliptical descriptions of different movie periods and genres either crystallize your own disparate impressions or they just sit there like poems about somebody else's pet dog. Most of the time, they crystallize. O'Brien's special gift is for capturing tinniness. Movies in the thirties: "A casual fatalism you could live with, a no-nonsense rhythm that enabled you to be tragic and chew gum at the same time." Movies in the forties: "All men were named Steve and hadn't shaved in three days, had been wounded in battle or betrayed in the bedroom, stopped off for coffee but couldn't get that tune out of their heads, had been out of work since they got back from the war, took no satisfaction in anything but a grim worn-out lucidity of purpose." Movies in the fifties: "A ponderous heaving and flailing approximated passion. In the midst of the wide-screen carnival arose grotesque parodies of the body: Jayne Mansfield, whose figure cracked men's eyeglasses and made milk boil over, and Jerry Lewis, a demon of hyperactive self-abasement sprung from some terminally inarticulate and uncoordinated netherworld." Movies in the sixties: "Crude zoom shot equals the shock of the real." If you have seen the right movies, these sketches are as good as portraits.

Prose of this kind doesn't really seem to *argue* anything, and, aside from the general thesis about the movies becoming what O'Brien calls "mental wallpaper," it may be hard to see exactly what "The Phantom Empire" is trying to say. Other critics' views of the movies are rarely mentioned and never engaged; whatever the book holds in the way of information (and O'Brien has seen a lot of movies) is mostly subordinated to the literary effects, so nothing like a factual account of movie history emerges; and there are no revisionist interpretations of the movies themselves—there can't be, since the whole premise is that everyone's experience of the movies is essentially the same. In many ways, "The Phantom Empire" is like O'Brien's remarkable book "Dream Time" (1988), which is a kind of inner history of the sixties: it's *his* record of *your* experience, and the effectiveness of the writing depends on the uncanniness of the likeness. It's history as mind reading. Still, it is your mind. Maybe you have your own ideas about what's in it.

WHEN O'Brien calls the movies "wallpaper," he means it. He doesn't—and this is part of the fascination of his book—draw *any* distinctions. He's as interested (or as uninterested) in the films of Mario Bava ("Hercules in the Haunted World," "A Hatchet for the Honeymoon," "Kill Baby Kill") as he is in the films of Max Ophuls. He gives approximately the same degree of attention to "Objective, Burma!" and "Attack of the 50-Foot Woman" as he does to "Grand Illusion" and "Open City." The levelling is deliberate: the idea is that all movie images, at bottom, possess the same psychic valence. The way these images get into our heads, the way they substitute for knowledge of the world, the way they begin to constitute our identities—these are the things O'Brien is interested in, and it doesn't matter to him what their source is. You had granola for breakfast; you had a cheeseburger for

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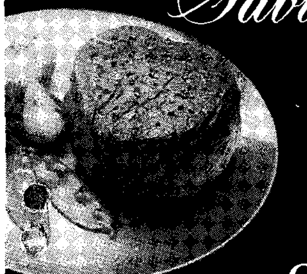

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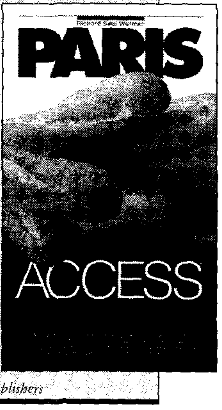

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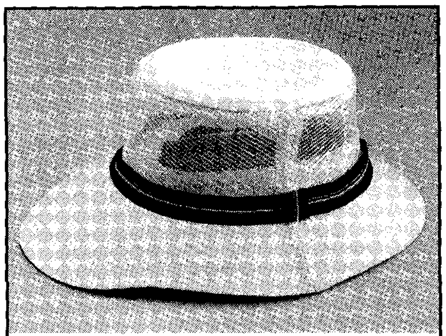
The wall-to-wall character of mass culture is usually adduced to support some political thesis about the manipulation of popular opinion to suit the designs of (if you're on the left) the corporate plutocracy or (if you're on the right) the cultural élite. O'Brien's much more sensible idea is that the image world is so complete that the makers of mass entertainments like the movies wouldn't be capable of having coherent designs on their audience even if they wanted to, because they're as lost in the funhouse as everyone else is. He puts it neatly: "If practically all your knowledge came from movies, the same went—in spades—for the people who made them." This, it seems to me, is the crucial wrinkle in the notion of contemporary culture as an oppressive system of manufactured "reality": no one is more trapped inside the armature of signs than the signmaker.

Given O'Brien's idea of the movies as mental décor, I don't see how the job of exploring it could have been more knowledgeably or evocatively done. I just wonder whether defining the movie experience so far down the ladder of sensation corresponds to anyone's actual moviegoing biography. O'Brien's inner history of the movies starts to become unrecognizable around 1973. The genres he discusses at the end of his book, after he has passed through the sixties, are horror movies and slasher movies—last-ditch efforts, he argues, to rescue the power of the image through sheer shock value, to maintain the movie high when the fix isn't strong enough anymore. The claim fits in with his story about the twentieth-century mind becoming captive to the screen; but it doesn't fit in with what people were actually watching.

In the late sixties and the seventies, people were watching "Bonnie and Clyde" and "Chinatown" and "Nashville." They were watching "Midnight Cowboy" and "The Graduate" and "American Graffiti." These were pretty good movies; they didn't feel like wallpaper. But O'Brien doesn't mention any of them, and the reason seems to be that movies with some immediate connection to the life of the people who watch them—movies that don't substitute fakery for knowledge, but make people rethink what they thought they already knew—don't fit his



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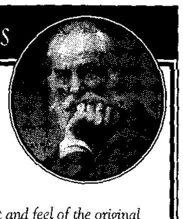

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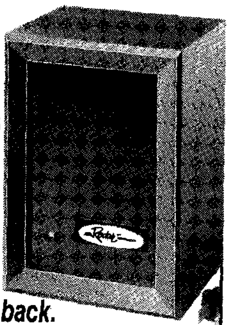

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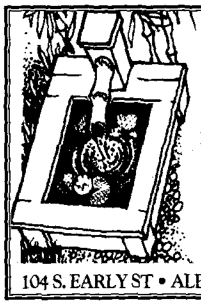

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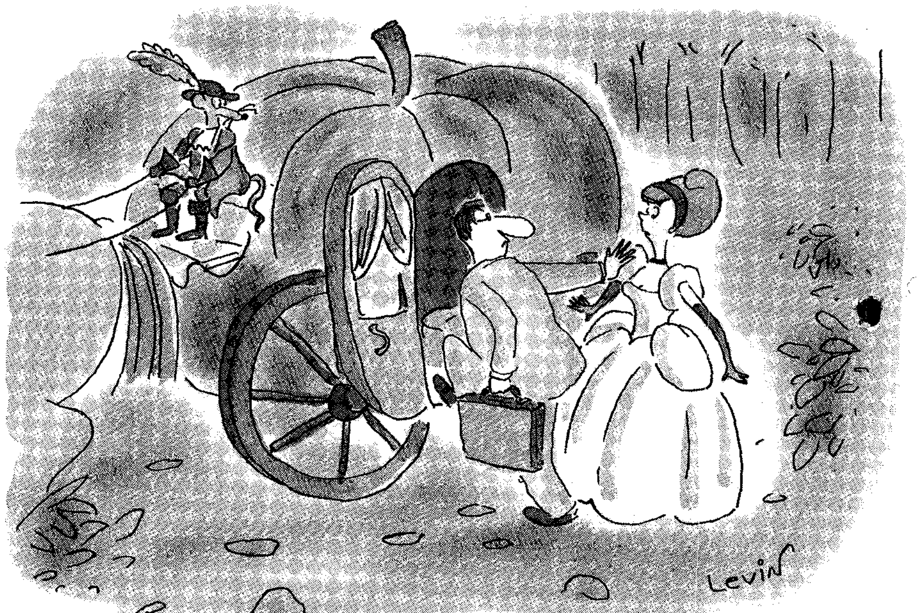
scheme. He's more interested in the movies that teach you how to repulse a vampire than he is in the ones that teach you how to ruin your life. For all his obsession with the real but trivial ways in which movies invade the psyche, there is a genuinely profound level of invasion that he is oddly reluctant to consider. He prefers the exotic and patently meretricious to the intimate and subtly meretricious. He mentions "Fifth Column Fear," a 1942 Japanese propaganda movie, but not "Five Easy Pieces." He mentions "Charlie Chan in Paris," but not "Last Tango in Paris." He mentions "War of the Colossal Beast," "Doctor Dolittle," and "She's Working Her Way Through College," but not "The Deer Hunter," "Annie Hall," and "Raging Bull."

It's silly to pretend that movies like "Shampoo" have the same psychic valence as cheesy Italian horror movies. It's like arguing that "Middlemarch" has the same psychic valence as a cereal box: it presumes a mental condition barely over the threshold of sentience. The invention of movable type didn't turn us all into book-driven zombies, unable to distinguish substance from filler; so what makes the movies uniquely invasive? The universe is populated by signs; it's also populated by minds that interpret signs. And minds make choices.

The bargain-basement quality of the movies that O'Brien likes to dwell on works when he's describing the sort of slummy, addictive fascination that even "good" movies have for kids, and that TV late-show movies have for teen-age insomniacs. But teen-age insomniacs grow up, and so, usually, does their taste in movies. They don't stop watching; they just get addicted to other things. It's perfectly true, as O'Brien suggests, that the magical aura that in 1895 induced whatever number of Frenchmen to cough up their centimes for the thrill of seeing "The Arrival of a Train at La Ciotat Station" (which is exactly what they saw) has dissipated. (But watch for the remake!) The magical aura that once induced you to insist on hearing "The Cat in the Hat" read aloud to you for the ninety-ninth time has dissipated, too. That doesn't mean you've stopped reading.

THE cyberspacey, "Videodrome"-ish atmosphere of the concluding chapters of "The Phantom Empire" spoils a little the poetic elegance of the rest of the book. It also pushes O'Brien's argument into sci-fi speculation when some attention to the real world would have provided a dire enough ending (if direness is the note he felt he needed to strike) to his story about the movies' cultural power. Obviously, the movies didn't develop in the autonomous manner he suggests. They didn't simply realize the potential inherent in their technology; they didn't adhere only to the logic of the sprocket hole. They fed into and fed off the rest of the culture in a thousand ways.

The Hollywood star system, for example, had fully emerged by the mid-nineteen-twenties. Its establishment was a consequence (as O'Brien notes) of the discovery, by the eternally dim studios,



that movie audiences were actually interested in the actors, so the actors could be used to promote the pictures. The same period also witnessed the invention of two other now indispensable adjuncts to contemporary life: the gossip column and the science of public relations. It isn't hard to see the symbiosis: stories about the stars were fed by public-relations agents to gossip columnists, whose columns whetted the public's appetite for the movies in which those stars were appearing. The important feature of this relationship isn't the benefit to Hollywood; it's the benefit to the press. Both the newspapers and the studios could now profit from the same promotion: the columns sold the stars, and the stars sold the columns.

This happy arrangement has, of course, since matured into the fantastically interdependent, self-absorbed, and panicky guessing game known as "the entertainment industry." The faith by which every component of this industry sustains itself is the belief that there is always something worth the hype. Anyone who has reviewed movies regularly (as I once did, without distinction, for a short period) can tell you that there is no point in just faintly praising the minor virtues of most movies week after week. It's not that the public-relations agents who arrange preview screenings will find it increasingly difficult to come up with a seat at a convenient time for you (although this can happen); it's not that the publication you work for will want you, for the sake of the habitual moviegoers among its readers, at least occasionally to like something (which, reasonably enough, it will). It's that, as a person who makes some part of a living writing about the movies, you need to believe that the movies, at some respectably consistent level, are worth writing about.

But reviewing is the least of it. Talk-show interviews, magazine cover stories, "Hard Copy"- and "Entertainment Tonight"-style segments, Arts & Leisure "process" pieces, Barbara Walters specials, the sprawling subculture of gossip and tabloid journalism: a vast portion of the commercial culture now slipstreams along behind the publicity for Hollywood movies. The coverage has become so thorough that when the movie itself arrives you often feel you know so much about it that you don't need to see it. But if you produce a television talk show or edit a newspaper, and you notice that a

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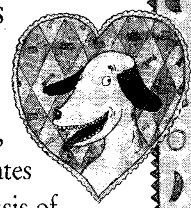

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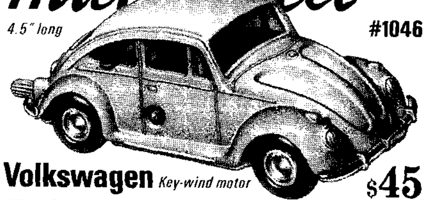

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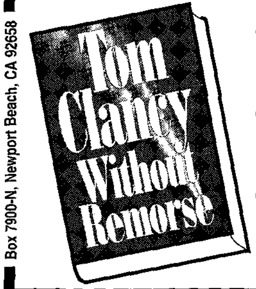

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huge appetite for a forthcoming movie on the scale of "Batman" or "Jurassic Park" has been fanned to life by wind machines not your own, it would be bad business not to broadcast or publish *something* about it. The promotion for your story has been taken care of in advance. The audience has, in effect, already been delivered.

This symbiosis now dominates the movie industry, which has become more and more integrated with the rest of the entertainment media. The danger of this integration is often talked about darkly in terms of "an obsession with the bottom line"—as though Louis B. Mayer weren't obsessed with the bottom line. This is the wrong end of the stick to pick up. *Of course* the entertainment industry is driven by commercial imperatives. Popular culture like the movies (and newspapers, magazines, and television) is commercial by definition. In fact, its commercialism is what has traditionally guaranteed its quality: what people don't want to see doesn't get produced. The last thing anyone should want Hollywood to do is to stop paying attention to the box office.

But that is precisely what the over-integration of the entertainment industry can cause to happen. The real danger is that commercial success or failure will come to be measured in terms unrelated to the tastes of actual movie audiences. This is a phenomenon that Pauline Kael warned about back in 1980, in an essay for this magazine called "Why Are Movies So Bad?": when movies can turn a profit—through presales to television, for example—even before they get to the theatres, the intimate relation with the audience on which the vitality of popular art depends is lost. Movies produced in these circumstances aren't necessarily of inferior technical quality; they just seem unconnected with the way we really live. The industry simply battens off itself: if tickets aren't sold, interview shows, magazines, and videocassettes are. The balloon rises by means of its own hot air.

This is one reason, I think, that a period of relatively imaginative and unpredictable moviemaking like the seventies—when large sums were invested in projects whose appeal was not restricted to their promotional possibilities—probably won't come again very soon. O'Brien dreams of a world without movies. I dream of a world without "Entertainment Tonight." ♦

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BOOKS BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Pictures at an Exhibition

by D. M. Thomas
(Scribners; $22)

A NAZI doctor at Auschwitz can find no medical remedy for his nightmares and blinding headaches, so he asks a Jewish prisoner who has had some training in Freudian theory to take him on as a patient. The daily sessions initially prove fruitful for both men, but then this ambitious novel jumps ahead to present-day London, where a beloved Jewish psychoanalyst is dying in the midst of an incestuous community of colleagues and friends. We think we can identify the analyst, but we can't be sure. And what has become of the inmate who was forced to have sex with her father in exchange for her life, or the baby who was pried loose, still breathing, from the crush of corpses in the gas chamber and declared a Christian miracle? D. M. Thomas's tenth novel, a companion volume of sorts to "The White Hotel," is like a Shakespearean romance reconfigured by Freud, Hitler, and Kafka. After Auschwitz, no one is recognizable, and it takes the entire novel to sort out who's who, not to mention the kaleidoscopic variations among torturer and tortured, analyst and patient, parent and child. Despite the cerebral gymnastics on display, this is primarily a novel of curiosity and horror; other feelings rarely intrude, and without them both Thomas's inquiries and our own seem, finally, frivolous and beside the point.

GENERAL

Elizabeth Gaskell: A Habit of Stories

by Jenny Uglow
(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $35)

IF Elizabeth Gaskell hadn't been born, poor Victorians would have had to invent her—and, in a way, they did. After her death, in 1865, she was re-created as a serene, charming woman; in 1934, Lord David Cecil described her as a "dove," nailing her literary coffin. Gaskell's peers knew better. They recognized "Mary Barton" as one of the period's most agonizing portrayals of urban poverty, welcomed the empathy and discernment in "The Life of Charlotte Brontë," and saw genius in "Wives and Daughters," a startlingly modern domestic drama that reverberates with psychological and historical insight. Gaskell was charming but irrepressible and irreverent, never serene. "The *North British Review* had a *delicious* review of 'Ruth' in it. Who the deuce could have written it? It is so truly religious, it makes me swear with delight," she wrote to her friend Catherine Winkworth in 1853. Gaskell was constantly aware of the contradictions she inhabited as a successful author, a mother, and a Unitarian minister's wife, and Uglow sets this awareness against the textured, tangled backdrop of middle-class women's experience. Like her subject, she plumbs depths with forthright, energetic prose and is sharply attuned to the significance of stories. She has written one that Gaskell would have relished.

Will Rogers

by Ben Yagoda
(Knopf; $27.50)

"JUST dont get panicky," Will Rogers wrote in a letter to F.D.R. when he was elected President in 1932. "Too many of our presidents mistake the appointment as being to the Vatican and not to just another American home." It was typical Rogers advice—funny, casually delivered, seriously meant—and it urged upon Roosevelt a virtue that Will Rogers had made a career of: modesty. Born in 1879, Rogers was part Cherokee, part cowboy, and all talk, but talk of a curiously sidewise kind. Over the years, he worked for all the impresarios, probable and improbable—Zack Mulhall, Texas Jack Omohundro, the great Ziegfeld, Oscar Hammerstein, V. V. McNitt, Arthur Ochs—and as time went on the props got fewer and fewer. At first, there was a horse and a rider on a vaudeville stage and Will Rogers catching them with two ropes thrown simultaneously. In the end, there was just Will Rogers—no ropes, no riders, no horses—talking about whatever came into his mind. When he died, in 1935, in the crash of a plane piloted by Wiley Post, Rogers was the homespun voice of America: commonsensical, ungrammatical, and tart. But his was also a career that depended on the currency of his voice. When it ceased, when his daily telegrams no longer appeared in the newspapers and he was no longer heard on the radio, he began to fade from public memory. Yagoda's biography is a welcome reminder of an almost forgotten man.

Who Stole the News?

by Mort Rosenblum
(Wiley; $24.95)

THIS indictment of the American news-media system by a longtime Associated Press foreign correspondent is a bracing cut above most journalistic self-criticism. Writing with an evangelist's passion and an insider's expertise, Rosenblum warns that the media's headlong retreat from covering international news—in 1992, he reports, the NBC "Nightly News" had only two correspondents in Europe and none in Japan, and the CBS "Evening News" sounds like a county newspaper compared with the BBC—is both foolish and immoral in today's interdependent world: the wars in Bosnia and the Persian Gulf might have been averted if world attention had been directed there before the violence got out of control; and American workers and companies cannot compete in a world they don't understand. Audience ratings and circulation mania are the chief culprits, but we consumers share the blame. If consumers demand better overseas reporting, newspaper and television managers will have to respond. A few intelligent letters a week, Rosenblum says, can make all the difference. ♦

SHOUTS AND MURMURS

THE DAY THE STARS CRIED

BY TOM PEYER AND HART SEELY

On November 22, 1963, President John F. Kennedy was slain—the victim of an act that would change forever the face of celebrity autobiography. As is well known, no one feels emotion as deeply as the stars. They laugh for us; they cry for us; they live life for us. If those who do not remember trivia are doomed to repeat it, these authentic excerpts from show-biz memoirs—quoted here just as they appeared in the actual books—may help us to finally understand the events of that dark day.

Robert Merrill (with Robert Saffron): The waiter said, "Sir, I must tell you that your President Kennedy has been killed." I choked. His shaking hand dropped the chocolate on Marion's white dress. —"Between Acts," 1976.

Ava Gardner: The boat's air of drunken cheerfulness turned immediately to sobriety, silence, and tears. Despite all this tragedy, I was determined to do my best in *Iguana*. —"Ava: My Story," 1990.

Sammy Davis, Jr.: Naturally, we canceled the show. —"Hollywood in a Suitcase," 1980.

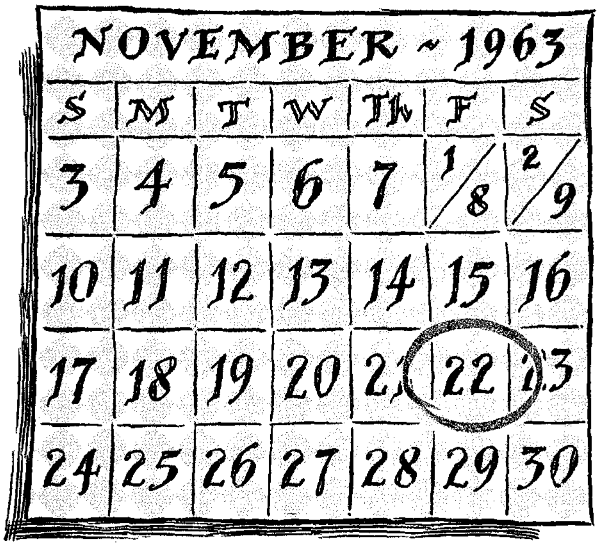
Joan Rivers (with Richard Meryman): What the revue crowd discussed was the end of Vaughn Meader's career imitating the First Family. —"Enter Talking," 1986.

Bob Hope (with Melville Shavelson): The lights had blown out in Camelot and the whole nation was stumbling around in the dark. —"Don't Shoot, It's Only Me," 1990.

Mel Tormé: "What's the matter, Melvie? You look like you've lost your best friend."

I grimaced. "Listen everyone. Some piece of walking garbage just shot President Kennedy in Dallas." —"The Other Side of the Rainbow," 1970.

Willie Nelson (with Bud Shrake): I decided to quit the road and settle down with Shirley at Ridgetop and be a farmer. —"Willie," 1988.



Brian Wilson (with Todd Gold): Mike and I got together and wrote "The Warmth of the Sun," a plaintive, melancholy ballad that expressed our sentiments, beginning, "What good is the dawn that grows into the day? The sunset at night or living this way?" —"Wouldn't It Be Nice: My Own Story," 1991.

Joan Baez: I felt the stirrings of hysteria within me. —"And a Voice to Sing With," 1987.

Joan Collins: "Oh, no—oh, God—it's not possible." I sank onto the sofa, the little pink bundle cooing placidly in my arms. —"Past Imperfect," 1978.

Molly Picon (with Jean Bergantini Grillo): There was no way we could make the audience laugh. People were bewildered. —"Molly!," 1980.

Liberace: I, too, almost died on that day. —"Liberace," 1973.

Shelley Winters: I remember seeing news clips of Johnson getting off that plane and Humphrey looking at him with accusing eyes—or perhaps I imagined it. But I am an actress and I have developed the art of reading people's thoughts. . . . —"Shelley II: The Middle of My Century," 1989.

Gene Tierney (with Mickey Herskowitz): I grieved for his family, and for the country, and for the might-have-been love in all of us. —"Self-Portrait," 1979.

Susan Strasberg: I remembered President Kennedy's face as Marilyn sang "Happy Birthday" to him in Madison Square Garden. Time goes too quickly or too slowly. You think you have a hold on it and it runs through your clenched fingers like sand. —"Bittersweet," 1980.

Ronnie Milsap (with Tom Carter): I think the disappointing sales had to do with the assassination of President John F. Kennedy the same week my record went on sale. One side of the record was titled "Total Disaster"; the other was called "It Went to Your Head." —"Almost Like a Song," 1990. ♦

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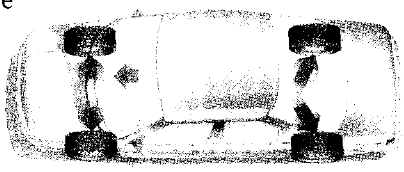

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